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THE  
IRISH DOVE;  
OR,  
FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

A Tale.  
Margaret Percival

BY THE  
AUTHOR OF "ROSA, THE WORK-GIRL."

"Fiction though it be, it is the fiction that represents Truth; and that is Truth—Truth in the essence, though not in the name; Truth in the spirit, though not in the letter."—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

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## PREFACE.

As the sweet flower that heralds Spring peeps out from its icy bed, so the former effort of the pen that traces these lines ventured forth on a strange world; but without the garb of simple beauty that forms so sure a passport for that pearl of snow. Too humble to have suffered from the storms of criticism, it might yet have perished, neglected and unknown: but kind hands were stretched to shield it, and generous hearts gave it a welcome, that is gratefully acknowledged, and which its successor now craves to share. The cause its whispers fain would plead, is not of a local nature, nor confined to a day's good. No; it looks boldly into futurity, and soars to the very gates of heaven. And though the saving of immortal souls is the first and avowed object of the "Irish Society," yet it cannot be said that the

29 Dec. 1921

Hodges

benefits it confers are confined to spiritual concerns alone, when the dark clouds of ignorance, poverty, and crime, are often, alas! but the shadows cast by darker souls within!

Ask you who the Society's patron is? You are not referred to a list of noble names, though this too it has, and justly values. No; you may raise your eyes higher still, for JESUS is its Head and Guardian. He is the Patron whose name is inscribed on its unfurled banners; His is the example you are invited to follow; and it is His command you are urged to obey. By His last will and Testament, (if we may presume so to speak,) He left the future instruction of your fellow-sinners to you, and such as you. The Apostles and sainted men who heard Him orally, "though dead, yet speak." He left us the blessed Book of inspiration, joined to a promise of His Holy Spirit and perpetual presence; and having sealed the precious covenant with His own blood, ascended to heaven's throne, from whence He contemplates the manner in which his parting words have been carried out.

In Ireland, the Bible is still, in most places, bound in chains, like the sacred copy that Luther discovered in the monastery of Erfurt. Superstition cannot stand its presence; therefore it excludes the light which the blessed

volume would emit, as too glaring for the use of feeble mortals. But let us put it into the hands of our deluded brethren, and though at first men may appear to them as trees walking, before long the Lord Himself will take away the scales that dim their spiritual vision, and His word will become a lamp guiding them into straight paths; their passions will receive the needful curb—their energies, the proper stimulus; the roughness of character now so much deplored, true religion alone will soften; for “Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?”

The sentiments placed in the mouths of some of the personages represented in the following narrative, are those that appear to the writer likely to be entertained by their living prototypes; their existence and origin must be alike matter of regret to every reflecting mind. Should censure seem to be sprinkled through the work before you, reader, condemn it not on this account; judge impartially the grounds for it, and remember, could we even weave for you a garland of the brightest roses, thorns must still mingle with earth's fairest flower. If you be English, let the proud consciousness of your country's nobleness and worth incline you to listen, with unruffled feelings, while we point out, with friendly hand, one or



two faults that slightly mar the peaceful beauty of Britannia's majestic brow. Why should a frown lour there, when her gaze turns on her weeping sister, as she sits mourning over her prostrate harp? Ah! rather let Albion, with expanded arms, embrace Erin, prodigal as she is, though not irrevocably lost; and, with the Irish Bible in one hand, subscribe with the other the articles of a lasting union, based on the holy law of God, and sealed with the gift of His sacred Word.

## INTRODUCTION.

TOWARDS the close of the Autumn of 18—, I was compelled to pay a visit to London, my venerated and aged mother having been summoned to be present at law-proceedings, which had been pending for many years, and at this period seemed likely to come to a happy issue. None but those who, like me, have passed the sunny years of youth in the midst of Nature's sweetest scenes, can imagine the discomfort and annoyance of a sojourn in a large city, to one accustomed to enjoy the quiet repose of life,

“Far from the busy haunts of men,”

in one of those lovely rural hamlets so often seen in England. Never before had I felt with such force the truth of the poet's expression—

“God made the country, and man made the town;”

and, after a short time spent in viewing the many lions of the great metropolis, I resigned myself more completely than ever to the society of those silent, yet eloquent companions of my solitary hours—books. Shut out by

many circumstances, from more than occasional intercourse with persons of my own age, I had sought in them a substitute for that sweet interchange of thought which friendship grants; and perhaps I experienced one benefit from the arrangement, as no change of residence could be a hindrance to my enjoyment of their never-tiring society.

During the long walks which business obliged me to take while the city was our abode, I seldom passed a bookseller's shop without glancing at the windows, and scarcely ever returned home without some newly-acquired volumes. The view of my treasures gave but a small amount of pleasure to my beloved parent, who felt a degree of jealousy lest even these inanimate objects should obtain a rival share in her daughter's heart.

On one of these occasions, I was arrested by the sight of bills, announcing that the large and valuable stock of a bookseller and publisher, lately deceased, was to be disposed of by public competition. A friend by whom I was accompanied kindly undertook to attend the sale, and make some purchases for me; so, having written the names of several long-coveted works on my tablets, and placed them in his hands, I returned to our residence in eager anticipation of to-morrow's pleasure.

“Hope, ready promiser, unsure performer!”

Bitter was my disappointment, on opening the parcel forwarded to me next evening, to find it only contained a few soiled, unpublished manuscripts, for which not a *trifling sum* had been paid by my friend, as he thought

they would be invaluable to one like me, who was fond of literary composition in every shape. The works I had in imagination become possessed of, had all, alas! been sold several hours before he was able to be present at the auction.

How often do we find our patience and temper more severely tried by trifling disappointments, than by crosses of a more serious nature! We summon all our resolution to support us, when affliction's dread storm seems about to utter its awful tones of vengeance, and burst over our heads; or wrap in its stern embrace those our hearts hold most dear; but these little hindrances to our wishes and hopes, which in themselves are nothing, and are forgotten ere the rising of to-morrow's sun—these are the stones that so often trip the heedless steps of the wanderer from the path of watchfulness; and on these occasions it is, that religion should be called in, with her guiding hand, to steady our failing footsteps, and hold up her truthful mirror to our eyes—startling many a one, at the view of the deformity which anger and discontent can work on even the fairest face.

In the present instance, I must allow, my disappointment was so great, that I at once consigned my new possessions to oblivion, and, having many cares on my mind, and numerous things to occupy my time, they were soon forgotten; and it was not until I was arranging my books, on my return to our peaceful country-home, that they were brought to my recollection, by finding them rolled up among old law-papers in my portmanteau. I

resolved to look them over, and, should they prove unworthy of further perusal, to commit them to the flames. Accordingly, one evening, on my dear mother's retiring to rest at her usual early hour, I drew my chair near the fire, and having made various little arrangements for passing an undisturbed evening, I sat down and commenced my self-imposed task.

The first manuscript I spread before me, was entitled "The Irish Dove." The name attracted me, as anything connected with my beloved native country always does, and having once set about reading it, I was soon borne away on fancy's wings to the land of my heart; the hours flew by with railroad speed, and I was not aroused from my waking dreams, until the candles, having burned to the sockets, suddenly became extinguished, and left me to continue my cogitations in the dark:

"The clock strikes One : we take no note of time,  
But from its loss."

And, gentle reader, why had I become so much engrossed, as to forego the refreshment of balmy sleep? I can answer easily: not because the tale I had been glancing over, and which I am now about to present to you, was more amusing than any I had previously met with; on the contrary, (as I am sure you, when you have read it, will agree with me,) it is inferior in many respects to numbers of similar productions; but to me its redeeming quality was, that Erin—poor, neglected Erin!—was its *theme*; and I trust, my reader, that no matter whether

you heaved your first sigh on English or Irish ground, still, Erin holds a place in your affections. And why should she not? To her own sons and daughters, their native land *must*, or at least *ought* to be, most dear; and those persons who feel no regard for the land that gave them birth, can possess but a small share of natural affection. Love of country should come next to love of kindred; these feelings should share a place, side by side, in every bosom; the seeds of both have been planted in our nature by one and the same Divine hand; they are fair plants, that bloom in full luxuriance in many a simple heart, while, alas! fashion only robes the stately trunks of nobler trees, with leafy garlands, that conceal the ravages their parasitical embraces work within. The Jews, God's chosen people, were always remarkable for their love of their country, and at this moment look upon their banishment from it as one of the heaviest parts of the curse under which they still labour; and when we look upon the good land God has given us, and view its rich meads and softly-flowing rivers, its smiling valleys and lofty mountains, where Nature sheds her bounteous gifts with unsparing hand—and recollect that all its varied beauty is marred alone by the crimes of its inhabitants—when we see its fairest scenes, lighted up by the bright beams of the noon-day sun, and know that those it shines upon are inclosed by the adamantine barriers of ignorance and superstition, in the darkness of the blackest night—in “darkness that may indeed be felt”—can our hearts have become so deadened to every

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feeling of patriotism, as not to bound within us with an elastic spring, and urge us towards some project for the removal of the stain on our country's name and honour?

Many a warm Irish heart would answer, "Yes," to this demand; but the road to such a goal—here lies the difficulty! My friends, the way of usefulness to poor, neglected Ireland lies open before you. Now, let me listen to my English reader, as I hear the exclamation, "Poor, neglected Ireland! why, thousands upon thousands of our hard-earned coin have been spent upon her ungrateful children, and the time and best attentions of our legislators, our Peers and Commons, have been wasted in devising plans for her regeneration or improvement; and can you term this neglect?"

True; you have indeed enriched the soil of the vineyard committed to your care; but the planting of the vine has been forgotten, and rank weeds have been allowed to grow and luxuriate, in the ground capable of producing a far different harvest; and when the vintage comes, you look for grapes, and finding none, you turn from your vineyard with disgust and disappointment. A better system of cultivation must be employed, ere you can find aught but useless and noisome plants to reward your toil; these must be removed, and their place supplied by slips of the real fruitful vine; the word of God must be raised to its proper elevation in this benighted land, and education based on this chief cornerstone. Without proper principles to guide the mind of *educated* youth, you but freight the vessel with a useful

cargo, and then launch it forth upon the wide sea, without pilot or compass to direct its course to its legitimate destination, leaving the misguided crew, ready to be led astray by the first false lights, which craft or superstition may erect, to lure unsuspecting victims to meet their destruction on some of the many sand-banks that lie near the unknown coast. When you give increased power into the hands of your fellow-subjects, you should at the same time point out the proper way of using it; and while the elements of earthly knowledge are placed within their reach, not keep back that heavenly knowledge, which alone can make "wise unto salvation," and which could and would make them good and faithful subjects, peaceable neighbours, and useful members of society. Were those darkened hearts brought within the influence of the cheering beams of "the Sun of Righteousness," bearing "healing in his wings," we should no longer see this fair land deluged with crimson streams—watered by the blood of her most worthy sons, shed by the hands of their ignorant and deluded countrymen—blood which cries to Heaven for vengeance, and which heaven will avenge, not alone on those immediately concerned in the perpetration of the crime, but also on all those who in any way have been accountable for it. Every one who has not used his influence and his means to place the Word of God in the hands of his Irish fellow-subjects, has been guilty, in a greater or less degree, of the blood that stains the land. Yes, reader—start not; if you have never assisted in giving the light of Gospel truth to



the poor Irish, you are verily a sharer in their sins; as, had you planted the heavenly seeds of love and peace in the rich soil of their hearts, and not left the enemy in full and undisputed possession, to sow tares, which but grow the stronger from the goodness of the ground—had you used words of kindness and Christian sympathy—had you taken them by the right hand of fellowship, and called them brethren beloved—had you done all these, or any of these, the Irish would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes, and the dreadful deeds which disgrace their name and country, would never have been committed—would never rise up in judgment against that favoured nation and its rulers, who have for so many centuries held authority over Ireland, and who, having possessed the key of knowledge themselves, have refused to stretch it out and open the door to those for whose spiritual, as well as temporal welfare, they are answerable.

Ireland never will be changed, never will be anything but a cause of dispute, and a land of discontent and disaffection, until the light of God's truth shall break in, and disperse the dense fog of ignorance, superstition and hatred which fills her atmosphere, and discolours every act the sister kingdom can perform for her benefit. The English crown will never rest secure on Irish ground, so long as the base—the support on which it rests in Britain—THE BIBLE, is wanting there. In Ireland this true basis has been withheld, and the diadem placed on the pinnacle of a building made by man's device, whose foundation is mixed with clay, and which all the care of temporizing

legislators cannot keep from daily crumbling under the foreign load, though continually daubed with untempered mortar, to hide the rents among its incongruous materials! Let them place the Bible beneath the crown, and the clay will fall away, and the stones of truth scattered through the edifice will knit together, and raise a pedestal worthy to support the British diadem.

Perhaps my reader may exclaim, "I hate a female politician!" and in this opinion the writer heartily concurs: she neither understands nor cares for many of the political changes daily wrought in the affairs of this great nation; but there are some subjects which must possess the deepest interest for every Christian, and especially for those to whom their fatherland is very dear. When we see those religious truths which should be honoured, cast aside—when we see the education of the rising generation among our peasantry and poorer classes, provided for in a secular point of view, while the "one thing needful" which hath the "promise of this life, and that which is to come," is (all but in name) thrust out—when we see the Government, in the very face of Jehovah's commands and threatenings, forcing into operation a system of education, which must eventually lead to the encouragement of the grossest superstition, if not infidelity—I ask, can any sincere lover of their native land contemplate such measures, and their necessary fruits, with indifference and inattention? Impossible. Suppose yourself a voyager bound for a distant shore, your life, the safety of those you loved, your property, all in fact you valued most in the world, placed, as

it were, in the hands of the captain and crew of the ship in which you sailed; when adverse winds overtook you, when the snowy-tipped mountains of the deep rose around you, and seemed ready to close over that mighty fabric to which your hopes and interest bound you, say, could you rest at ease, and give no eager ear to the loud voices echoing around, to the low murmurs of fear borne on the rushing wind? Could you look at the anxious faces of the experienced seamen as they hurried by you, and not feel your own cheek blanch, and your own lip quiver? and though you felt assured that God's eye could distinguish that struggling vessel amidst the wide waste of waters, and that His hand could deliver it, and save it in the greatest extremity—still could you wrap yourself in indifference to all going on around, because the commands of the officers were couched in terms you could not comprehend, and the manoeuvres of the sailors were unintelligible to you? No, on the contrary, though you could not understand the means that were being used to ensure the general safety, still your interest would be excited to the highest pitch, and not one word, one gesture would escape your anxious observation. And when you see the religion you prize as your dearest treasure, dishonoured, and the only means of salvation withheld from your countrymen, may you not be permitted, gentle reader, to regard everything connected with such subjects, with heartfelt interest? May you not be permitted to raise your soft voice, in the gentle accents of persuasion, urging those with whom your words have weight, to use their best exertions in upholding a counter-

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balance to the evil you so much lament? Yes, it is your duty so to do, and though, my fair reader, your lot may lie in Albion's favoured isle, where gospel-truth is still allowed to remain in its exalted position, and where the word of God is still placed, unmutated and unfettered in the hands of youth, yet I beseech you, cast a look of sympathy at the sister isle, as she weeps tears of blood—do more, raise your voice in behalf of her neglected children who are perishing “for lack of knowledge,” and when you hear some of her enemies, (and they are bitter and many) say “it is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs,” remember the answer of the woman in the parable, “Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table:” send to Erin some of the crumbs which fall of your abundance, stretch forth your hands in kindness, and trust me, she will not prove ungrateful.

To every Irishwoman, no matter what her rank may be, the prosperity of her country must, or should be dear, and as her exertions united to those of her British sisters, may in some degree be rendered serviceable to this object, I would ask her best attention while I suggest one medium of effecting permanent good, and raising Ireland to a level with other nations, whose natural resources have not been greater, but which have nevertheless attained to a degree of civilization and prosperity so superior.

The great want of the Irish people is religious instruction: they possess qualities of mind and disposition which eminently fit them to benefit by it, but which have either

been allowed to run to waste, or turned into a wrong channel. There is but one remedy for this evil, the light of God's truth, and this it surely is our duty to place within their reach, in humble confidence that a blessing will attend the exertions of those who proclaim the story of peace. Societies for this purpose, it is true, exist in various forms, and all deserving of increased means to enable them to extend their usefulness; but there is one society, which for the object we have in view, has above all others, peculiar claims on our attention, our assistance, and our prayers. "The Society for instructing the native Irish *through the medium of their own language*," a language which speaks at once to their hearts, and which the Irishman considers "incapable" of being used as a medium of "conveying heresy." Many a soul now enjoying the happiness of Heaven, has this society been made the blessed means of rescuing from the depths of superstitious ignorance, and bringing to the knowledge of the Saviour, and we feel that in pleading its cause we tread on safe ground: we but fulfil the divine command of Him who said, "Go ye out into all the world, and preach the gospel *to every creature*," and who bestowed on His disciples a miraculous power, that they might be enabled to carry it out, and that every man should hear the "wonderful works of God" IN HIS OWN TONGUE WHEREIN HE WAS BORN. The ignorance of the poorer classes in Ireland, both of the English and Irish speaking population, is most deplorable; but as the latter portion are shut out from even those few advantages which the former enjoy, it is our duty to give their case our first

consideration, to attack the evil in its worst shape, and apply the same remedy here, that we see has been rewarded with such success in other instances. In the attempts to instruct the heathen—the unenlightened inhabitants of the remote countries of the earth, the language of the natives has always been employed as the medium of imparting instruction, and a knowledge of it considered absolutely necessary, for any one wishing to devote his life to the service of his God and his fellow-creatures, as a Christian missionary. No one would think for a moment of saying that the natives of those uncivilized countries should *first be instructed in the English language, and afterwards* be taught the truths of Christianity! No, we should never think of such a thing; we know that the only way to reach the heart is by the ear, teaching them by means of their own language, and consequently we employ it. With regard to those persons who discountenance all attempts to convert their erring fellow-creatures to the truth, we will only say, that they have our most earnest prayers that the light of the Holy Spirit may illumine their minds to a proper understanding of those words of Scripture, “Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?”—Rom. x. 13–15.

God be thanked, in these days of widely-diffused religious knowledge, the number of those who possess such

sentiments is small, but we must feel real astonishment and regret, when we find persons who are active and zealous in promoting the diffusion of scriptural instruction in every country, even the most distant, and who long to hear the praises of God repeated in every tongue and dialect under Heaven; when we see them denying their fixed principle, and holding back in the very instance where they should be most forward: when we perceive those who devote their energies, their time, and their means to send instruction to the savage inhabitants of distant isles—turning away from that scene of labour within their reach, where “the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.” This “ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.”

No expensive machinery is here required to be supported, no long voyage necessary to be undertaken, no dangers of climate to be encountered: the men who are employed in the service of the society are chosen from among the class they are intended to instruct, whose feelings, modes of expression, &c., they are eminently fitted to understand; and these humble labourers in the truth are contented to perform their oftentimes dangerous duty, for a very trifling remuneration, and in several instances they have expressed their willingness to persevere in teaching without any gratuity. The following is extracted from a pamphlet entitled “The History of the Origin and Progress of the Irish Society,” published by its talented and indefatigable Secretary, which will amply repay the trouble of a perusal: it has furnished the writer with much

valuable information, and several extracts from it will appear in subsequent pages. The following gives a sketch of the Society's mode of operation.

“A proper person is in the first instance employed to seek for individuals, in a particular district, who are competent to instruct in the primer of the Irish language; these are then engaged to teach their neighbours when and how they can, generally in the hours of relaxation from labour, and in the cabins of the peasantry; and they are furnished with elementary books and portions of Scripture for the purpose. At the end of three or four months, an inspection, by the person who engaged them, takes place; and the teachers are paid a sum, usually one shilling per head, for each pupil passing this inspection: the teaching of a pupil is generally completed within a year from his first commencing with the primer.” In general, the teachers do not trust to their receipts from the Society for their support, but pursue the labours of their ordinary calling during the day, devoting their evening hours to the duties of teaching and reading.

We have not yet touched on the point which has proved so great a “stumbling-block” in the way of assistance from our English brethren, and, we regret to add, which has also proved a “rock of offence” to many benevolent Irish hearts; the objection that has so often been raised, and, we fear, is still cherished in many minds, is a dislike “to promote the continuance” and growth of a language which has been termed barbarous, and, “with it, of divisions among the people. It is not a



fact that the Irish is a barbarous tongue: it has been, it is true, for a long time the vernacular idiom of a very uncivilized people, but it is an original language, the purest dialect of the Celtic: and it derives from this circumstance an advantage, also, of which no vulgar use can deprive it, that it is better suited to convey abstract truths to the mind of the unlearned, than the English or any compounded tongue. Having its roots within itself, the meaning of all those terms that express justification, regeneration, repentance, charity, &c., is at once obvious, without the interference of any learned expositor; an advantage which, in a country and a religion where a reference to human authority and teaching is an evil of great prevalence, counterbalances any fastidious objection to the barbarism of the tongue, even if it were founded in truth."

"The language of a people which is as copious as our own, if not more so, can never prove a proper object of contempt."

In the year 1757 we find Dr. Johnson expressing himself thus: "I have long wished that the Irish literature were cultivated. Ireland is known by tradition to have been the seat of piety and learning; and surely it would be very acceptable to those who are curious, either in the original of nations, or the affinity of languages, to be further informed of the revolutions of a people so ancient, and once so illustrious." The same high authority gives his opinion upon the propriety of affording instruction to the natives of a country through the medium of their own language

in the following words, "Every man is more speedily instructed by his own language than by any other;" and again, "To obscure, upon motives merely political, the light of Revelation, is a practice reserved for the reformed."

We think these extracts will be sufficient to shew, that the Irish has been unjustly termed a barbarous language, and that on the contrary it was the spoken tongue of a people during "the ages," "for such there were, when Ireland was the school of the west, the quiet habitation of sanctity and learning." Even were Irish the barbarous tongue which some assert it to be, but which the preceding testimony (along with much more that might be quoted from many other unbiassed authorities,) would entirely disprove, this would offer but a poor excuse for neglecting to employ it as the means, and the only one which lies in our power, of instructing a large portion of our fellow-subjects in the things which concern their salvation. The barbarous tongues of the South Sea Islanders, of the different African tribes, and numerous other uncivilized nations that might be named, who possess no works or literature of any kind, (and which languages we encourage our missionaries to acquire,) would rise up before us to put us to shame on this head.

Difference of language was a Divine arrangement, and God never could have intended that those nations, and only those, who were ordained to use the different dialects of the Celtic, should be on this account shut out from a participation in the benefits of Christianity—from

a knowledge of the Saviour who was crucified for the sins of the *whole world*! The idea is monstrous.

In reference to the second objection, a very few words will suffice. So far from the circulation of the Irish Bible being a cause of disunion or "divisions among the people," it has, on the contrary, been found to promote union. Over it have bent together "the Saxon and the Gaelic, the Protestant and the Romanist," the "educated" Clergyman and the "illiterate" peasant. It has been the means of "drawing together, in the unity of the Spirit," many uncongenial elements, and has formed, indeed, "a bond of peace."

With regard to the books used by the Society, its publications are limited (except only in the case of the necessary elementary books,) to the Irish Scriptures and the Book of Common Prayer in the same tongue; the latter only when "sought for." In refusing to place any other works than these in the hands of its teachers and scholars, the Society has been actuated by a double motive,—the wish to preserve the people from the influence of publications of a baneful character, (which, were it to encourage the circulation of tracts, &c., would probably be afforded by designing individuals, who would take advantage of the example of the Society for their own purposes,) and the desire to promote the increased knowledge of the English language. By this regulation, the pupil must be either a reader of the Bible alone, or, if he desire the acquisition of further knowledge, to have, as Dr. Johnson in his celebrated letter to Sir William

Drummond, expresses it, "its obscurities cleared, and to know its history, collateral and dependant, he must learn English." Here is a great objection satisfactorily done away, as it has been found that the reading of the Irish Scriptures has opened a door to the spread of the English language. The Irish are a people possessed of a peculiarly inquisitive and inquiring turn of mind, and have a high respect for knowledge of every kind. These dispositions soon manifest themselves after they have been put in possession of the Bible in their own tongue, and in the proper character, and a general anxiety to procure an English version is the consequence. This desire is of course attended to, and the English version of the Holy Scriptures has been circulated to a surprising degree. The Society's plan of operation has thus effected the wished-for result, and has conduced to the adoption of the English tongue as the only medium of procuring that increase of knowledge, for which Ireland's children pant so earnestly. "The native population multiplies quickly, and though the proportion of English-speaking daily increases, the actual numbers of mere Irish do not diminish; so that there are more of them that use the native language now, than there were inhabitants in the island 200 years ago;" and though some portion of the *three millions* who daily converse in Irish, might be instructed by means of English, yet, as they will not take advantage of the instruction offered in any other than their mother tongue, it is necessary to comply with a feeling which can hardly be termed a prejudice. English

is to them the language of business, and the means of communication with those whom they have hitherto regarded as strangers in tongue, in religion, feelings, and origin; while Irish is the language of their hearts and best feelings, consecrated to the utterance of those expressions of filial affection, which fall so sweetly on a parent's ear—to those soothing sounds of maternal tenderness, which sometimes echo faintly back from the unknown retreats of the human heart after the lapse of uncounted years—feelings which are as flowers, blooming in feeble beauty among the ruins of our fallen nature. So long as Irish is the beloved language of THREE MILLIONS OR MORE of the population—while there exists, as at present, an Irish-speaking district in almost every county of the Green Isle, and an Irish community in nearly every one of the large cities of the United Kingdom, we must employ it—aye, and cultivate it too, as the only means of presenting the Gospel to these much-neglected people; we must use it as the key to their warm hearts, the only instrument which will unlock the portal, and admit the rays of Divine truth to beam on their souls:—

“And oh! be it heard in that language endearing  
In which the fond mother her lullaby sung—  
Which spoke the first lisps of childhood, and bearing  
The father's last prayer from his now-silent tongue :  
That so, as it breathes the pure sound of devotion,  
And speaks with the power that still'd the rough ocean,  
Each breast may be calm'd into gentler emotion,  
And Erin's wild harp to Hosannas be strung.”

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We will now request the reader to turn his eyes to Scotland and Wales, and view the efforts made for the instruction of the Gaelic and Welsh-speaking natives of these parts of the British empire. For a long time, it is true, strenuous exertions were used to effect the desired object by means of English, but, after a series of years spent in the vain attempt, a more enlightened spirit arose, and, royal patronage having been granted to the different societies in Scotland which furnished the means of instruction in Gaelic, Scriptural knowledge and the use of the English language, have increased in an astonishing measure. Wales, which shared with Ireland and Scotland in the persecution waged against their respective Celtic dialects, has shared with the latter in her advantages, while Ireland has been stretching out her arms, and saying, "Come over and help us!" and has long strained in vain her dimmed and tearful eyes, to catch a glimpse of some messenger of peace in answer to her cries; but, except from the hands of some benevolent individuals, (and these happily are many and zealous,) she has received nothing. England as a nation, while, (as we have lately experienced,) she has liberally responded to the cry of temporal want, has overlooked the dearth that exists in many parts of her sister-country—famine of the bread of life!

"From the year 1563, a space of two hundred and sixty-seven years, and touching upon four centuries," the number of Bibles and Testaments published

in Irish, Gælic, and Welsh, has been in about the following numbers:—

	Welsh.		Gælic.		Irish.
XVI. Century,	1000	...	None.	...	None.
XVII. „	30,500	..	4,200	...	1,750
XVIII. „	89,000	...	32,000	...	None.
XIX. „	297,458	...	202,816	...	80,188

“That is, for Wales more than two copies for every three, and for the Highlands more than one for every two individuals; for Ireland, one copy to thirty-seven,” the population of the respective countries, of persons speaking the native tongue, standing in the following proportions:—

Welsh,	. .	600,000
Gælic,	. .	400,000
Irish,	. .	3,000,000*

Besides this great disproportion in the supply of the Scriptures for the native Irish, only a small number of those published in the Irish language were printed in the Irish character, and it is to this especially that the people are so fondly attached. Such a statement as the preceding speaks volumes for itself, without the aid of ‘note or comment.’

In Germany, similar attempts were made to destroy the Wenden language, as well as the vernacular tongue of Bohemia, and both met with their merited result—total

\* Vide Anderson, p. 261.

failure; so that, we see, other nations have fallen into the same error as England.

To enlarge more on this subject in these pages, would be useless. What has been advanced, has been chiefly culled from the works of far higher authorities, particularly "Anderson's Sketches of the Native Irish," and the "History of the Origin and Progress of the Irish Society, by H. J. Monck Mason, LL.D.," in the hope of inducing those of our readers who have not already met with those interesting works, to avail themselves of the information and pleasure they will be sure to afford; but all that they or any *human* authorities can set forth, will be insufficient to satisfy the mind of any one who has turned away unconvinced from the command of our Saviour, (already quoted, but which cannot be too often repeated,)—"Go ye out into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature!" or whose objections have not been fully answered in the 10th of Romans, 13-15. Many more reasons might be adduced to strengthen the claims of the Irish Society, but if the foregoing have proved ineffectual, the writer must resign the task to some more skilful pen; indeed, she would feel it was presumption in her to attempt it at all, did she not know that the Most High is often pleased to make use of "the foolish things of the world to confound the wise," and "the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty," in order "that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." Descended from an ancient English race, with true English blood min-



gling with Irish through every vein, the writer feels she may be permitted to plead, that her benighted country should be granted a share of the benefits conferred on this empire by a gracious and merciful God, who "willeth not that any should perish, but that all should come to the knowledge of the truth;" and she trusts fondly and sanguinely, that the countrywomen of the maternal plant from which she has sprung, will lend a friendly—a sisterly ear to her intreaty, and use their energies in engaging reapers to gather in the plenteous harvest, which for so many seasons has been awaiting their labours. Yes, my fair sisters! set your hearts on proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation to poor Ireland; and in the day when your Heavenly Bridegroom sets the crown of eternal glory on your head, Ireland's ransomed jewels will shine the brightest gems therein.

If I have exhausted the patience of any who sought but a light tale with which to beguile a tedious hour, I ask them to look at nature's plan of operation: the grain of corn lies sheltered within the husk; do not feel disappointed if that which promised to be but the passing amusement of an hour has proved itself a faithful monitor, and led you to think on duties of which you had never thought before. Many object to works of imagination in general, and to religious tales in particular; but the parables of our Lord rather tend to strengthen the opinion, that the use of imaginary personages and events is perfectly allowable, when applied to the illustration of a proper subject: for the young especially, such a kind of recreation is well adapted,

where the mind may repose itself from the more active exertions of study, and at the same time, inhale an atmosphere calculated to strengthen its tone and principles. Many wholesome fruits, whose refreshing juices minister to our bodily wants, are clothed with an exterior covering intended doubtless to gratify our taste for the beautiful; and when we offer maxims of truth to the heart, we may surely present them arrayed in the most pleasing form.

In conclusion, I would revert for a moment to the tale itself, and mention that after a careful perusal I could discover neither the name of its author nor the date of its composition, but from its appearance and internal evidence, it would seem to have been recently written. I have made but little alteration in it, having merely omitted a few sea terms, and changed the spelling of some words, which were intended to give the full breadth to the Irish pronunciation, thereby rendering those parts more pleasing to 'ears polite,' and with many prayers that the Divine Spirit may deign to render it an humble instrument of usefulness, I commit it to the notice of a public which I have found on a former occasion to be truly indulgent and encouraging. May it be made the means of causing even a few drops of heavenly blessing to be shed on my beloved country, that heavenly dew, which, if cast on the drooping shamrock, would cause it to raise its sickly leaves, and twine them round the blooming rose, and hardy thistle, no longer an encumbering weight, but a bond of happy union; its humble, bright green leaves, clustering round the queen of flowers, and shewing her more lovely than ever.



# THE IRISH DOVE.

&c. &c.

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## CHAPTER I.

"CALL me by some of the sweet names of our own dear country, do Corny, like a dear!" These words were uttered by a little girl, apparently about six years of age, as she placed her small hands in those of a rough, though good-humoured-looking son of Neptune, on whose knee she was resting, as he sat close to the bulwarks of 'the Enterprise,' an East Indiaman on her homeward passage.

"What name shall I call you my darlint? sure you ar'nt tired of Mavourneen, and Acushla, and all those? You want something new, Mabouchal! well, let me see, I'll call you 'my pretty dove,' for it's just fit for you; so now how do you like that?"

"Why will you call me a dove, Corny? That's not a nice Irish name like what I want!"

"Because, my jewel, you just look in my face like the one I had when I was as young as you, and I remember its innocent, mild eyes, as well as if I saw them yesterday: dear, dear! but *it's years ago now!*"

"Corny, why do you sigh so? Mamma says no one sighs except they are unhappy, and sure you are not unhappy?"

"Ah! Miss Helen, agra! I was only thinking of days gone by, and of my poor old mother, and all the people that's dead and gone, (may their souls rest in glory!) that I was as fond of as you are of my lady, God bless her!"

"You must be happy like me, my own duck of a Corny, oh! I love you so much, and don't you love me?" said the child as she laid her head against her companion's shoulder, and raised her full, grey eyes to his.

"Och then! isn't I that do, from the very bottom of my soul!" was the reply, accompanied by a look of tenderness, which would have fully convinced a spectator of the sincere affection cherished for his interesting charge, by Corny O'Brien, whom our readers have already recognized as one of the warm-hearted sons of Erin.

"Was it at home in Ireland you had your dove?"

"It was, my honey, at home, as you say, blessings on you for that same, in poor, old Ireland."

"Then I'll tell you what you'll call me, *The Irish Dove*, and now tell me where you got it, and all about it, do."

"Are we going to have a story?" cried another little girl, with animated black eyes, and that dark complexion peculiar to children born in India. "Let it be something about the great storms you were in, when everybody was tumbling about the ship, oh, how funny it was!" and her merry laugh rang out in those clear, bell-like tones only to be heard in childhood, when the little heart sends gushing

forth, bright streams from its own well-spring of happiness.

"There now, don't be so violent, Miss, dear! you wouldn't come on my knee, when I called you away from teasing your aunt, and now you want to have a share of my story."

"Do let her up next me; sure the story will do for us both," said Helen as she drew still closer to the sailor.

"Well here, be quiet the two of you; my knee will do, like my story for both, as you say; so here goes; but stop! there you see I'm called," and Corny placing the children gently on the deck, ran off to answer the captain's summons.

"Mamma," exclaimed Helen, as she seated herself some minutes afterwards at her mother's feet, "Tell me, is there not something about a dove in the Bible?"

"There is my love; the Holy Spirit you know descended in the shape of one, at our Saviour's baptism, and you remember the dove that Noah sent out of the ark; but what makes you think of it just now? were you wishing to be made as gentle as it is?"

"Yes, I would like that too, Mamma, but that's not what I was thinking of now; will you read for me what Noah's dove did?" Opening her pocket Bible, her mother read the first few verses of the eighth chapter of Genesis.

"Oh yes! I will be the Irish dove, and who knows but I may be able to take the Bible to the poor Irish, and that will be better than an olive branch."

"The Irish dove, my child! what is that? I suppose Corny has been *saying* something of it."

"Yes, but he didn't say anything about the Bible though;" and Helen then related to her mother the substance of her prattle with Corny.

"How I wish I could tell Corny about Jesus, but he won't listen to me when I try; when you say prayers with me, do make a nice prayer for him; will you to-night, Mamma?"

The fond mother raised her heart in thankfulness that the good seed sown in her child's mind was not lost, but was springing up with buds of precious promise. What a sacred duty is entrusted to parents and those who have the guardianship of the young; and how serious the responsibility under which they lie. In childhood the ground is soft and ready to receive every new impression, and the future bent of the youthful mind will be influenced by the turn they give it. A garden has been committed to them to dress, in which no mighty trees, the growth of many years, whose roots and fibres have wound themselves unseen through every part, must be uprooted; this task of difficulty is not theirs: thorns and thistles, it is true, are the only crop indigenous to the soil; but these it is their business to remove, and when grieved to see the luxuriance with which noxious weeds spring up, they may feel the comforting assurance that this rich ground will when good seed be cast into it, yield a full return. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Corny was just emerging from below, intending to *return* to the children, when he was startled by the cry of a "*child overboard.*" he rushed among the crowd

collected at one side of the deck, when a heart-rending scene met his gaze. Colonel Wilson was endeavouring to free himself from the grasp of two of his fellow-passengers, who by main force alone prevented the distracted father from plunging into the sea to rescue his child, whose white garments seemed but a speck on the waters, as the vessel borne on by a fresh breeze was making rapid way. The ship was of course immediately put about, and a boat ordered to be lowered with all possible speed; the noise and confusion were so great, that some seconds elapsed ere the bewildered Corny could obtain any satisfactory answer to his often-repeated question, "For Heaven's sake what's the matter? for the love of the Blessed Virgin will no one answer me!"

"Why man, the matter is, that the Colonel's child has fallen overboard," replied a sailor standing by, "and there she is floating yonder; I'm afraid it will be all over with her before the boat can reach her, poor thing! the sharks will soon find her out."

"It shan't be over with her then, if I can save her," and before any one was aware of his intention, Corny who was a good swimmer, had committed himself to the waves, and was stretching out boldly in the direction of the drowning child.

The anxiety of those who watched his progress was intense—not a breath was drawn—not a word uttered: the swimmer who used the most vigorous exertions, soon reached the little one, and succeeded in getting hold of her; his success was hailed by a cheer from the ship, and



although his movements were much impeded by his burthen, yet as the boat approached him rapidly, it seemed likely that a few moments more would see Corny and his precious charge in safety. Already the load was lightening from every heart, and many a tear was glistening in eyes that had looked unmoved on scenes of strife and carnage—when, suddenly, the dorsal fin of an enormous shark was seen to rise, not far from the swimmer; the sailors endeavoured to keep it at bay by shouting, and every arm was nerved with double energy; the boat flew like a bird over the water—still the monster gained on the now almost despairing man, whose limbs had become nearly paralyzed, and who was on the point of releasing his hold of the child, determined, if all failed, to become himself the victim, in the hope that she might be saved, as he saw from the closeness of his adversary that a few instants would decide his fate; a film came over his eyes, and death in its most dreadful shape appeared about to grasp him—but no! a Mighty One was near to save—One whom Corny knew not, but who was watching over him for good; and at this awful moment, when the shark had dived in order to turn and seize its prey, the rowers made one desperate effort—the boat reached him, and he was drawn in, so completely exhausted, that insensibility immediately ensued. For some moments, those on board were doubtful as to the issue of the struggle, but their suspense was soon terminated by a loud huzza from the boat, given in a style such as British *scamen* only can command.

Unconsciousness had cast her friendly robe around poor Helen's mother, and her eyes had been spared a scene, the depth of whose agony any one can imagine, but only a mother's heart could truly fathom.

As soon as the two sufferers were brought on deck, they were consigned to the care of the ship's medical officer. Helen was soon restored to her usual activity and cheerfulness, but the recovery of her preserver was much more tedious; the severe shock he had sustained, and the violent exertions he had used, wrought a sad revolution in the health of one who had possessed an inexhaustible flow of spirits, and an iron frame, which sickness had never before laid prostrate; and when, after several weeks of confinement, he slowly ascended to the deck, and crossed it with feeble steps and tottering gait, no one would have recognized the Corny of former days, fresh as the shamrock and stout as the shillelagh of his own green isle.

O'Brien was a general favourite in the ship; the captain, a plain and rather rough-spoken man, valued him for his fidelity, and treated him with a degree of kindness and consideration seldom experienced at his hands by any of the crew; the passengers could not be insensible to his attention in serving their wants, or the anxious care bestowed in hours of illness by the good-humoured assistant of the cabin-servant, who had a civil look and cheering word for all: the sailors delighted in him for his mirth and fun, and the peals of laughter that rang through the timbers of

the Indiaman, were sure to have had their origin in an Irish joke.


But Helen loved him for a reason that rarely makes a friend—he was an Irishman, born, too, in her own fair county of Kerry; and from the moment that she had made this discovery, he was distinguished by a marked preference. To this was now added a feeling of gratitude, which her heart was not too young to entertain; and she might be constantly seen either following him through every accessible part of the vessel, receiving from his true-hearted companions the ingenious toys their toil-worn hands had constructed for her amusement, or seated on his knee, listening to some tale of his native land, ever and anon exclaiming—“Oh! how glad I am it was my own Irish Corny saved me!”

A great number of passengers on board “the Enterprise” had left the shores of India in bad health, but the reviving and strengthening sea air had effected an astonishing improvement in many instances; persons who had been carried on board, their limbs powerless, and mental energies at the lowest ebb, might now be seen pacing the deck with all the vigour and animation of renewed health.

Among those invalids whose case seemed most hopeless, was Miss Browne, the aunt of Kate Beecher, Helen’s little playmate. In vain for her the zephyrs wafted their balmy breezes; possessing a delicate constitution, she had fully experienced the fatal effects of a residence in one of the most unhealthy parts of India. Her sister having married a gentleman holding a civil post of con-

siderable importance in that country, Miss Browne had accompanied them—alas! only to see her last surviving relative, after a few years, laid in an early grave, and to receive, as a dying bequest, the charge of an infant child. Though suffering from hourly-increasing debility, and earnestly desiring to return to her own country, kind regard for the feelings of her brother-in-law prevented her depriving him of his little daughter, from whom she had promised never to part while life remained. At length, even Kate's bright eyes were becoming dim, and Mr. Beecher, suddenly alarmed for her safety, summoned the family physician, who declared that immediate removal to England was the only remedy for her, as well as for her aunt, though he feared, as regarded the latter, the change might come too late.

Mr. Beecher was equally shocked and astonished at an announcement for which he was completely unprepared. Entirely devoted to the duties of his position, reserved and haughty in his habits and manner, he saw but little of his sister-in-law except when they met at the dinner-table, where there were generally strangers present; and the change that would have been apparent to the eye of love, had escaped his notice. Being of a mild and retiring disposition, her feelings, which were warm and ardent, though hidden beneath a calm exterior, had been chilled by the coldness of his deportment. Each respected in the other the estimable qualities they possessed, but no real friendship or communion of ideas existed between them; still, when her form disappeared from his house



and table, Mr. Beecher felt as one who misses from its accustomed place a pleasing picture, that was seldom looked at, but whose loss is felt by the vacancy it leaves. Separation from his child he had contemplated, though when the time of parting came, it caused a pang; but his sorrow soon evaporated in active employment, and he returned to engage himself in his business more absorbingly than ever.

A slight change for the better, which Miss Browne experienced during the first few weeks of the voyage, confirmed her in the hope she had all along cherished, of ultimate restoration to health. The delusion was evident to all around, but no one thought it right, or felt sufficient interest for her, to make an attempt at dispelling it.

Mrs. Wilson saw that the world was gradually sinking from the poor young lady's feet, while she was planning to pass long years of earthly happiness in it—that another world was opening its gates to receive her—a world towards which she never seemed to cast one look or thought. No! she had lived on in utter forgetfulness of God; years of peace and health had been her portion; benefits innumerable had crowned every hour of her life; affluence had been bestowed on her: luxuries showered down on her. Still, she never once remembered the Hand that gave so bounteously; on the contrary, repinings had arisen in her breast when these blessings were withdrawn. True, she had attended public worship each returning Sabbath, and knelt each great festival at the Lord's table; but where was her heart?—In the

world, and in it alone. She had put aside all thoughts of death and eternity, trusting that as she had not been guilty of open or heinous sin, all was well. And do not many among us act the same part? They acknowledge, that on the whole they *are* sinners—agree they do nothing as they ought—are not half thankful enough for the blessings they enjoy—are miserable, ungrateful beings—and so on; but then, they have the panacea ready,—they lead a good, moral life—keep God's commandments as well as they can—give a portion of their goods (often, indeed, a small one,) to feed the poor—and as they know, they feel, that this will never suffice for their salvation, they look to God's mercy to forgive their deficiency in that holiness without which no man can see the Lord; though nominally professing to trust only in the blood of Christ Jesus, in reality they place their own exertions first, and expect His merits will supply the rest. Many an hour Mrs. Wilson spent beside the couch of her fellow-passenger, reading and speaking of a Saviour's love; and fervently did she implore assistance from on high, to aid her in drawing the dying lady's attention to the state of uncertainty in which her spiritual concerns were involved.

The invalid turned at first with weariness from a subject, now become more than ever distasteful; but earnest and unceasing kindness could not fail to soften a heart that was easily melted by human sympathy, and congealed itself only against a God of love.

The prayer of faith was fully answered, when Mrs.

Wilson beheld her friend able to contemplate the awful change so rapidly approaching, with calm and holy confidence, for her sole hope was placed in Jesus; and when her spirit was released from its earthly fetters, a smile of peace was seated on her lips, and death had set no mournful seal on that placid brow.

Miss Browne's remains were interred at Cape Town, where the ship arrived a few days after her decease. Previous to their departure from India, Mr. Beecher had called on Colonel and Mrs. Wilson, with whom he was slightly acquainted, and had obtained from them a promise, that in case his child should be deprived of her aunt's care before reaching their destination, she might find protectors in them; this assurance had been ratified beside Miss Browne's death-bed, and now, a second time left motherless, little Kate found shelter in the fond bosom of Mrs. Wilson, round whom she played, in happy unconsciousness of the loss she had sustained.

Sovereign mercy grants to almost every human being, at least one short season of bliss, undisturbed by the trials and sufferings of after-life. Sorrow falls on childhood with but a feather's weight, and is thrown off with the elasticity peculiar to youth: how sad is it, then, when the first scenes with which the infant mind becomes familiar are those of misery and want!—when the green verdure of Spring is nipped by the withering blast of poverty! The impress of cruel oppression is stamped on too many of the young faces and forms that glide by us, like shadows from another world, as we wind through

the busy thoroughfares of our large cities and towns; and many a heart would turn sick, could its possessor witness the wrongs and sufferings inflicted on a considerable portion of the juvenile population, among the manufacturing classes, in the highly-favoured isle which boasts that slavery exists not in her borders, and finds no abode in any land her sceptre touches! Alas! infant and female slavery have many a lurking-place in even freedom's chosen home.

"The Enterprise" reached the British shores after a short and prosperous voyage, undiversified by any further incident which could afford interest to those not limited to the society of one unvarying circle of companions, whose close intimacy with each other gradually dissolved, as the coasts of "Old England" became momentarily more clearly discernible.

Each one was occupied making arrangements for disembarkation, and Colonel Wilson directed Corny to follow him into his cabin, that they might settle a little account between them.

"I don't know of any account your honour has to settle with me; it's old Tim above that minds those matters."

"You are not as shrewd a fellow as I take you to be," replied the Colonel, "if you have not a pretty good notion of the debt I allude to. My wife and I have long consulted on the best means of offering you some testimony of our gratitude, for the generous and intrepid manner in which you preserved a life so very precious to



us; but we have at length decided on leaving the medium we shall adopt to your own choice; so, now, tell me candidly what you most wish we should do for you."

"Your honour's very good entirely, but I don't want anything under the sun; I wouldn't encounter one of them murdering sharks if you were to give me all the gold that's in the universal world, but I'd face a dozen of them to save any creature's life, much less that little darlin; glory be to God for giving me power to do that same!"

"Now that is all nonsense; there never was a man so well off, or rather, so contented as to have nothing more to wish for: the Captain has placed you in my hands, and will not oppose any obstacle to our plans."

"Has he then? oh that's a different affair entirely! there's one thing that would be the making of me altogether, if your honour would pardon my boldness; but I'm afraid you and the mistress will consider it mighty conceited in me to think of the like at all." Corny stopped short, and with a perplexed look began scratching his head, and twisting his hair through his fingers.

"Well, tell it out at once my good man! and if we can possibly grant your request, we will."

"Why, your honour you know, will be requiring a great many more servants when ye land, and Miss Helen, the jewel! will be wanting some one to look after her; and ye see I'd lay down my life for her, or any of ye, and I'd do my best to plaze everybody, so if you'd let me be one of your servants, and stay always with you, I'd be the happiest man breathing this blessed minute."

Corny's wish was no sooner expressed than granted; for Colonel Wilson had determined, if possible, to take him into his service, being unwilling to lose sight of one who had evinced so strong an attachment for his family. The Irishman's joy was unbounded at a consummation he had hardly dared to contemplate.

"Hurrah! then isn't it the glorious day for old Ireland and Corny O'Brien, good luck to them both! and sure Colonel, if I'm not grateful to your honour, there's no use in talking more about it: troth, the heart within me is so full, I'm certain sure 'twill burst! och, then Miss Helen agra! *ahuilish mahuil agus machree*,\* are you comin' in to hear the good news? Now, I'm never to leave you any more at all: isn't the soul ready to jump out of ye with the bare joy, alanna? I'd like to know who would say Corny O'Brien wasn't the luckiest fellow alive this blessed day! Long life to ye, Miss Helen acushla, and to the Colonel and to the mistress, and long life to myself and everybody! There now avourneen! don't flurry yourself that way," added he, when he saw that his transport joined to her own delight, had overpowered the little girl, who clung to him weeping.

"Faix, it's a quare thing, but sorrow and joy has the one way with ye, just like them big guns there; if it's fine weather, they make it better by bringing down any rain that's in it; and if it's bad, why they cure it by shaking it out of the sky the quicker: then if we're in distress,

\* Light of my eyes, and of my heart.

sure off they go! and if it's joy that ails us, we set them speaking too! Come, let me wipe away them ugly tears, see, the master's looking at you."

Colonel Wilson was not an unmoved spectator of this scene, for though generally deemed a stern man, he was not by any means destitute of feeling. "It would be a pity to separate you," said he, passing his hand across his eyes: "but how comes it you are so ready to desert the captain, an old and tried friend, for us whom you have known but a few months? I thought your countrymen were constant, eh! Corny, how is that?"

"And so they are, Colonel; there's no people like them on the whole face of the earth for everything that's good. There isn't their equals to be met with any where, and if it wasn't your honour's self that said it"—

"Well, never mind, I am sure they are; but how does it happen you wish to relinquish a sea life? I thought you would never consent to become a lubberly landsman."

"Och, you see I was too old when I took to it, and I never was born to be a regular sailor; the sea's mighty well when it's quiet and smiling as it is now; but a storm is another thing altogether, and plenty of them I've weathered through, and would again, plase God, if there was any necessity: but I want to see ould Ireland before I die, for I'd never rest asy in my grave, if I didn't lay my bones in it."

The Captain and O'Brien separated from each other with mutual regret. The former could not but rejoice at the good fortune of one for whom he had a strong regard, but

with whose services he could easily dispense, as Corny had been, although a very useful, yet quite a supernumerary personage in the ship.

The parting between Helen and her sea-faring friends was full of sorrow. Their warm, generous feelings, open and free as their ocean-home, had found a responsive echo in her guileless heart; and many a wistful look she turned towards them, as Corny bore her away to the carriage which was in waiting.

The tender plant, when first it springs into being, leans for support against each neighbouring stem, and droops when the chosen prop is taken away: yet it soon revives, and before it reaches the summer of its growth, inured to changing winds and lowering skies, it rears its head erect alone. So in early years the affections twine themselves round those, who in after life are seldom more remembered than by name.

## CHAPTER II.

COLONEL WILSON was the youngest son of a gentleman of large landed property in Yorkshire, whose chief occupation and amusement consisted in the care of his steed and kennel, on both of which he squandered sums of money that might have been more profitably expended in ameliorating the condition of his tenantry, and improving his estates. He had married the portionless daughter of a spendthrift nobleman, who was glad to bestow her on any one whose wealth was sufficient to support her extravagance.

Lady Eleanor Wilson had been a belle in her youth, and in maturer age, retained most of the foibles, and but few of the attractions, generally possessed by those whom nature has arrayed in loveliness, but the cultivation of whose minds has been neglected. Few persons of her rank and fortune exceeded her in the richness of her equipages, the splendour of her attire, or the extent to which she indulged in every species of vanity and frivolity. Her three sons occupied but a small share of her attention, as a constant immersion in worldly pleasure had deadened the better feelings of her heart, and dimmed the bright

lustre of maternal tenderness. The eldest, on whom the property was entailed, enjoyed the most prominent share of her favour; but as neither she nor her husband could practise a degree of self-denial, that would enable them to make a provision for their younger sons, Lady Eleanor exerted her influence with a relative in power, by which means the elder of the two entered the British navy, and before he had reached manhood, fell in the year 1781, on board the Admiral's ship 'Formidable,' in a gallant action in the West Indies, under Lord Rodney.

This domestic bereavement produced no change in their plans with respect to their remaining son, who at the early age of seventeen obtained a cadetship.

Educated apart from his brothers at a public seminary, those feelings of family attachment and fraternal affection, which it should ever be a parent's earnest endeavour to promote and nourish, had, in his case, been deprived of their legitimate object of regard, and had been transferred to some of his school companions, from whom separation was sooner or later inevitable. Each time his heart's tendrils wound themselves round some kindred spirit, the cherished object was rudely torn away, and they were scattered to the winds, broken and withered.

The short periods occasionally passed under the parental roof brought no spring-time to his feelings. The great preference undisguisedly evinced for his eldest brother, could not fail to excite bitterness towards his father and mother, and dislike to him who seemed to have engrossed their whole attention and indulgence, and whose over-

bearing conduct and manners were not well calculated to lessen this sentiment. The channels of his affections thus blocked up, those clear streams which might have flowed through life's vale, scattering verdure and peace wherever they strayed, now returned upon themselves, and formed a cold, dead sea, unfathomed and unknown.

Young Wilson having procured the necessary outfit, returned to the family mansion in Yorkshire, for the purpose of taking leave of his relatives. The day previous to his final departure, he presented himself before his father in order to receive his commands and parting advice. After some time spent in conversation on irrelevant topics, feeling hurt that no allusion was made to the subject which then held the most prominent place in his own thoughts, Henry Wilson exclaimed somewhat abruptly, "I believe you forget that these matters have lost all interest for me who must quit this place by sunrise to-morrow, most probably for ever: have you anything you wish to say to me now, Sir? as it is not likely we shall have much time to spare in the morning since the hounds are to meet so early."

Mr. Wilson had not for an instant forgotten that his son was to depart on the morrow; but he knew too well that conscience spoke truth, when it upbraided him with injustice to a son whose demeanour had always been irreproachable, and whose interests had been immolated at the shrine of selfishness.

This conduct in a parent, though it may perhaps appear unnatural in print, has, nevertheless, unfortunately many

counterparts in every-day life. Of the numbers whom we continually see sinking into the grave, leaving helpless widows and large families without any provision, each individual has not been, like Squire Wilson, the possessor of extensive estates; but many of them have been in the receipt of incomes enabling them to enjoy all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life; and is it not injustice and cruelty united, to spend in selfish gratification, in worldly pride, and vain emulation, that which, if properly applied, would save those beings, for whom the gospel and nature alike enjoin them to provide, from the untold miseries of a reverse of fortune? It cannot be considered otherwise than a refinement of selfishness and cruelty, to surround persons one day with all the indulgences of affluent life, and leave them, perhaps, the next, friendless, pennyless; a mark for the scoffs and scorn of those who envied them in their better days: to rear their children in the lap of ease, and leave them with minds strung to the highest pitch of sensitiveness, and frames unfitted to support either mental or bodily labour, to struggle through a world, which its own votaries paint as selfish, cold, deceitful, and wicked.

The view of the son whom he had injured, could afford no pleasure to Mr. Wilson; and his temporary remorse was mingled with a sensation that resembled something like satisfaction, as the hour drew near that would remove the accusing object to a distance.

After offering some few words of worldly advice, he concluded his observations by saying—



“Above all things, avoid incurring debt, as from my heavy expenses—I mean, from the heavy expenses attending the support of an establishment befitting our station—it would be quite impossible for me to extricate you from any pecuniary embarrassments. You may draw on my banker for the sum I have already mentioned, but more than this I cannot spare; many a young man has advanced himself in the world with much less. And now that our little business arrangements are completed, we will turn to something more pleasant. You will, I am certain, reflect honour on our name, and in ten years hence you will return, covered with glory!”

Gaiety will not lend her mantle, when she herself is absent; and a dead silence ensued.

Henry Wilson was the first to break the awkward pause. “Well, sir, I think I may as well be gone; I dare say I am only delaying you. I will never, you may rest assured, tarnish the honour of my name, my best and my only inheritance; nor trouble you with any debts of mine.” Thus saying, he turned quickly away and left the room.

“Poor fellow! I’m sorry I am not able to do more for him; but he’ll get over this pique before long. I’m sure he will find his new life just the thing for him; he has a restless mind, and high spirit; it will do him good to see a little of the world. Besides, India is the place for a young man to make his fortune. It is plain he has heard I paid his brother’s debts; but that only makes it impossible for me to do much for him.”

With reasoning such as this, the Squire quieted the uneasy reflections that forced themselves on his mind. But his conclusions were incorrect; for his son never did forget the injury that inflicted a heart-wound; it chilled and blighted his affections, and gave to his manner a sternness, and often a repulsiveness, which had been foreign to his warm nature.

A description of the parting scene between him and his mother, is needless. Vanity and worldly love cannot inhabit the same breast in boon companionship with holier feelings. Some remnants may indeed look in, on a home from which they have been driven; but they are exiles in disguise, whose presence is unacknowledged, and undesired.

Young Wilson left his native country without regret. It is not our intention to trace his career during the ten succeeding years. India was at this period the seat of a fierce and sanguinary war; and many an atrocious deed was perpetrated under its burning skies. But while Lieutenant Wilson was remarkable for the cool bravery he displayed on every occasion of danger, the humanity of his disposition and actions shone with as faultless a brilliancy. His intercourse with his dark-complexioned fellow-creatures was marked by a consideration for their feelings, and a forbearance that had few parallels or imitators among his countrymen. Perhaps the thought, that he and they were both sufferers from injustice at the hands of those who should have acted another and a better part, kindled a sentiment of sympathy for their wrongs, which shewed

itself in many an act, trifling in itself, but deeply valued from its rarity.

Mothers! when you see your sons about to be removed from the beneficial influence of your affection and example; ready to start out alone, on the highway of life, and seek on a foreign shore for wealth or fame; do you ever join to the counsels that flow from your lips, a word of caution against indulgence in that evil propensity, which is inherent to human nature—cruelty, whose worm-like form lies concealed in every tare that springs into being in our hearts. Its first signs of life are visible when the child exercises its growing strength in teasing the patient animals who domesticate round his parent's hearth: it unfolds itself more fully in the triumphant tones of the school-boy, as he joyously describes the disappointment of the competitor whom his success has humbled; and the admiring circle of auditors, while they listen with fond partiality to the glowing recital, bestowing an encomium justly due to his laudable exertions, forget to check the growth of a disposition, which, in maturity, will exert itself in a wider sphere of action, and destroy the happiness of those over whom it may have power to triumph. Again, when the world's honours have been sought and won, does not this evil passion often lurk beneath the smile their fortunate possessor accords, to one who was, perhaps, the friend and companion of his youthful pleasures and struggles, but whom the fickle goddess has not helped to mount her wheel? Does it not often lie hid in beauty's dimples, when the *fading* of a once dreaded rival's charms are deplored? If

then, cruelty, to a greater or less amount, finds an abode under the coronets of the mighty and noble—beneath the costly robes of the wealthy and fashionable—in the smiles of the lovely and gay—and even underneath the coarse garments of those who may themselves become its victims before long—should we not check it in the bud, and save many a sensitive spirit from the keen edge of its often concealed, but not unfelt, weapons?

We may consider these lands as the nurseries where the young slips are reared, of which in after years are formed the laurel-wreaths that weigh down Britannia by their numbers. What a happy change would it be, could British youths be seen as zealous in the service of their God as in that of their earthly sovereign, anxious to be not only bright examples of all that is brave and generous, but also of the moral excellence that should adorn the character of Christians! Noble instances there have been of individuals in whom both were united, and truly they were animated by a double amount of courage: the excitement of a battle-field may rouse and sustain the valour of many who would shrink from proclaiming themselves the soldiers of the Cross; the courage of the former is called for on a few stirring occasions, when surrounded by multitudes of gallant comrades; but the latter have to sustain daily a single combat, not only with a host of ungodly men, but against the assaults of their own sinful nature, and their ever-watchful adversary, the Devil.

Great is the influence of Christian mothers and sisters, and were they to exert it in a worthy manner, many an

olive-branch of peace might they be permitted to send forth to the farthest parts of the globe. Then we would not have our blood frozen in our veins by the reckless conversation of those who, spared from sharing a death that snatched away groups of their companions, have returned home to boast a deadness of every human feeling, and to relate exploits, which shewed that the lives of their fellow-creatures, whose complexions differed in colour from their own, were rated by them at a fearfully low value. Alas, that India should be the grave, not only of European life, but also of European humanity! \*

In the sight of God, "there is no respect of persons," all the inhabitants of the earth are equally unclean in His eyes, and must alike be washed in Jesus' blood: it ill becomes us therefore, unworthy vessels of His mercy, to despise those other vessels, which the Great Potter hath created of the same dust and ashes; and in whom, doubtless, He will also shew forth His glory: we repeat it, that it ill becomes us to treat these our fellow-sinners with contempt. To despise the creature, is to insult the Creator, and the oppressed have in Him a ready helper, ever nigh, who will listen to their cry, and avenge their wrongs. The blessed day is drawing near, when thousands upon thousands of our swarthy fellow-creatures shall join that

\* It is gratifying to mention, that a great interest has lately been excited in the minds of the British residents in India, in behalf of both the temporal and spiritual wants of Ireland, which has been testified by large sums subscribed towards the funds of the Irish Society, and other benevolent Christian Associations.

“great multitude which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues,” who, “clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands,” shall stand “before the throne and before the Lamb,” and cry, “Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb.” Oh! that we could imprint on the minds of the young, that to assert superiority by trampling on the rights and feelings of inferiors, is to pervert the laws of God, as well as every principle of honour—that the true use of authority or influence, and the only way in which we can extract pleasure from their acquisition, is by extending protection to the weak and succour to the helpless.

Wilson’s indignation was often roused by the deportment of some of his brother-officers and acquaintances, to their coloured servants, whom they hardly appeared to consider as endowed with the common attributes of human nature. It was benevolence, not religion, that moved his heart; immortal souls he cared not for, since he knew not the value of his own. But this feeling of benevolence, noble as it seems in our sinful eyes, even in its present debased condition, had been stifled in the bosoms of too many of his companions. In most cases, they lived without God in the world, and seldom did His holy name escape their lips, except in the form of an oath or imprecation. Self was the idol worshipped in their hearts, and Mammon was the God they served.

Sad is it to think, that perhaps the first persons who profess the religion which proclaims “peace on earth,

and good-will towards men," in the sight of the poor Hindoo or Malay, should be such as these; and what innumerable impediments must they leave in the road to be trodden by the devoted missionary, who endeavours to carry the blessings of religion and civilization to the natives of a region, whence his own nation has derived such stores of wealth—of which he enjoys no part, although he alone attempts to give a return of real value!

The climate which had brought death or disease to numbers of those who, like him, had left England in health and strength, wrought no material injury on Henry Wilson's constitution, and he returned home, after ten years' absence, chiefly to enjoy a brief season of variety, or perhaps to satisfy a desire natural to every heart—a longing to behold again the scenes of youth, no matter whether that youth was one of smiles and love, or the reverse.

Many changes had taken place during this interval. The Squire himself had gone the way of all flesh, and had been succeeded in his estates by his eldest son, who, pursuing his father's mode of life, was hurrying on to inevitable ruin.

Lady Eleanor, now a widow, with means considerably reduced, had settled herself permanently in London, and still followed her career of vanity with undiminished energy.

A short time passed in the society of these relatives, was more than sufficient for Captain Wilson; and he was

on the point of returning to India, long before the term of his leave had expired, when he met, by accident, an almost-forgotten friend and school-favourite. This gentleman had just relinquished a curacy in Derbyshire, and was returning home, to reside with his father and sisters in Ireland, whither it required no great amount of persuasion to induce Wilson to accompany him. Often had he wished to mingle among a people of whose good and bad qualities he had heard such strange and contradictory reports. A favourable opportunity was now presented, which would enable him to see Irish life and character, in all its different varieties. Accordingly, a few weeks saw him comfortably domiciled with his hospitable friends in Kerry.

The family consisted of an aged father, the son already mentioned, and two daughters, who each vied with the other in exertions to entertain and gratify their stranger guest. A happier or more affectionate circle could with difficulty be found; the lovely precepts of the Gospel were truthfully exhibited in the lives of two of its members, and although the father and younger daughter differed in sentiments from their relatives, and still clung fondly to the things of earth, yet the social hearth was seldom disturbed by discord of any serious nature. Their residence was situated in a spot remarkable for natural beauty, and, as the peasantry were deplorably poor and ignorant, a wide field of usefulness lay open to exertions that were not withheld.

Captain Wilson's visit, which he intended to have



been of short duration, was protracted to many months; and when he returned to England, he was accompanied by an Irish bride, the youngest daughter of his friendly host. This lady was a direct contrast to the votaries of fashion by whom her husband had always been surrounded; accustomed to a secluded country life, and to association only with intimate friends, her ideas and manners were artless and unaffected, which constituted their greatest charm. The world in perspective seemed a tissue woven in silk and flowers, and the gay vista helped to cheer and support her, when forced to leave the loved home of her childhood, and part from a parent whose declining years her buoyant spirit had enlivened and comforted, but who, dazzled with the brilliant prospect, forgot his own sorrows in contemplating the felicity he imagined was in store for his favourite child.

Not wishing to subject his wife to the scrutiny of his mother, who was much annoyed at an alliance with one whose descent, though from an illustrious house, was purely Milesian, Captain and Mrs. Wilson arrived in London during Lady Eleanor's temporary absence, and at once embarked for Bombay, thus avoiding an interview from which no pleasure could be derived on either side.

When Mrs. Wilson again visited the green isle of her birth, her father could scarcely recognize, in the pale, thin face he gazed on, and the bowed figure he clasped in his arms, the tall, blooming girl whose presence had once cast sunshine on his path. The *mirage* of pleasure *she had seen* in fancy's vision, proved, when reached

but parching sand; her children had, one by one, faded away before her eyes, and although her husband never intentionally gave her pain by word or deed, yet his austere and unsympathizing manner could bring no balm to her bereaved heart. In her father's house, too, Death had not been idle; her brother and sister had been removed in the flower of their age; and as the old gentleman was becoming more infirm, and in greater need of tender care, the Wilsons, while in Europe, remained with him. It was during this visit that the little Helen was born, just in time to receive a parting blessing from her grandfather, who bequeathed to her his estate in Kerry.

Leaving this property in the care of an agent, Captain Wilson and his family once more set out for India, where they continued to reside until their child attained the age that renders a return to England imperative, when her father, now Lieutenant-Colonel, decided on bidding a final adieu to the East.

A blessed change had, in the meantime, been wrought in Mrs. Wilson's mind. Her father's dying prayer, that she might yet be brought to experience the saving power of Christ's blood, (even should it be, as in his own case, late in life,) had been answered.

The earth basks herself in the warm sunshine through the long summer day, but it is not till evening casts its shadows, that she sends up her soft dews: so, too frequently, man enjoys years of blessings, and offers not the incense of gratitude till the sun of his prosperity has set!

## CHAPTER III.

AFTER a brief sojourn in the metropolis, Colonel Wilson purchased a handsome villa near a much-frequented watering-place in the south of England. Thither Kate Beecher accompanied her temporary guardians, as several months would necessarily elapse before they could receive her father's answer to a proposal that she should remain with them, pursuing her studies along with their own daughter, until his return from abroad.

To this offer, as may be expected, a joyful assent was given by Mr. Beecher, relieving him, as it did, from much anxiety and trouble. The education of the little girls was conducted under Mrs. Wilson's personal superintendence. They were instructed in every branch of knowledge considered necessary at the period we speak of, when young persons were not expected to excel in numerous accomplishments, for some of which Nature had not perhaps bestowed on them the requisite ability or taste.

Kate possessed a natural talent for music, which *enabled her to become a proficient in this delightful*

science; still, often would an admiring circle of auditors turn from the difficult sonatas and brilliant songs which she executed in the most finished manner, and listen with greater pleasure to the gentle Helen, as she breathed forth, in low, sweet tones, one of the plaintive airs of her native country.

But on no one had these the same effect as on Corny, who, being, like most of his countrymen, passionately fond of music, would loiter for hours under the drawing-room windows, entranced by the melody of her voice, as, leaning over the embroidery frame, she beguiled the monotony of her task by giving utterance to those familiar sounds which found their corresponding chords in her faithful follower's heart. The avocations he had chosen for himself were chiefly of a nature that kept him continually in the open air; gardening was his usual employment, and the skill he soon acquired was evidenced by the beauty and richness of the flowers that profusely decorated his patrons' parterre; but never did he feel so proud and happy, as when permitted to accompany his young mistresses in their morning rides, walking between the donkeys on which they were seated, for he could then give full utterance to his warm feelings in his native tongue. English he spoke, of course, with ease and fluency, but Irish was the language that sprang from his heart—its words he had lisped in infancy, and in it he still offered up his prayers to the numerous saints and mediators whose intercession he had been taught to believe was necessary with a prayer-hearing God. At

first, the children had picked up a few sentences in Celtic, to satisfy their curiosity, but finding that Corny derived intense delight from these attempts, and considered them in the light of a compliment directly conferred on himself, they lost no opportunity of gratifying him, and, in a few years, spoke Irish with a facility nearly equal to his own. In this language all their intercourse with him was thenceforth carried on.

Looking forward, with eager hope, to the time when she should reside in the valley where she first drew breath, and in the midst of her own tenantry, Helen in particular prized a knowledge which would be invaluable to her; and her mother, participating in the same views, gave a willing assent to her cultivation of it; but, conscious of the prejudice and aversion with which Colonel Wilson regarded Ireland, her language, and everything connected with it, the subject was never alluded to in his presence; his days were chiefly passed at the reading-rooms, and other places of public resort in the neighbouring town, and in carrying out improvements in his farm and grounds; he took little interest in the pursuits of his family, and Helen and Kate had been in the constant habit of speaking Irish, long before he was aware they knew one word of it.

“What a gay, contented creature that Corny is!” exclaimed Colonel Wilson, as he was sitting one evening in the dining-room, whose windows opened into a flower-garden, where the subject of his remarks was busily employed among his favourite plants. “What a happy

fellow he is! The king on his throne might envy him in this respect. Do you know, Helen, the old gardener is actually beginning to like him; he went so far this morning as to say, he was worth half-a-dozen of the other men. His taste for flowers is most extraordinary, and he certainly is a very useful man."

"Corny is very industrious, and very cheerful too," answered Helen; "I am glad old Murray is getting over his dislike to him; it arose solely from his being an Irishman. I fancy Corny's temper is less hasty than it was, for he tells me, he often pretends not to hear the unkind expressions used towards him and his country by the workmen; and now, finding he despises their attempts to provoke him, they have ceased annoying him in this way."

"Who are you talking of, my love?" asked Lady Eleanor, then on a visit with her son. "Hand me my scent bottle, dear," continued she, in a languid voice, pointing to a delicate one that lay on the table within reach of her own fingers; "I really wonder how you can like that Irishman so much; the very sound of his horrid brogue makes me ill; I think your accent is getting quite spoiled by communication with him; it would be much better for you, and far happier for the creature himself, to send him over to Ireland, and give him some situation on your estates there."

"Well, dear grandmamma, don't fret about my brogue," answered Helen laughing, "my tenants will only like me the better for it; but as it happens, you have no reason to alarm yourself on this point, for Kate and I, when talking to Corny, *never speak English*."

"Never speak English! and pray what do you speak?" asked her father.

"The language of my own dear country—Irish."

Colonel Wilson laid down, untasted, the glass of wine he was in the act of raising to his lips; and frowned more fiercely on his daughter than he had ever done before. "How is this? are you really in earnest, Helen? you know how I abominate Irish; a tongue that ought to be rooted out of the kingdom; I am surprised you could think of learning it without my permission. Have you known of this?" asked he, turning to his wife.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Wilson, calmly, "I have, and gave it my full sanction, because I think knowledge of every kind is useful; but in Helen's case, none will be more so, than this: when she visits Ireland, it will remove the prejudice with which she would otherwise be regarded on account of her English education. I know from experience, the disadvantage of not being able to converse with the peasantry in their vernacular tongue. I never could obtain the favour or confidence, enjoyed by the rest of my family, who all knew something of the language."

"It is the most absurd thing I ever heard, to permit a continuance of such proceedings," broke in Lady Eleanor; "of course the man has a claim on your bounty, that should be properly acknowledged; and then, in my opinion, all intercourse should cease: as for the idea of Helen's acquirement being of any future use to her, with the view of benefitting such a good-for-nothing, lazy race, as the *Irish* are, it seems to me truly ridiculous. Pardon me

Mrs. Wilson, but I must say, I think your country-people are little better than sayages; look at the very being you speak of, and see what an ignorant creature he is; he hardly possesses two ideas in his head, I dare say: as for any educated person entering into conversation with him, I could not have supposed the fact possible, had I not witnessed it;" and her ladyship raised her handkerchief, and fanned herself to obtain refreshment after such unwonted exertion.

Colonel Wilson, knowing his mother rejoiced in an opportunity of shewing her dislike to his wife's country, and parentage, was unwilling to indulge in a discussion, which promised to revive unpleasant recollections. In his mother's sentiments he fully concurred, but preferred that the expression of them should be left to himself: so, conquering his anger, he replied with some cheerfulness, "I am afraid you are treading on dangerous ground: we have several strong advocates for Ireland here; even Kate, though essentially English, loves her Irish friends (not excepting Corny) so well, that she always sides with them; and as for Helen, a word against her country, she takes as a personal insult."

"Why papa, when a person knows that mamma and I are both Irish, and proud of being so, to stigmatize our country cannot be considered as a compliment. Were I to take yonder troop of workmen as specimens, I could point out many faults in the English character; but I know they belong to one particular class, who have most likely never enjoyed the advantages which would have remedied



these defects; besides, I am sure those very men possess many most excellent qualities; that they are honest and industrious, with a fine independent spirit; and even if I did not know all this, and feel the high respect and love for Britain and her noble-minded people I have always done, I cannot forget that papa and his family are English, and that England's sons are their countrymen."

"Bravo Helen!" cried Kate, who, full of mirth, delighted in rousing her adopted sister from her usual calm deportment, "now I have found the way of getting you to make a speech; see, the Irish dove has ruffled its smooth feathers most terribly—there now, I won't tease you; so do not let those tears come running down your cheeks."

"Helen answered remarkably well," observed her father, "and has proved, that Irish ladies, at least, understand good manners; but one can hardly be blamed for being severe on Ireland, when her own people are so often the most violent in their outcry against her. I was walking to-day with an Irish gentleman, who has come over here to settle, and really from his description, I wonder any respectable person can remain in that country."

"Tell us who he is, before we give our opinion," said Kate.

"It was Mr. O'Donnell I was talking to; he seems rather a sensible man."

"I suppose you judged of his sense, by his coming to live here," answered she quickly, "but Lady Seymour knows him very well in Ireland; and she says, that though

he has a large fortune, his family being of low extraction, and himself disliked for his pride and arrogance, he was not received into genteel society, and has come over to try and attain his object here, and conceal his disappointment."

"Yes; and I believe he is a very fair sample of the host of Irish families, who leave the land from which they derive their incomes, as well as all the respectability they can boast;" answered Mrs. Wilson. "They feel conscious they are inflicting an irretrievable injury on their country; and in order to remove the blame from themselves, seize hold of every pretext for crying out against it. These pretexts, I am grieved to acknowledge, they can but too easily find, and by magnifying them, they seek to justify the desertion of those, over whose interests, bound up as they are with their own, common prudence would suggest they should diligently watch. The neglect of this duty, only serves to render them despicable in the eyes of the people among whom they come to sojourn. I much fear that their successors will reap a bitter harvest from the seeds of hatred and distrust which many of the present landlords of Ireland are now (perhaps thoughtlessly) sowing in the hearts of the peasantry."

"Mary Seymour styles them Irish emigrants in search of gentility," said Kate.

"Not a bad denomination," remarked the Colonel: "but what is our Irish Dove about, that she is so silent?" asked he, looking towards his daughter.

"I was thinking, then, dear papa, that Corny would

not be whistling Rory O'More so merrily, if he could have heard our conversation; but it would be a pity he did, poor fellow!"

"It is very ignorant of him to make so much noise, when he knows we are here," said Lady Eleanor, who was determined, if possible, to get Corny dismissed.

She had disliked him from the first day she had seen him; and this sentiment was fully reciprocated. She was the only visitor at the house who would pass him by, as if unconscious of his presence; and often she appeared not to hear the salutation "God bless your Ladyship this fine morning," which at first he felt it incumbent on him to offer. Corny's perceptions were keen; and his feelings (whether of affection or the reverse), both violent and enduring.

"Well, Miss Helen asthore! but for a great lady, your grandmother has mighty bad manners entirely. That's not the way the quality behave in old Ireland; (a blessing on them for it!) they'd speak just as friendly to me as to a fine young lady like yourself: och! will I ever set my eyes on my own darling country again! may I——no, I won't say what I was going to say, for I know it would vex you; but catch me! if ever I pass one civil word to her again; I'll lift my hat when she goes by, out of respect to you and the family, and nothing more I'll ever do: bad luck to her!" muttered he to himself.

This last ejaculation was not, of course, heard by Helen, who endeavoured to soothe him, representing how much her grandmamma's temper had been soured by ill

health, and spoiled from association with only the selfish fashionables of a London circle. Her reasoning, however, failed to palliate the offence; and a remark of Lady Eleanor's in disparagement of some of his choicest flowers, uttered in his hearing on the previous day, had excited his anger so much, that when she chanced that morning to pass by the part of the garden where he was working, he failed in shewing even the mark of civility he had allotted to himself, and never raised his head at her approach. Lady Eleanor had observed the deficiency; and this it was that caused her to mention him with so much asperity on the present occasion.

"He has not the slightest manners, or respect for his superiors," continued she, after a pause, finding no one disposed to notice her last remark.

"That surprises me," answered her son, "for there is one feature in his conduct I have often observed with approbation and pleasure, which is, that though permitted great freedom in the family, he never for a moment forgets himself, or becomes unmindful of his station. Our obligation to him cannot be forgotten: he is an humble, yet devoted and faithful friend and follower; rather uncouth perhaps, in speech and manner, but still a fine brave fellow."

"More power to you for saying that same, and a true word it is; as Corny himself would have it," exclaimed Kate Beecher; "Why, he is more careful of our dignity and consequence, than we are ourselves; and as for ignorance—you would be surprised at the amount of his infor-

mation on common useful subjects. Helen is always telling him something instructive, and he is remarkably quick.

"Pleasing conversation it must be, and most edifying, truly," murmured her ladyship, with a faint smile of contempt.

"Indeed it is, Lady Eleanor, very entertaining to hear his remarks, which are often both acute and original. Lady Seymour says, the best use we can make of our superior knowledge is, by endeavouring to impart some of it to others who have not the means of gaining it; and she is delighted with Corny, he is so intelligent, and has so much respect for knowledge in general."

"And for your own in particular," answered the old lady, who was, every moment, becoming more irritable. "Lady Seymour seems to be quite a model of perfection with you: poor woman! she thinks her family are so well brought up; but in my opinion, her daughters will be thought sadly deficient when they are introduced, as I suppose they will be next season."

"She does not intend to have them brought out at all," said Helen; "and I am sure she is right, from what I saw of the *beau monde*, when we were in town last spring. Some of those fine ladies actually seemed to fancy themselves of an order of beings superior to the rest of mankind: oh! I would not be like them for any consideration."

"Why Helen, my Dove, is it not a delightful thing to think we are china, while those beneath us are nothing better than delft, fit for knocking about, and treating any

way that happens to be convenient, you know," said Kate, silyly; "shocking idea of yours, that Corny's hands are made of the same material as ours which are so white and nice: why, there is just as much difference as between a common flower-pot, and that fine china vase over there; we are made of porcelain, you may depend upon it."

"Never mind her," whispered Helen, as she arranged her grandmother's cushion, and drawing over a stool, seated herself at her aged relative's feet: looking up in her face, she took her hand between her own. "Tell me dear grandmamma, why you dislike my faithful Corny so much; would you not have cared had I been drowned, or devoured by the shark? do you feel no friendship towards him, for saving your poor Helen from this? I almost begin to fear my grandmamma does not care for me at all."

This appeal was not to be resisted. The old lady bent over, and pressed her lips more affectionately than usual on Helen's clear brow.

"Then you must like him, for my sake; indeed you must."

Lady Eleanor thought the plan of education pursued by Helen's parents was a mistaken one, and that her granddaughter's notions were absurd in the extreme; but the attention, that divined her wishes before they were expressed, and delighted in performing every little act of kindness, could not fail to make some favourable impression, contrasted, as it was, with the negligence she experienced in her declining years, from the son on whom she had lavished all her regard, and who had inculcated

no feelings of respect towards her, in the minds of his children. By Colonel Wilson and his family alone, was she treated with the tender consideration which is a parent's right; and although Mrs. Wilson well knew her mother-in-law regarded her with feelings the very reverse of those she would have wished to inspire, yet she permitted not this to influence Helen's mind, who, from infancy, had been accustomed to hear her grandmother spoken of in terms of respect. To Lady Eleanor's faults, no one could be blind; but Helen had never heard them mentioned, except in that spirit and language of charity, which, instead of magnifying, gently covers the failings of others.

Family disagreements had estranged Lady Eleanor from her son's domestic circle, and Helen had attained her fifteenth year, before she had ever seen her grandmother. These unfortunate quarrels having, however, been happily reconciled, Colonel Wilson and his family had paid her a visit in London, some months previous to the period of the present scene in our narrative. After having kindly embraced her son, and given a polite welcome to his wife, she motioned Helen and Kate towards her.

"Tell me, now, which of these young ladies is my grand-daughter?"

"Can you not guess by the likeness?"—but Colonel Wilson checked himself, for it was her mother whom Helen so strongly resembled.

"Yes, true; it was stupid of me not to know your *daughter at once*, by her large grey eyes and dark lashes,

so completely her mother's; a nice, mild girl!" and her ladyship drew Helen over, and kissed her; then, turning to Kate, she saluted her with a gracious smile.

"My grand-daughter, Colonel, is a sweet-looking girl, and a great deal may be made of her; but this young lady will create a sensation; her beauty will make her distinguished at once. I prophesy, she will be the belle of her day."

Fatal words! idly uttered, but treasured up by her to whom they related, feeding the latent evil of her young heart; for personal vanity was Kate's besetting sin, and had developed itself strongly even in her childhood. It had been Mrs. Wilson's earnest endeavour to check the growth of this dangerous passion; to her Lady Eleanor's injudicious remarks gave the greatest pain, as she could read, in Kate's flushed countenance and flashing eye, the death-warrant of her hope, that the feeling she deplored had been all but eradicated by the course of sound treatment to which her adopted child's mind had been subjected. The fire, having received no fuel from without, had slept within, waiting but the oil which was now thrown upon it, in order to burst forth with increased vigour.

Their London visit having come to a close, the party returned home; but the cup of gaiety which Kate had been able but just to sip, had left an insatiable longing to drain it more fully; and although her friends often described the bitterness of the dregs which lay concealed in its sparkling depths, still, she fancied that a life, the fac-simile of Lady Eleanor's, must be one of supreme felicity. Gradually, however, the sobering influence of



the circle in which she moved, and the absence of all the alluring objects that had enchained her ever-roving fancy, calmed the feverish discontent that had at first consumed her; and Mrs. Wilson was beginning to flatter herself, that the effects of the town-visit had entirely disappeared, when Lady Eleanor announced her intention of taking advantage of her son's invitation, to make his house her residence during the ensuing Autumn. She had always distinguished Kate by marked favour, and now, when domiciled in a family, the rest of whose members possessed but few ideas congenial with her own, she singled her out as the constant companion of her rides and walks, and made her acquainted with the names, pedigrees, foibles and follies of her titled friends. Hospitality and politeness forbade Mrs. Wilson from openly preventing an intimacy, which she foresaw must lead to injurious results; and her gentle attempts to draw the young girl's attention back to the pursuits of her wholesome studies, proved utterly futile. Kate was constant in attendance on one who treated her alone with a familiarity that flattered her vanity, and only absented herself in order to cultivate accomplishments which were showy in their nature, and, therefore, represented by Lady Eleanor as requisite to attract admiration. Under other circumstances, her eagerness to excel in these would have met with Mrs. Wilson's warm approval; but she saw in it now only the bright tinge which Autumn sheds—a sign that decay has entered, and will soon blight those leaves that Spring viewed bursting into light, *in unsullied vernal clothing!*

# CHAPTER IV.

"THEN, Miss Helen, agra! don't you feel mighty glad that my lady's gone off to where she came from? and for my part, I hope I may never lay my eyes on the likes of her again."

"Come now, Corny, you know I cannot permit you to speak thus of my grandmamma; she was very kind to me, and we are, none of us, without faults."

"True for ye, Miss; but I'm greatly deceived if she doesn't dislike your own darlin' mother out and out, both because of her country, and because of herself, that shewed off the old woman to the proper advantage—begging your pardon for calling her an old woman, which, though it's the real truth, it's herself that wouldn't be a bit pleased to hear: and sure the mistress never looked half so lovely, as when she gave her arm to her ladyship, and her sweet, mild face looked so fresh beside the other's, all stuck over with paint and finery. Nothing like nature, after all!"

Helen, though she would have wished to check Corny for the disrespectful tone he always adopted when speak-

ing of Lady Eleanor, yet could not restrain a smile at his shrewd remarks.

“Grandmamma was very handsome when young, and as she was accustomed to receive admiration then, she looks for it even now; this must be an excuse for many of her little foibles.”

“And what’s worse than all, she’s spoiling, as fast as she can, that young creature, that will be really a beauty! That’s all the good she did, by coming here! Miss Kate, that was as innocent and happy as a kid—would you believe it?—is ashamed now to be seen speaking to poor Corny; and is always in such a hurry since my lady came, that for days together she never looks at her flowers, and I watering them here, all for nothing! Och! the child I nursed on my knee, and watched growing every day, to be put against me that way! Well, well! may be, she’ll go farther and fare worse. I that would lay down my life for her!”

To this appeal, Helen could make no reply; her worst fears were confirmed, when she discovered that Kate was changed even to Corny, who hitherto had held so prominent a place in her regard.

“Aye, indeed, Miss, darling: you may well shake your head, and look sad; for it’s too true, it is.”

“Well, Corny, we must only hope for the best; she is very young, and will soon forget all this folly. Her papa talks in his last letter of coming home; we must be separated sooner or later, but I cannot bear to think of it.”

“And the unlucky day it will be for her, the poor young creature, when she leaves this place, (that would be Paradise itself, if it was only in old Ireland it was, instead of here.) She’ll never be so happy again, no matter how long she lives; sure the mistress is as fond of her as if she was her own born child; and as for you, why, if there was the least scrap of jealousy in the world in your heart, it would have been roused up, to see your own father and mother doting as they do on a stranger, and to hear every one praising and admiring her; but there never was a taste of jealousy, or anything else bad, in you.”

“How could I feel jealous of my parents’ loving her, when they have reared her as their own child? and as for others admiring her more than me, were I a stranger, I would pass myself by to notice her. But, Corny, you are very wrong in saying there is nothing bad in this sinful heart of mine. God tells us, in his own word, that ‘the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,’ and that ‘as in water, face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man;’ all the thoughts of our hearts are only evil continually; we can neither do nor think a right thing of ourselves; any thoughts or feelings that lead us to good, are given us by God’s Holy Spirit.”

“Very true, Miss; but if you aren’t innocent and good, who is? That’s what I want to know.”

“No one, Corny; God says, ‘there is no one good; no, not one.’ We are all born sinners; Christ died to

save us, and now sits on the right hand of his Father, to make intercession for us, which he will do if we pray to him."

"And to the Blessed Virgin, and the saints," Corny would have said, but knowing that Helen would be grieved at such an idea, he refrained from giving utterance to it.

"I have often explained all this to you, and proved it from the Bible, which is our only guide to salvation; the best men may err in what they tell us, but every word of God is truth,"—and Helen drew forth her pocket-Bible, and was about to open it, when Corny threw down the spade he was digging with. "For the Holy Vargin's sake, don't read to me, Miss Helen! Oh, don't: I'll be ruined entirely by that book."

"And why not?" asked his young friend, in amazement at the horror depicted in his countenance—"Have I not read to you out of it a hundred times, and what can be the matter now?"

"There's no use in denying it; his riverince won't allow me to listen to it any more. He said, when I made so bold as to ask him why, that it wasn't fit for the like of me—that it would put my soul in danger, listening to one word of it, and he was dreadful angry about it entirely; and oh! Miss, I have had such a power of prayers and penances to do, that I'm almost kil't outright. There's no use in hiding the truth from you; the clargy knows what's best for us, poor, ignorant, weak creatures as we are;" and Corny, as if afraid of getting

another view of the volume that had cost him so much pain and trouble, took up his working implements, and moved quickly to a distant part of the garden.

"The Bible not fit for him! Oh! the blinding veil they put over the eyes of the poor beings, whose souls are committed to their guardianship; penances for even hearing a few words read, and prayer desecrated to such a service!"

These were Helen's mental exclamations, as she walked towards the house. She had often heard that the Bible was a sealed book to the members of that Church, which asserts herself to be the only true one on earth—out of whose pale none can be eternally saved; but until now, no instance of the animosity with which any attempt to circulate the Scriptures amongst the laity is regarded by the ministers of the Romish Church, had come under her personal observation. Popery, at this period, was still (in England,) lurking under a cloud; and when it ventured to put forth one of its hydra-heads, it was arrayed in the smiles of gentleness, and clothed in the garb of moderation; glad to find a resting-place in the shade of obscurity, it was quietly acquiring the strength that would one day enable it to climb round, and stifle, the generous oak that gave it shelter; it fawned in grovelling submission before its unsuspecting protectors, but its feline disposition was unsoftened by favours conferred, and was incapable of giving room to one feeling of gratitude.

Helen could number among her acquaintance, several

members of the Romish church; the benevolence of disposition, generosity and kind-heartedness, she had seen these persons display on many occasions, had often drawn from her a sigh, as she pondered on what such qualities might have produced, if fostered and encouraged by Scripture principles.

This reflection forced itself powerfully on her mind, now that she discovered all her efforts for Corny's spiritual good were frustrated, and had ended in causing personal suffering to the poor fellow himself. When she recalled his faithfulness, and devoted affection—when she remembered the many noble qualities that were allowed to run to waste—and saw all the evil feelings of his nature that remained unchecked—her spirits fell, and her countenance wore such a desponding expression, that Mrs. Wilson became alarmed, and enquired the cause. After hearing it, she exclaimed, “You forget, my dear Helen, that the interest of the church to which they belong, compels the Roman priesthood to keep back the Scriptures from their flocks; as those among them, who are in any degree enlightened, well know that its tenets would not bear to be tested by the Word of Truth; others of them, conscientiously believing in the doctrines they inculcate, never question whether their church errs or not in withholding the Bible, but implicitly obey its injunctions, no matter what they may be. I feel convinced, that in this latter class, may be ranked a large proportion of the Roman Catholic priests.”

“But mamma, to think that what I have been saying

to Corny for years, has been thrown away, and all by means of that horrid priest; oh! you cannot imagine how it grieves me."

"I am sure of it, my dear child; and am fully as much afflicted by it as you can be; but I have long expected this, and think it should prove rather an encouragement to further exertions than otherwise; as if Mr. Moylan did not see that your words, or rather the words of Scripture, were beginning to make some impression on Corny's mind, he would not deem it necessary to be so stringent, or to impose such severe penances. With regard to Father Moylan, himself, we should endeavour to imitate his watchfulness and decision, rather than harbour resentment towards him, for acting in accordance with what he believes to be his duty: he has a zeal, but not according to knowledge. How often, under similar circumstances, my poor brother has said to me, "I never feel such self-abasement, as when I compare my weak and trembling efforts in my Master's service, with the unceasing activity and uncompromising championship of the Roman Catholic priesthood, in behalf of the galling yoke, to which they yield body, soul, and spirit, in hearty, willing slavery." Let us, my child, only add this misguided man's name to the list of those for whom we pray, that their spiritual vision may be made clear, and that they may be rescued from the paths of error. Perhaps, Helen, God has sent this cross to make you more diligent in seeking His aid, than you have hitherto been. He will work in his own good time, and in a way you think not of."



Helen's most intimate friends were the elder daughters of Lady Seymour. This lady, a peeress in her own right, and the possessor of every grace of person and manner, as well as of a noble fortune, had retired from the world into the seclusion of domestic life, devoting herself to the education of her children, and to the comfort and happiness of her husband, whose infirm state of health, though it precluded him from active exertion, yet formed no impediment to his usefulness as a landlord. Their Irish estates were visited each returning season: Lady Seymour winning every heart, by her conciliating kindness; thus, proving to her Irish tenants, that English birth and education, do not in themselves, place a barrier across the channel of kindly feeling to Ireland and her people; except the spring be poisoned, or the course which should be free, blocked up by long-formed, and often ungrounded prejudices.

Lady Seymour's exertions in every cause of religion and humanity, were untiring; and she formed one of the many bright examples that exist of true nobility; where the personal character, instead of borrowing lustre from the coronet that encircles the brow, lends it additional brilliancy, and increases its weight and value; a real gem will ever remain the same; the costly setting cannot make its rays more bright, but only sets them forth more prominently.

Helen, on her next visit, related to the assembled circle at Seymour Hall, her disappointment with regard to Corny.

“My dear girl,” said Lady Seymour, “if such a slight hindrance as this casts you down so completely, I fear you will not have the courage adequate, for undertaking all the schemes and projects you propose to establish on your property in Ireland, when you go to reside there; recollect, in that country priestly influence reigns in undisputed sovereignty, and you must expect much stronger opposition than you can meet here; as there, the whole mass of the peasantry will place themselves against you, under the guidance of their spiritual director, and will blindly carry out his every suggestion: he holds their consciences in his hands, and they are mere machines that he can turn to any purpose his will directs. Truth and kindness will, however, always prevail in the end; and if your anxiety to improve the temporal and spiritual condition of your tenantry, arises from a right motive, and is accompanied by earnest prayer, and dependance upon Him of whose grace alone it is, that we are permitted to succeed in any thing; and is carried out in a spirit of gentleness and forbearance, untinged by intolerance, or political bitterness, you may expect to see your labours crowned with a fair share of success. If you take a retrospective glance at English history, you will perceive to what lengths of unjustifiable severity and bigotry, some of those who professed our own pure Scriptural religion, were carried by mis-directed zeal: can we, then, wonder that the disciples of error should pursue the same dangerous road?”

Helen could not but assent to the justness of Lady Seymour's reasoning. After a short silence, she suddenly

exclaimed, "I'll tell you an idea that has just occurred to me: you know, that notwithstanding all we could say to Corny, he never would learn to read. I was often puzzled at this, as he is generally so anxious to please me; but I am sure I have discovered his reason now: he thought it probable I would want him to read the Bible, and by not being able to read at all, he intends to keep free of this annoyance. Indeed I had trusted, that were his mind more enlightened, he might be better prepared to receive the Scriptures, and perhaps would be thus led to search them himself. Papa says, education is the herald of religion; but I fear both he and I have been mistaken."

"Seriously so," replied Lady Seymour; "vain and unscriptural was the hope that the ladder of earthly knowledge could, like that of Jacob's vision, lead to heaven. O'Brien has, by your aid, already mounted the first few steps, but he soars no higher; 'No man can come to me,' says Christ, 'except the Father which hath sent me, draw him.' Human learning alone, never will bring us to Jesus: we may dive into the deepest recesses of the earth, and bring to light its hidden treasures—we may pierce into the immeasurable height above us, and count the worlds that spangle its space—but even nature, herself, will not conduct us to her great Creator. The eye must first have been, by a superior power, raised to heaven; and then, though it be cast down to contemplate the wonders of creation, it will revert to him who formed them all; looking thus,

'Through Nature up to Nature's God.'

A wall," continued she, "has been thrown across the path you were pursuing; but rest assured, it has not been done without the divine permission; pray, then, that it may be levelled by some engine from on high, so 'that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.'"

"Oh! Helen, you must wait till you go to Ireland, before you begin to study the tactics to be pursued in warfare with their reverences," cried Mary Seymour.

"Yes, indeed; but while we learn to be 'wise as serpents,' we must, still more, endeavour to be 'harmless as doves.' In your own country you will be able to see the Romish doctrines clearly exhibited; and be placed in a position to judge of the nature of the root, by the branches and fruit it bears."

"Well, you know, Lady Seymour, I am allowed by common consent, to be 'the Irish Dove,'" responded Helen, "and as I am determined to carry an olive branch, mine shall be 'the story of peace.'"

"And may heaven bless your labours with the richest success, pray I," answered the good lady of the house, as she affectionately pressed her young friend's hand, who now took her leave, and turned towards home.

It is an old proverb, of which every-day life shews many an exemplification, that "troubles never come alone." Helen was destined to feel the truth of the adage, in the present instance at least; for on entering the hall-door, her progress was arrested by Kate, who, clasping her in her arms, exclaimed, "Papa is in London, and will be here to night! are you not delighted?"

The expression portrayed on Kate's happy face, denoted at once, that the news had excited in her breast, sensations, the very opposite of those which burst on Helen's mind. To her, it only conveyed the intelligence, that she was soon to be deprived of the companion of her childhood, who had shared all her youthful joys and sorrows—it told her, that the hour she had shrunk from contemplating, and from the view of which, she had always averted her mental gaze, had at length arrived. Overpowered by the tide of rushing feelings, she sank upon the nearest chair, unable to utter a word; while Kate stood before her, alarmed and distressed at the effects her want of thought and caution had produced.

Helen's mind, however, was soon restored to its usual just balance. "I am wrong, my dear Kate, very wrong, in giving way so selfishly to my own feelings, and disturbing you, who must be truly happy to get back your father, but then recollect, though you gain him, we lose you—and—and—let me go," and Helen flew to her own room, where she locked herself in.

"She will look so wretched and sad," thought Kate, as she went to the garden to cull some flowers; "I could have cried too, if I had begun to think; but I must not to-day; there will be time enough for that afterwards;" but something just then prevented her from seeing the thorny rose-branch, whose points pierced her fingers, and she was obliged to let it go, and brush away the obscuring drops.

"Well, Miss Kate avourneen! but it's sad news that's

come for us all, to-day," said Corny, who had been standing unperceived, a few steps from her. "Here's a bunch of flowers Miss, that may be you'll wear this evening; and may be, too—in the morning you'd walk out here with him, for it's I that would like to see you once leaning on your own father's arm; and proud he may well be of you; there's no use in denying it: but mayhap, when you're gone from us, and are surrounded by fine quality, praising and admiring you, that then you'll forget us all here; and poor Corny that will always remember you, while there's a drop of warm blood in his old heart! och! what will we do without you at all, at all! wirras-thrue!" and O'Brien darted off, ashamed of his emotion.

"All the world are combined to damp my spirits; and no one seems to remember it is my papa who is coming home, and that I must be glad to see him: yet, I cannot help feeling sad too; altogether, I wish to-night was over!"

The day, as may be supposed, wore away heavily; and as the time of Mr. Beecher's expected arrival approached, Helen and Kate, stationed themselves at a window which commanded a view of the road, visible at some distance through an opening in the plantation. Every blast of the Autumn wind, as it came whistling through the nearly withered leaves, made them give an involuntary start; and never did half-hour seem so long, as the thirty minutes that passed, before the noise of real carriage-wheels rapidly approaching, was heard.

Kate had resolved to be the first to meet and welcome

her father, but now, when he had actually stopped at the door, she was still motionless in her seat—all her resolution gone, at the moment of action; and perhaps she would have remained in this position, had not Mrs. Wilson taken her hand, and, placing it under her arm, led her passively into the hall. Courage, dear girl! you must exert yourself, and shew your father the welcome your heart gives him."

"Where is my child?" were the first words which met Kate's ear, in a voice that seemed to be the echo of a once familiar tone, and the next instant she had thrown herself into her parent's arms.

To say that Mr. Beecher was delighted with the warm reception he received, is not expressing too strongly what must have been his feelings; but unfortunately he was one of those persons who, no matter how gratified they may be, have the unenviable art of effectually concealing it; and no one who now looked at his withered face, and cold, motionless features, could have detected even one gleam of the inward happiness and satisfaction he experienced, as he silently gazed at the beaming countenance and graceful figure of his lovely daughter. Perhaps Kate thought his look and manner were less affectionate than her warm imagination had traced them; but what his deportment lacked in animation and tenderness, was supplied (if any equivalent exists for these,) by an air of good breeding and politeness that could hardly be surpassed. At all events, whatever Kate's reflections on *the subject* might be, both Mrs. Wilson and Helen at

once felt that their friendly dispositions towards him would require to be violently exerted, in order to overcome the restraint, and almost dislike, his first appearance excited.

Mr. Beecher was earnest and sincere, in the expression of his gratitude to Colonel and Mrs. Wilson.

"Thanks, my dear sir, we are not entitled to," replied the Colonel, "unless it be for resigning her to you now; your gain becomes our loss: see, Helen cannot restrain her grief at even the mention of parting."

Mr. Beecher glanced towards Helen, but immediately turned again to his daughter. "She is so like her poor mother!" at length he murmured—"So like! the same expression—the same coloured eyes and hair—even the same tone of voice!"—and he walked quickly to the window, appearing strongly agitated by the recollection.

"He is more human, after all, than I thought he could be," said Helen, inwardly.

So it often is: the hardest rock may inclose a living spring, but unless smitten by the wand that alone has power, its limpid waters remain for ever hidden from human eyes.



## CHAPTER V.

THE morning after Mr. Beecher's arrival, at Kate's request, he accompanied her in a walk through the garden and grounds. A few steps brought them near the spot where O'Brien was engaged.

"Papa, yonder is our friend Corny, whom I have so often mentioned in my letters; he is most anxious to get a view of my father, so, you must come over till I introduce you to him,"—and without waiting an answer, she drew Mr. Beecher towards Corny.

"Well, now, here is papa," cried she; "you see, I did not forget your wish; I can tell you, too, he remarked your bouquet, which I wore last night, and admired it exceedingly."

This was Corny's vulnerable point, for he loved his horticultural favourites with an affection almost parental.

"I'm very proud that his honour was pleased to praise it," answered he, with his best bow—"and more proud still at your thinking of coming out to speak to me, and tell me so; and if I may make so bold, I'd like to ask his honour if we arn't clever at rearing beauties of every

sort; and if we haven't given him a flower, he'd find it mighty hard to match anywhere? You needn't blush so, Miss; but it only makes you look more like your own favourite roses, that grow on the bush there beyond."

The substance of this speech, joined to the Hibernian accent with which it was uttered, (and to which we abstain, on this as well as every other occasion, from suiting our orthography,) had such an effect on Mr. Beecher's risible muscles, that for once they relaxed, and permitted him to join in the hilarity of his daughter.

"I always heard your countrymen were famous for politeness to the ladies, and you seem to be a fair specimen of your nation in this respect; I wish you would give me your receipt for turning a compliment, Paddy."

"My name, please your honour, isn't Paddy, but Cornelius O'Brien, as fine an old Irish name, I'll be bound, as any in the whole kingdom, and never disgraced by any one that ever was lucky enough to bear it."

"I beg pardon, Mr. O'Brien, for my mistake; you are quite right, as to the cleverness you display here, in producing beauty in more articles than one. I wonder could you do anything in that way for me; do you think you could make my wrinkled face a little smoother—more like your young friend's here?"

"Faix, then, I'm afraid your honour's beauty is beyond us entirely, and would beat our powers out and out."

"Well, you are a queer fellow, and, I see, you can give any turn to your compliments;" and Mr. Beecher and Kate continued their walk.

"Musha, then, if I'm queer, yourself's queerer still, with your old tanned face, and such a sour look upon it! But still, they say, he's a polite gentleman enough, and very generous; and he looks as proud of her as a peacock—and so well he may, the jewel of my heart, as she is!"

Corny did much more harm than good to his plants that day, as in many cases they shared the fate of intruders, for his thoughts were all engrossed in sketching out his own plans for Kate's future life, and in forming all manner of conjectures as to the change absence might effect in her feelings towards the Wilson family, of which he considered himself not the least important member.

"I can almost fancy I feel stronger and better from the few hours I have been in this fine air," were Mr. Beecher's words, as he took his seat at the breakfast-table. "I think, if health can be found anywhere, it must have its abode in this delightful situation."

"It will be your own fault, if you do not test the qualities of our sea-breezes, as I need hardly say, that the longer you protract your stay, the greater will we consider the favour."

Mr. Beecher expressed himself much indebted for the invitation so kindly given—"But," said he, "I must be in town three days hence at farthest; necessity compels me, I assure you, not choice."

"But, surely, you do not mean to take Kate away so soon, Sir?" asked Helen, eagerly.

"Indeed, I fear, Miss Wilson, you must make up your mind to part; it could hardly be expected I would leave her behind now, when I have but just had her restored to me. Would your own sense of justice permit you to ask such a sacrifice?"

Helen assented to the question with the best grace she could, and, joined by Kate, quitted the room as soon as possible.

"Your daughter is very young yet," said Mrs. Wilson, "and will for some years to come require the care of an experienced and sensible person; her education is far from completed, though it has been carefully attended to."

"So I have perceived; the care with which her taste for music has been cultivated, is very apparent."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wilson; "but music, though a delightful accomplishment, and never-failing source of enjoyment during youth, is of little consequence in comparison with the culture of the mind and the formation of the character. Kate's disposition is very pliant, and readily influenced by those with whom she associates."

"So much the better; she will be the easier moulded to what I wish," coldly responded Mr. Beecher.

"We expect Lady Seymour and her family, to join our circle this evening; they intend passing some months in town next winter, and I feel glad of the circumstance, for I can safely recommend her daughters as desirable companions for Kate."

"I am certain, from all I hear, that my daughter is fortunate in possessing their friendship; but for some

time to come she will be unable to profit by it, as I am advised by my physicians to travel, and I purpose spending the ensuing winter in Paris, where Kate can have the advantage of masters, which I think very desirable."

"Were I to venture an opinion," answered Mrs. Wilson, "I should say that a residence in France would be anything but advantageous for one who happens to resemble the French in many of their faults. She is volatile, and frivolously disposed, and, I am sorry to say, powerfully acted on by vanity."

"I never knew a lady yet, who was not vain," said Mr. Beecher, drily.

"It is a very general failing, I must allow, but not so strongly developed in some persons as in others. I consider it Kate's greatest defect, and one not likely to be checked by French training. I never could approve of a foreign education; to my mind, it can boast but few advantages, to atone for its injurious consequences."

"I am sorry I cannot agree with a lady for whose opinion I must have so high a respect," was Mr. Beecher's reply. "I do not exactly like every point of French character, myself, but I have always been a great admirer of the fairer portion of our neighbours at the other side of the channel, and am convinced that, could their manners and appearance be engrafted on the sterling good and useful qualities of my countrywomen, a very perfect specimen of human kind would be the result. Consequently, I mean to try the experiment in my daughter's case. I think a lady should go to Paris, if it *were only to learn how to adjust her toilet.*"

"Experiments, my dear Sir, are often dangerous," rejoined Mrs. Wilson; "and that which you intend to make, I have never known to be successful."

"Perhaps not, but I am resolved to try it; and, I must say, I have no fear that any evil can arise from it to one brought up under your roof."

"What is present has generally more influence on the mind, than what is past, and only visible to the eyes of memory. Sabbath-breaking France is the last place to which I would send my child, unless I could be brought to think she had no soul to be saved or lost. I would rather see her laid in her grave, than sent to be educated there."

"I am sorry I cannot hope to make you a convert to my views," answered Mr. Beecher, who, not liking that the conversation should turn on any subject connected with religion, felt anxious to break it off. Accordingly, he summoned his valet to bring him his hat and coat, and having with his assistance arranged these to his satisfaction, sallied forth for a walk.

Mrs. Wilson felt all the affection and anxious solicitude of a parent, for the young person who had been dependant on her for a mother's care during so many years, and had often looked forward with uneasiness to the period when her charge must be removed from the influence she had always endeavoured to exert for good. The turning-point in the young girl's future destiny had now arrived, and brought with it a full confirmation of her friend's worst anticipations, who could not, without a shudder,

contemplate the prospect of French example and instruction, exerted on the young mind she had tried to train in a purer atmosphere.

Although a considerable number of young English girls were at this period yearly sent to France, for the purpose of education, still, the mania which afterwards prevailed had not then attained its full height, and English parents had not as yet brought themselves to exchange the pure, unsullied minds and religious principles of their children, for a more correct pronunciation and better knowledge of the idiom of the French language; they had not, in general, as yet resolved to place those children, whom they hoped in after years to see useful members of a happy household, under the guardianship of those whose very language has no word for *home*! No. English example and instruction were still considered the best means for the formation of English character; and it was not thought likely that the nation whose infidelity and contempt of every institution, Divine and human, had filled Europe with alarm and horror, would produce the best instructors in those virtues which shed so bright a lustre on British firesides. But the gentle touch of time was even then beginning to obliterate the dreadful pictures traced by revolutionary hands, with pencils dipped in blood. The march of intellect has, perhaps, since demonstrated, that the principles inculcated in youth are easily eradicated in riper years—that it were better we should allow our garden-weeds to attain their fullest growth before we think of uprooting them: it has,

perhaps, also proved that the nourishment they have drawn from the soil was not ill-spent, and that no danger need be apprehended from the seeds scattered round and springing up on every side, in tenfold numbers!

Alas! that British parents should have become so completely blinded by the snares of 'the world, the flesh, and the Devil,' as to entrust the education of their children to those who have always been, and still are, the enemies of their religion, and their country.

Not that we would say, that God has no remnant there of those who have never bowed the knee to either superstition or infidelity. God be thanked, there are, even in those weed-covered fields, many precious ears of wheat, ripening against the Lord of the harvest cometh, whose all-seeing eye, alone can tell how numerous they are; and who will separate them from the surrounding tares, and lay them up in his own granary of love. But it is to be feared, that few parents who send the younger members of their families abroad, in search of instruction they could as well, and with more safety, receive at home, ever give themselves the trouble of seeking out such persons, in whose hands to place their precious ones. No! they seldom do: and who can calculate the effects the present system must have on the future state of British society. Mr. Beecher's are not the only lips that have uttered the proposition, that ladies should reside in France, if it were only to learn the proper arrangement of a shawl! What a pity, that ere a bouquet could be formed with taste, the flowers should have lost their scent and freshness through the over-handling!



How different the feelings with which we contemplate those two fields yonder; the showy garb of the bright poppies, in their ever-waving robes of glowing scarlet tissue, may first attract our notice; yet we know, that in a few fleeting hours, they must be divested of these, and what remains, at best, can only yield a deadly potion, that lulls the ill it cannot cure. But our eye dilates with pleasure, as it rests upon the waves of gold, which flow over the well-stored ears of the rich corn that gladdens our sight, and promises to bring peace and plenty to those who scattered the seed, and waited in faith for a full return of their labours.

## CHAPTER VI.

It were useless to detail the parting scene; it was the same as every parting hour must be to friends who have been held together in chains of love, and who feel that the links which bound them, are now broken; when the sad thought, often uninvited, arises,—will friendship last through the chilling space of absence—will the confidence and love I prize, not be given to other, newer, but not truer friends?

Time deals with an unsparing hand, and earthly friendships often crumble beneath it into dust.

Kate, ever violent in her emotions, was carried in an almost fainting state, and placed by her father in the carriage, her frame being completely exhausted by a night spent in bitter weeping. Mr. Beecher, alarmed at the condition to which her want of self-control had reduced her, was several times on the point of setting off alone; but Mrs. Wilson, judging it would be better not to defer the separation, and thus ensure a repetition of the pain, felt it her duty to act against the dictates of her heart, and earnestly advised him not to delay his daughter's departure. "I know Kate's disposition well," said she; "she

always acts from impulse, and you will be surprised to see how soon change of scene and variety, will recover her spirits."

And Mrs. Wilson's surmises proved correct; for Kate, ere long, laughed and sang as gaily as ever. Her grief, too violent to last, exhausted itself in one strong gust; while Helen's, deep and noiseless, remained undried, each tree, each object that recalled the memory of the sister she had lost, adding a tributary stream to the silent flood of her sorrow.

The winter that ensued, was the dullest that Helen had ever spent. All the companions of her own age, with whom she had lived on terms of affectionate intercourse, were far away; and neither she, nor her mother were much cheered by the letters they received at intervals from Kate; who, after a short stay in the metropolis, had accompanied her father to Paris. Finding the charge of a young girl troublesome in many respects, and particularly so, from the state of his health, which engrossed his entire care and anxiety, he had come to the determination of placing her at school; and having found an establishment, considered to be the most fashionable of its kind in Paris, and the most decidedly French in its system and regulations, he had carried his plan into execution, and consigned her to her new instructors. These, Kate described as the perfect reverse, in principle and moral feeling, of those to whom she had been accustomed; or rather, as utterly destitute of both.

The head of the seminary was as eminent 'for her

talents, as for her utter contempt of the ordinances of the Roman Church, of which she was nominally a member. But though infidel in principles, she, nevertheless, secretly regarded the rival creed with sentiments of as bitter animosity, as those which inflamed the bosom of her aged mother; who, after a life of sin, was now endeavouring to atone, by a course of severe bodily discipline, for a career of guilt and vanity. This old lady was one of the most bigotted of a class pretty numerous among her countrywomen. She resided with her daughter, and was the zealous guardian of the devotional duties of the pupils professing her own faith, who constituted the larger portion of the scholars. With the religious principles of the Protestant part of the little community, prudence, and her daughter's express commands, alike forbade her to tamper. They formed but a small band, and, as each Sabbath came round, were conducted to the place where the English Protestant service was performed, under the *surveillance* of one of the assistants, a Romanist, but who, not comprehending a word of the language in which the heretical service was carried on, felt sure of receiving no contamination.

Their way to the place of worship lay through several of the public thoroughfares, in which, on this sacred day of rest, business and amusement were prosecuted with double energy to that visible on the other six days. The conversation and remarks of their instructress were anything but calculated to leave their minds in a proper frame for deriving benefit from this, their only means of

grace. Their walk home soon dissipated any impressions that might have been made by the Service, and the appearance of the school-mistress, attired in costly apparel of the newest fashion, ready for the public promenade, or a visit to one of the many theatres open every Sunday evening, could hardly fail to excite, in youthful, joyous minds, an ardent wish to exchange the dulness of the school-room or confined garden for those gay scenes.

Repeated strokes of the finest chisel will, in time, wear away the hardest marble; and the constant contempt of every religious and moral principle, the unceasing vanity, frivolity, and reckless extravagance, daily displayed before the eyes of these young persons, could not fail to blight those feelings which seem to flourish in indigenous luxuriance beneath our English skies. On Kate's wax-like disposition, they wrought with more than usual expedition and strength, exhibited, as they were, in union with attractive manners, and dressed in wit and smiles.

Her letters to her friends in England were short, and far between: in truth, she had but little to communicate which she knew could give them pleasure, and much that she felt it kinder, or more convenient, to conceal. Every letter she received was first inspected by Madame de la Mode, and afterwards with difficulty kept from the inquisitive eyes of her school-fellows, to whom its contents often afforded subjects for sneers and jests at the expense of those still dear to her; she therefore carefully avoided in her correspondence the mention of anything which might incur censure, or provoke advice from Mrs. Wilson

or Helen. Thus, the only counterbalance to the surrounding evil was lost; and no one could now recognize, in the affected, vain-looking girl, with mincing step and forward manner, the once natural, open-hearted Kate Beecher.

Her father but seldom visited her, and when he did so, Madame always contrived to be present. But the contents of a letter from Mrs. Wilson, having aroused his suspicions as to the anti-Protestant tendency of the establishment, he removed Kate to another school, kept by an English lady. The only difference between the regulations of this and her former residence was, that the mistress herself conducted the pupils, (who were all the children of English Protestants,) to church, and ~~that~~ the Psalms appointed for the day, and a chapter in the Bible, were hurried through each morning and evening.

The change was far from agreeable to Kate, who particularly regretted one of her school-fellows, like herself, of English birth, but of a high Roman Catholic family. Emily Howard had been an inmate of Madame de la Mode's *pension* for many years, and had become, in all her ideas and habits, essentially French. Having shewn herself more friendly and sympathizing than the rest of her companions to Kate, on her first arriving a stranger among them, she obtained over her an unbounded ascendancy, which was eventually productive of a very unfortunate result.

"Then, Miss Helen, jewell does she ever say one word about Corny, in her letters from that fine, grand

place?" asked O'Brien one morning, as he was attending his young mistress, on her way to a hamlet at a short distance.

"Indeed she does; we never get one in which your name is not kindly mentioned."

"Well, God be praised! that same's a comfort to hear. Do you know, Miss, we never knew what her loss would be, till we felt it. Sure she was like the sun in the heavens, making everything look so gay and beautiful. I don't think the very flowers seem the same, since she went from us; the creatures! they all withered after she left the place."

"And, I suppose, the budding of the trees and plants will be caused by her return next Spring, and not by the genial influence of the season?"

"Arrah, now, Miss, you're just wanting to make fun of me, and nothing else; but see, here we are at the village, and that's the cabin where the poor woman lives, that's sick, and wants to see you."

Helen entered the cottage, to whose inhabitants she was not a stranger, and remained some time, affording both temporal relief and Scriptural consolation to the owner, a most industrious poor woman, whom illness had reduced to the last stage of weakness.

"Who takes care of you, and of your babies?" asked Helen of the invalid.

"Oh, Miss, I do not know what would have become of me and my poor darlings all this time, only for a *good-hearted* old Irishwoman that comes through charity

to look after us. She sat up with me ever so many nights, and, in fact, is as kind to me and mine as ever my own mother was."

Helen expressed her surprise, that she had not before heard of the person to whom the sick cottager was so much indebted, and inquired where she lived.

"In the next cottage but one, Madam; she is well known to O'Brien, your Irish gardener, who from all I can hear is very kind to her. I know he is here to see her almost every day, and she says she would have starved long ago, but for him."

Helen further gleaned from her informant, that Peggy Connolly was a widow. She and her husband had removed from Cork to Liverpool, between thirty and forty years before, and on his death, she had gone with her two sons to London, in search of employment. The youngest of them to whom she was devotedly attached, had afterwards, contrary to her wishes, enlisted in a regiment then serving with the British army in the Peninsula; and his brother, having married a young woman with whom Peggy soon disagreed, she had been obliged to quit his house and take lodgings, where, with some assistance from him, joined to the products of her own industry as occasional char-woman and laundress, she managed to live tolerably comfortably. Her son, however, who was a bricklayer, was unfortunately killed by a fall from a scaffold: and Peggy, having now but one child left, of whom she had not heard for a long while, her whole energy was absorbed in the endeavour to



discover him, having resolved to follow his steps, no matter in what part of the world he might be, with no other clue to guide her but the powerful magnet of a mother's love. Having got some idea that a number of disabled soldiers had arrived at a sea-port town in the South of England, she set out from London, and travelled the entire way on foot. But new disappointments awaited her, as she found that the report on the strength of which she had undertaken the journey, was utterly groundless. Her small store of money being greatly reduced, she soon became dependant for her subsistence on the bounty of others. In the course of her wanderings, she had come to the village near Colonel Wilson's house. "And now, if you wish to learn how she is supported here, where, except your gardener, she has not (till very lately,) had a single friend, you must ask herself, as I have told you all I know about her; except a little washing she gets from some one, I do not see how she obtains the means of living and paying her rent, which she does punctually. Her kindness to me, I cannot account for, unless it is from gratitude for a night's lodging I gave her when she first came here. I often want to share the children's crust, (poor as it now is,) with her, but she steadily refuses anything—though, God knows, she well deserves it from me."

On quitting the poor woman's dwelling, Helen looked round for Corny, but as he was nowhere to be seen, she directed her steps to the house where Peggy lived. On entering, she found him comfortably seated beside a snug

fire, on which a large pot of potatoes was boiling. The old woman, who seemed to be nearly seventy years of age, was busily engaged with her bellows. Both started up at her approach, and Peggy, dropping her lowest curtsy, greeted her with, "Your kindly welcome, Miss," followed by a volley of blessings in her native tongue, which she was aware her visitor fully comprehended.

"Corny," said Helen, "why did you not let me know I had a countrywoman living here? You should have been the first to tell me of it."

She then proceeded to inquire into Mrs. Connolly's plans, and requested to know in what manner she obtained her livelihood, and whether she needed any employment or assistance."

"No, I thank you, Miss; I get on with the help of a friend I have close by, as well as most people, and a deal better than I deserve. Glory be to God!"

Before Helen left, however, she had so far succeeded in gaining Peggy's confidence, as to be intrusted with the name of the friend to whose generosity she was indebted for subsistence.

"Well, now, my lady, though Corny is standing by, and I'd rather praise him behind his back, he's the one that took pity on the poor, desolate Irish widow, when, except the great God above, she hadn't mortal being to ask from. Though I lived in this country near forty years, I hadn't one creature to look to, and I had no right to relief from the parish, by reason of my being Irish. Some people that knew me gave me a trifle, and

wanted to get rid of me, after I had passed all the best of my days among them, by getting me a free passage back to my own country, where all my kith and kin were, in course of nature, dead and gone, and not one would remember Peggy Connolly, or know anything about her."

Helen now heard, for the first time, that Corny had always been subject to annoyance, from the dislike and unkindness of his fellow-servants, who, envious of the high place he held in the good opinion of his superiors, and irritated against him on account of the difference of his creed, which he never concealed, had continually kept up a kind of petty warfare, which, however, during the last year, increased to such a height, that, instigated by a newly-arrived domestic, they refused any longer to associate with him. Thus banished from the servants' hall, he was forced to carry his portion of food to his little room, where he ate it in solitude. To use his own words, "It never agreed with him, to swallow his victuals alone; they almost suffocated him, without a word of kindness to sweeten 'em, or make them go down smooth;" and he looked round in vain for some good-natured person, with whom he could share his conversation and his "bit." It was at this crisis Peggy arrived at the adjacent village, and, as a matter of course, they were soon on the most friendly terms. Her poverty and loneliness awakened his generous sympathies; he first installed her as his laundress, an office Mrs. Wilson's maids had refused to perform, for which he offered more

than the usual remuneration, in order, as he said, "that she might not feel like a beggar, but an honest, industrious woman, as she was;" and the additional assistance he supplied out of his own wages, with a feeling and delicacy which might put to the blush many a wealthy benefactor. Corny, having thus found a kindred companion, partook of his meals at her cheerful fireside, tendering her the respect and obedience of a son.

"And why did you never tell me of all this ill-natured persecution? You know, papa would not have allowed such proceedings in his house, particularly where you were the sufferer."

"Very true, Miss, honey; but maybe, if the curs were prevented from snapping and growling, they might have learned to bite. Everything has an end, and 'when things come to the worst, they mend,' as the saying is; and now, you see, I'm out of their power entirely, for they can't take away my bed, nor refuse me the victuals; and for their company, the less of that the better. So, as you used to tell me yourself, there's nothing like peace and quietness, and I have been only acting on your own advice."

After leaving Peggy, Helen walked on without speaking, pondering on the little story she had been listening to. "This poor woman and her husband," thought she, "were both young when they came here, and spent the strength of their life in this country; and now, all she can obtain, after losing her husband and perhaps both her sons, is an offer of being sent back in her old age to

starve in her own country: but then, the employment they obtained, of course deprived some family here of work, to which, perhaps, they were naturally better entitled; and my poor country-people have such a bad name, and are everywhere branded as lazy, idle, and often quarrelsome. Still, it cannot be fair to make use of them, and then, when old and helpless, cast them off. *Ah! there are faults on both sides!*"

The last words she uttered, unconsciously, aloud, and felt somewhat startled by Corny's exclaiming, "Begging your pardon, I think you are wrong there, for once, Miss. Why, if there were always faults on both sides, there would never be a really wrong or right side to any matter; and now I'll tell you one case, at all events, where there is no right nor justice on one side, and that's regarding this poor widow Connolly. Did you ever hear of such heathens as they were, to want to send her back to poor Ireland in her old days, where she hasn't a creature that would have a right to give her bit or sup?"

"I was just thinking of the same thing, myself," answered Helen, and she communicated her passing reflections to Corny, who listened impatiently until she had finished speaking, and then broke out—

"And why wouldn't they support them in their old age, I'd like to know? Don't they work them harder, and pay them less, than they would their own people, just giving them enough to keep body and soul together?—and that's the reason, as I know myself of my own *knowledge*, that the employers in this country encourage

the Irish to come over here. Ah! they like them mightily well, as long as they can make use of their skin and bone, (though they run them down all the time,) but when they don't want them any more, then, the sooner the creatures are sent off, the better. A bit and a blow, sure, is good enough for us any day."

"Well, I know there is a great deal of injustice used, and *felt, too*, towards our country-people. But, Corny, there are a great many English who love Ireland, and are kind—yes, and most generous, to its unfortunate inhabitants."

"Faix, and it's a great pity the rest don't follow their example. But it isn't wanting I am to deny what you say; sure, if it wasn't for them, Peggy wouldn't be alive now. Didn't them Christian ladies she was telling you of, give her food and clothing, and the gentleman give her money, and wasn't he good to her every way, (barrin' his joining in wanting to send her back,) and aren't these all English? But I'll tell you how it is; they have given us a bad name, and we all know, if I was to cry 'mad dog' after that animal there, every one would take it up against him, without knowing what he did, or getting any harm by him."

Helen was amused by O'Brien's homely but forcible illustration, and put several questions respecting the widow Connolly, which were answered with alacrity, as, like most of his nation, he was very loquacious when engaged on a subject that interested him; he wound up by saying, "Peggy, the creature! is thinking night and

day of her son, just the way my poor mother was of me. But Peggy's boy wasn't as lucky as I; to have a fine Captain take a fancy to me, just for helping some sailors off a wreck, near the place where he was stopping to see his friends. I only did what any Christian would do for creatures in their situation, still the Captain took such a liking to me for it, he would have me go off with him, and I was nothing loath; but it broke my poor mother's heart—may her soul rest in glory! I never look at Mrs. Connolly but I think of her, and not a better woman ever drew breath. Well, where's the use of remembering it all now? As I was saying—oh! I forget what I was saying,” and a tear started to his eye. But to quench the fire of Corny's loquacity, would have required more than the soft drops of a Spring shower. “As I was remarking, young Connolly wasn't as lucky a fellow as I.”

“But you are always taking it for granted he must be killed, and perhaps the reverse is the case, and that he is on the high road to distinction and honour,” replied Helen.

“Indeed, and I hope so; but I'm thinking it's his General will get most of the glory, and he may have the broken bones if he likes. But if he was alive at all, I'm certain sure he wouldn't have forgotten the old mother.”

“As you have said, you have indeed been greatly blessed; but, Corny, if the mercies granted you do not lead you to Him who gave them, they will be curses instead of blessings, for they will rise up to condemn *your ingratitude.*”

"Stop, Miss, darling, till I take this dirty bramble off your gown."

Now, Helen knew this interruption was intentional, as, since the day Corny had avowed the priest's displeasure at her interference with his spiritual concerns, he had uniformly acted so; and she replied, with more hastiness than was habitual to her, "You always contrive to interrupt me, whenever I say anything serious."

"Arrah, then, Miss, sure how can I help those briars following you? Isn't it your own fault, to be attracting everything to you that way, and what would the master (who's coming to meet us there beyond,) say, if he was to see you in such a figure, and I never minding?"

Happily for Corny, Colonel Wilson joined his daughter just as this apology was concluded, which circumstance created a diversion in his favour: for Helen was soon engaged giving a history of her newly-found acquaintance, to which her father listened with interest, as, though ill adapted himself for holding communication with those in an humble rank, yet he approved of her intercourse with them, and of every effort for their temporal benefit. Besides, he would have given many a purse of gold to see a fixed resident on those usually colourless cheeks—the transient glow of health, that kindled as she spoke of Peggy's want and wrongs, and detailed the plans she had already sketched out for her relief, and for which she earnestly sought and easily procured his approval.

Peggy soon experienced solid advantages from Helen's



preference. Not that the former recipients of her bounty were neglected; no—her christian benevolence expanded by exercise, and according as it found room threw out new branches. “My blessing, and the blessing of the holy Vargin upon you! for all your goodness to me,” the old woman would say; “but if you could find out from some of your grand friends where my poor boy is, it would be more than all these; though I’m not ungrateful for them. Ah Miss! these only warm my old bones, but it’s that would warm my heart.”

Peggy felt convinced that Helen’s father, because he was a colonel, must know everything connected with military affairs, both at home and abroad; and it was impossible to make her comprehend, how difficult it would be to obtain intelligence of a private who bore such a common name as Connolly, and the number of whose regiment she could not tell with certainty. Enquiries, however, were made, which were, after some time attended with success. Colonel Wilson had applied to a relative holding a command in the British army in Spain, to whom accident afforded the opportunity of supplying the desired information; which he forwarded together with a small parcel, by the hands of a friend returning to England.

Poor Connolly had fallen mortally wounded on a battle field, and bequeathed to his mother the only thing he possessed—his beloved Bible. In it was laid a letter, written to her the evening before the action, and a communication from the surgeon who attended him, was also enclosed in the packet, giving an account of the time of his

decease, and the circumstances attending it; and mentioning how the book had come into his possession.

Connolly, though a Roman Catholic, did not (owing to his English birth and residence), entertain towards his comrades, who were exclusively English, and Protestants, those feelings of prejudice and animosity, that too often exist with respect to professors of an opposite religion. He lived on the most friendly terms with those around him; but his chosen associate was a sergeant of his company, whom piety and education elevated far above his equals. Connolly, however, though he reaped profit in many ways, from the good advice and example of this Christian man, carefully avoided discussion on the differences which place an unfathomable gulph between the two creeds to which they belonged, and always retired when the Scriptures were produced and read by his friend to a group of companions, who believed, that in the hands of the Lord of Hosts and God of armies, lay the issues of the battle-plain that might be spread in their onward path. On one of these gory fields both Connolly and his more aged friend were soon stretched. They were removed to the temporary hospital, where the youth and vigorous constitution of the former triumphed over the effects of his wound; but in which the latter expired, after enduring the most intense agony.

Shortly before his death, he called Connolly to his bedside; and having addressed him in a solemn and impressive manner as to his soul's concerns, he placed his Bible in the hands of the young man; who, astonished at

the peace and composure of the dying soldier, and overwhelmed with grief at his loss, unhesitatingly gave the required assurance, that he would study it constantly and prayerfully. He strictly adhered to his promise; and when, twelve months afterwards, he lay himself in a similar awful position, he was able to rest his hopes on the same firm foundation: for he had been led from the ways of error and darkness, into the glorious liberty of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Helen felt all the pangs of one whose heart bleeds at giving pain to others, when she entered the widow's cottage to break the sad intelligence to her. Peggy was in better spirits than usual, this day; and talked with certainty of seeing her son.

"I know by my dream last night," said she, "that I'll soon hear all about him;" and she then went on to detail in Irish, her various plans of proceeding, when he should return.

Helen let her indulge for a while in these airy schemes of happiness, not having the heart to dash them to the ground.

"I'll see him sooner than people think, from that dream; I know it was a lucky one," said she again, wishing to excite her visitor's curiosity, and obtain leave to relate the ominous vision.

"Do not put faith in such things, Peggy dear," answered Helen; "I am not one bit the surer of hearing good news from it."

"You've heard something of him I know," cried the old woman seizing her arm, and fixing her piercing eyes

upon her face. "I know you have, by your look; tell me is he alive?—Is he well?—Is he happy?"

Helen, though choking with emotion, answered softly; "Yes, Peggy—he is well, and happy."

"He is well—and happy," repeated Peggy, slowly; but in an instant, starting up, she threw herself at Helen's feet, and clasping her arms round her, she cried wildly; "Is he alive? Is my boy alive? tell me where he is, and don't trifle with me."

The truth could no longer be concealed. Expecting, as she did, a scene of violent sorrow, still was Helen totally unprepared for the wild outbreak of frantic grief that followed. Her attempts at sympathy and consolation, were unheard by the distracted creature; and after remaining till she was beginning to feel herself completely unnerved by the view of anguish no earthly power could assuage, she recommended the poor woman to the care of a kind neighbour, and withdrew.

One part of her commission was executed; but she had still to deliver up the Bible, and reveal tidings which she knew would be the hardest of all to bear—that Connolly had left the church of his fathers, and died a heretic; for so his letter declared. In it he warned his parent of the danger attending her present state of ignorance and superstition; and conjured her to listen to the sacred Word, which had revealed to him the Saviour whom he had so long despised and insulted.

As Helen expected, this added poison to the arrow which pierced Peggy's soul; and although she pressed

the book to her lips, for the sake of him whose hands had so often held it, yet she poured the most fearful imprecations on the heads of those who had ruined and deceived her poor boy.

"Oh Peggy! if your son could see you now, and hear those shocking words, what would he feel? but he cannot; for in that glorious heaven above, where he is, every spirit is happy and holy, and no sin or sorrow can enter there."

"But he is'nt in heaven!" she passionately exclaimed; "how could he be there? didn't he turn away from everything—didn't he leave the Church—and didn't he refuse to see his clergy, and to receive the blessed sacraments—oh! he's lost! he's lost! he died in all his sins."

"No, Peggy! he is not lost," said Helen, solemnly; "all his sins have been washed away by the blood of Jesus Christ; the same blood in which you and I, and every one must be cleansed; for there is no other name under heaven, whereby we may be saved; let us then pray to the blessed Jesus, that we too may be brought to know Him as our Saviour and Redeemer." So saying, she knelt down and offered up a prayer, to which the old woman listened at first in silence, rocking herself to and fro on her chair (for she would not bend the knee in company with a heretic); but moved by the earnestness of a petition uttered in her beloved mother-tongue, she soon joined in an under voice; a symptom which was hailed with hope by her young visitor, who, on rising urged her to accede to her son's last request; and as she knew the

widow could not read, Helen expressed her willingness to do so for her.

“No, young lady! I would do any thing my unfortunate son asked of me, which did not interfere with my duty to my clergy and my God. Keep the book, I will, for his sake; but more than this I dare not do. He was ever an undutiful child, and no wonder he should break my heart at last. Oh! my poor Jemmy, why did you desert your old mother and turn your back on your church! oh! how could you pour such cruel sorrow on my grey hairs!” And covering her face with her apron, she commenced the same see-saw motion, perfectly forgetful of Helen’s presence, who could distinguish her wailing and lamentations, even at some distance from the cottage.

Helen, however, persevered in her entreaties, and at last, Mrs. Connolly consented to listen, while she read a small portion of Scripture. But she could perceive that the old woman, though sitting motionless, evidently took no interest in what was going forward. On one occasion, wishing to arouse her from the state of stupor in which she appeared sunk, Helen, without raising her eyes from the book, stopped reading, and asked a very irrelevant question; to her astonishment no answer was given: Peggy seemed to have become suddenly deaf, and looked greatly perplexed when the young lady, laying her hand on her arm, shook it and asked in a tone of alarm, what was the matter?

The state of the case could not be hidden: Peggy had actually placed small pieces of cork in her ears, to prevent

the admission of the forbidden words of Scripture, and endured a most unpleasant sensation, in order to avoid the displeasure of Father Moylan, who, having learned in the confessional that Helen wanted to read the Bible to her, warned her in time not to offend the church by allowing her to do so. At the same time, being very unwilling to displease Helen, she had devised this expedient with the view of satisfying both parties.

Though all hope of instructing Peggy in this way was now vain, she was still favoured with Helen's visits, as well as with substantial proofs of her partiality: to the latter, the worthy father never, in any case, offered the slightest opposition.

Spring rapidly advanced; and with it Hope, bearing smiles and gladness on its rainbow-wing. The Seymour family returned for a short interval to their country residence. Letters were received from Kate informing her friends that Mr. Beecher had left Paris for Switzerland, where he intended to spend several months; there was, therefore, no chance of her returning to England, as they had been led to expect. This intelligence served to augment the languor and depression which had already wrought so great a change in Helen's appearance, as to attract immediate observation from Lady Seymour; who impressed strongly on her parents' attention, the absolute necessity of removing her for change of scene.

"So it seems we must go somewhere for a little variety this summer," said Colonel Wilson, to his wife and daughter as they sat together one day; "whither are we to steer our course?"

"To Ireland," rose at once to Helen's lips; but she repressed the words. Her father, however, easily guessed where her heart would lead her; and had pre-determined to gratify what had long been her earnest desire.

"Why do you look so sad, Helen?" asked her mother, who, aware of the Colonel's plan, was inspired with a degree of liveliness quite incomprehensible to her daughter. "Does not the prospect of travelling give you pleasure?"

"I am dull just now, I must confess," answered Helen. "Corny tells me he intends asking leave to go over to Ireland while we are away; he says he must see his country, and his mother's grave, before he dies. Poor fellow! I know his heart yearns after his own people: yet, some way, I do not like the idea of his going."

"I fancy you envy him: is not that the case?" cried her father. "What would you think of our going along with him? eh, Helen?"

"Oh, papa, it would be only too delightful! But surely you are joking?"

"No, Helen; you are a good girl, and deserve we should indulge you in what is, I suppose, a natural wish. We shall stay in Dublin for a month or two, till your Kerry mansion can be fitted up for our reception. I have been quietly making all necessary arrangements."

Helen's joy was only exceeded by that of Corny, who, to the infinite amusement of Colonel Wilson, set at once about packing up his wardrobe, (never a very extensive one,) thinking he could not be soon enough prepared for the journey.



"I'll be ready any how," he would say, "and that will hurry the rest. Your honour will see how quick Miss Helen will recover, when she gets one breath of pure Irish air; sure, where would the Irish dove be so happy and safe as in its own nest?"

At Helen's special request, Mrs. Connolly was to be one of the party; but, anxious to avoid wounding the prejudices of the people, or provoking their ill-will against unoffending strangers, only one of the English domestics was retained, the Colonel's valet, whose fidelity and long services entitled him to this consideration.

The home which had been occupied for years, could not be quitted without mingled sensations. The noise and bustle of removal, however, soon distracted Helen's mind, and the excitement of travelling, joined to happy dreams of the future, lent such fleetness to each winged hour, that the Emerald Isle, softly sleeping on her watery pillow, had given her bright shores to view, while tender adieus to Britain were yet lingering in Helen's eye.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE travellers took up their temporary residence in one of the many handsome and convenient hotels which afford a pleasant abode to strangers arriving in Dublin. Here they were soon visited by several families, who were either related to Mrs. Wilson, or to whom they had letters of introduction. Helen was thus enabled to judge personally of that warm Irish hospitality which she had previously known only by description. She was delighted with her new friends, especially with a venerable old clergyman, who, being fond of young persons, and admiring her patriotic feelings, speedily became a favourite guest of the family.

Mr. Burgh held a considerable living in Donegal, and was in town for the benefit of medical advice. His patriarchal appearance and mild manners gained him access to many a circle which would have been closed to one of more stern deportment. He seldom departed without leaving a trace of his presence, and it might truly be said of him, that "men took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus."

“ When one that holds communion with the skies  
Has fill’d his urn where these pure waters rise,  
And once more mingles with us, meaner things,  
’Tis e’en as if an angel shook his wings :  
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,  
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.  
So, when a ship well freighted with the stores  
The sun matures on India’s spicy shores,  
Has dropp’d her anchor, and her canvass furl’d,  
In some safe haven of our western world,  
’Twere vain inquiry to what port she went,—  
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.”

To such a character Colonel Wilson could not but shew a deference that he seldom evinced towards any minister of the Gospel, to whom, in general, he merely afforded a cold politeness, that in most cases effectually prevented a repetition of their visits. He paid the most respectful attention, however, to Mr. Burgh, and hesitated not to avow the pleasure he derived from his society. Their conversation often turned on Ireland, and the deplorable state of misery, ignorance, and guilt in which her people were sunk. On this subject, Colonel Wilson and his reverend friend never could agree; both were fully convinced of the unfortunate state of the country, but they differed as to the proper mode of cure for the acknowledged evil. Colonel Wilson was a member of the Established Church, a Whig in politics, and one who considered it next to sinful, or at all events very injudicious, to interfere with the religious or irreligious opinions of any body or sect of Christians or anti-

Christians. His conviction was, that as every man was to answer before the judgment-seat for his own actions alone, so was each at liberty to choose his own road to Heaven. Towards the sentiments of Roman Catholics he shewed the greatest liberality, and any attempt to turn them from the errors of their creed, always met with his decided disapprobation. He would say, "Many of their religious ceremonies and observances I cannot understand: to me they seem both puerile and superstitious; but, no doubt, they perceive the meaning of them, and perhaps have found as much warrant for them in Scripture, as other sects have discovered in it for their opinions. Where so many parties can find proofs in favour of directly antagonist doctrines, it is very difficult to condemn any. I have no dislike to Roman Catholics, and wish to see them in full possession of their liberty and rights, both civil and religious."

"And so do I, my dear Colonel; not only wish to see them enjoy their rights as men, but as Christians also. I only want to fit them for the exercise of those rights."

"I know your idea is, that we must proselytize them first; but I do not, nor ever did, approve of intolerance. They have much to complain of, and I only wish a word of mine could place them in every respect on a level with ourselves, and it should be uttered. I am acquainted with several Catholic priests, who, I think, far surpass numbers of our clergy in learning and worth. If I could take Mr. Burgh as a fair sample of our ministers, I should think differently."

“Take care that the flood which you hope to see let in, does not carry away more than you expect in its course,” answered Mr. Burgh, earnestly. “Romanism will never rest contented with equality; tyranny is its aim and essence; and be assured it is the same now, in principles and object, as it was when an emperor was compelled to do penance at the gates of the Pope. Place power in the hands of the Roman priesthood, and see how they will use it—though there is no necessity to await the issue of such an experiment; we have but to look around us, and behold a nation who have for centuries been led blindly at their will—who have received instruction almost exclusively from their hands; and what is the state of that people? They are plunged in the deepest poverty, ignorant and superstitious to a degree hardly conceivable by you, a member of an enlightened and civilized nation, with minds full of dislike and hatred to those whom God’s providence has placed over them, and averse to the improvements and usages that modern civilization has introduced into neighbouring countries. Now, I say, that with such an example before us, it is worse than folly to give increased power to those who have turned to such bad account what they have already possessed.”

“I am of opinion,” replied Colonel Wilson, “that the impoverished state of the country is to be ascribed chiefly to the naturally indolent disposition of the Irish, and their disinclination to work; they are an idle, *turbulent race*, and I think, were it not for the influence of

their priests, they never could be kept down. It is fortunate that there is any restraining power at all."

"Yes, my dear Sir; but if you knew, as I do, the use to which this power is applied, you would not rejoice at its existence. In every community, many worthless characters exist, but I deny that the Irish, as a nation, are by nature an idle race; their dispositions have been perverted by years, or rather centuries, of mismanagement; they have been blinded by their clergy, neglected by their governors and landlords, and infuriated by factious demagogues. Look at the hardships of those poor creatures, who migrate in their anxious search for employment, and tell me who work harder than they do, or for lower wages. And after a day spent in labour only fit for beasts of burthen, what people but themselves would sit down to eat a scanty meal of dry potatoes with such cheerfulness? Toil as hard as they can, they have no hope of ever being better off. As Curran says,

'The poor man's labour's never done.

\* \* \*

But sure one hope remains to save,—

The longest course must soon be run;

And, in the shelter of the grave,

The poor man's labour must be done.'

And when they have accumulated a few pounds by the sweat of their brow, it goes to pay the rent of their mud cabin, with its damp clay floor, its mouldering walls, and decayed thatched roof. This produce of their life-blood

is too often forwarded, by if not a heartless, at least a powerless agent, to the lord of the soil he never visits, to be spent in other countries in riotous living and luxury. In general, no encouragement is given to improvement of lands or dwellings; the schools that are supported are few in number, and often neglected; kindly intercourse is cast aside, and but small attempts, and those in isolated instances, are made by even sincere Protestants to enlighten their minds. There is but one real remedy for all this evil,—the word of God. Give it to the people, and though attempts, violent, bitter, and enduring, will be made to blast your efforts and exclude the light you are trying to introduce, yet truth will in the end take root in a soil so congenial to it as the once-famed ‘Isle of Saints’ still can boast.

“I must congratulate Helen on having got such a strong ally,” said Colonel Wilson, laughing. “You are certainly an able defender of your countrymen, but, I fear, not impartial enough to judge fairly of their faults.”

“I perceive you have fallen into the same mistake as most of my friends, of latter years,” responded the venerable minister, looking round the circle with a smile. “You will be surprised when I tell you that I am, by birth and education, and was once upon a time by feeling too, strictly, in every sense of the word, an Englishman: and never did man set foot on Irish ground, whose bosom was more full of prejudice, contempt, and aversion for this land and her people, than mine was: and see me now, so completely incorporated with them, that I am

scarcely believed when I declare I am not an Irishman! I see, even you hardly credit me."

Mr. Burgh then proceeded, at the request of the encircling group, to give a short sketch of his previous life. His father was an English gentleman of good property, who spent, in the midst of rural enjoyments and wealthy ease, a long and unvaried life. Content with the comforts and happiness his home and immediate neighbourhood afforded, he never thought of seeking these in gayer scenes, or on more distant shores. He had married a young lady of Irish family, but who, having been born and reared in the sister kingdom, had preserved no regard for the country with which she was so intimately connected. Her only son, Mr. Burgh, was therefore accustomed from his childhood to hear Ireland spoken of as a land eminent only for its barbarism, its potatoes, pigs, and want of cleanliness; and he often felt a secret annoyance at his Hibernian descent on the maternal side, which his nursery attendants and youthful companions failed not by their remarks to strengthen. From the progenitors he despised, he had, however, apparently inherited a considerable share of wild spirit and determined obstinacy; but his warm enthusiasm was unfortunately turned against the source from which it sprung. As soon as he was emancipated from school-room thralldom, his entire energy was directed towards the removal of those obstacles, which parental authority had erected in order to deter him from the path that led to martial fame and glory, for which his whole soul yearned. His



father, whose wish was to see his son tread in his own footsteps, was totally averse to a military career; but a wide field was necessary for the exercise of so enterprising and active a spirit; and the entreaties of a darling son could not long be resisted, particularly when backed by the exertions of a fond mother, who longed to see her boy the admiration and wonder of all her neighbours.

Mr. Burgh accordingly entered the army, and to his dismay was obliged to accompany his regiment to Ireland, where, for the first time, he took up his abode in military quarters. It is unnecessary to detail how the change in his sentiments was produced, which led to the abandonment of the profession he had chosen, and his entering the sacred office of the ministry. Neither is it requisite to state how it was that a bitter foe, or perhaps what is still worse, a prejudiced and causeless enemy of Erin, was converted into a devoted friend and enthusiastic labourer for her welfare. Ignorance often leads prejudice by the hand; and in this instance, when knowledge had made good her ground, they were both compelled to flee before her. Mr. Burgh perceived that those ingredients in the Irish character, which had implanted such foul stains on it, were capable of producing effects the very reverse; and his sympathies having been enlisted on the side of those whose miseries and neglected condition, pierced his generous heart, his mind became engrossed by schemes for the moral and spiritual improvement of the native Irish, who formed a very numerous, though hitherto, uncared-for portion of the inhabitants of the parish in which he was, first curate,

and subsequently rector. On the death of his parents he had married, and settled permanently in Donegal, where he had resided upwards of forty years at the time he became acquainted with the Wilsons. His exertions in behalf of the Irish-speaking population had been unceasing, and blessed to an astonishing degree.

"For many years," said Mr. Burgh, "a barrier seemed to exist between me and usefulness, so far as regarded them; but at length a flood of light was cast on it from above, and I was made the unworthy instrument of working a change so great, that many who have seen it, have assured me that less than ocular demonstration would not have convinced them; and the weapon that was placed in my hands, is so small that statesmen have over-looked it; yet is it the only one capable of overthrowing error, turning hatred into affection, and changing the course of every natural feeling."

These words bore so strongly on the subject ever uppermost in Helen's thoughts, that she could not forbear exclaiming, "Oh! do tell me what is it!"

"My dear young lady, here it is! and believe me, it will do more for your countrymen than all the measures that ever passed through parliament."

So saying, he drew from his pocket, AN IRISH BIBLE.

Mr. Burgh now heard for the first time of Helen's knowledge of the Irish language, and her vain attempts for Corny's spiritual enlightenment; for as these subjects were disagreeable to Colonel Wilson they were seldom

alluded to: now, however, seeing Mr. Burgh's interest in the recital, he freely joined in the conversation.

"And did you place this book in his hands, and did it fail?" asked the old gentleman.

"I had not one to give, and if I had, he could not read it," answered Helen.

"And most likely would not if he could," remarked her father.

"Trust me, the contrary would be the case," replied Mr. Burgh. "I will answer for it, that when he hears it read, he will not only delight in listening to it, but will in a short time learn to read, in order to peruse it himself. He looks on your English Bible, if not with detestation, at least with fear and mistrust: it is the book of heretics; and is associated in his mind with Saxons and oppressors, which are to him synonymous terms. But give him the same book in the Celtic, and none of these doubts and fears are aroused; the language opens his heart at once, and commands the citadel of his affections; its sweet tones, loved in childhood, and hallowed by every sacred and tender association, soften his stony bosom, and the words of inspiration, thus clothed, will distil as dew into his soul."

"But would it not be much better to instruct the people through the medium of English, and not perpetuate a language which prevents the assimilation of the two countries?"

"Certainly, it would be much better if it were practicable; but time has proved the fallacy of this proposi-

tion. The stronger the attempts made to destroy the nationality of a people, the more devotedly they cherish the remnants which are left: no exertions made by a government can possibly eradicate an aboriginal tongue; we know that persecution, either of a sect or party, only increases its strength and numbers; and the same holds good as regards a language. Besides, though instruction in English may penetrate the Irishman's ears, it scarcely ever reaches his understanding; how could it, when his thoughts come into being in another tongue? He recoils from the learning proffered in the obnoxious garb; and the only choice open to us is, either to leave him in his present degraded condition, or attempt his improvement in the way common sense, as well as his inclinations, point out to us."

"But," remarked Colonel Wilson, "you seem to allude to a persecution of the Irish language, of which I have not been aware."

Mr. Burgh in reply, related a few particulars relative to the attempts made at various times, for the moral and intellectual improvement of the native Irish through the medium of their own language, explaining the causes which had rendered them abortive: and as it might prove interesting to some of our gentle readers, we will give the substance of his remarks; but with more accuracy than could be possibly attained in the social converse of a friendly visit.

Richard Fitzralph, Archbishop of Armagh, first demands our notice. He may justly be styled "the Wickliffe of

Ireland;" having, it is believed, been possessed of the New Testament in the Irish language, into which he is supposed himself to have translated it. According to Balæus, this translation, or a copy of it, was concealed by him in a certain wall of his church, with the following note:—"When this book is found, truth will be revealed to the world, or Christ will shortly appear." What precise idea Fitzralph attached to these words it is impossible to say; but in the year 1530, one hundred and seventy years after his death the book was found, though no vestige of this translation is supposed to be now in existence."\* Having got entangled in a quarrel with the mendicant friars, he appeared before Innocent the 6th, at Avignon, in 1357, where he died in 1360; not without some suspicion of his having been poisoned by the friars.

In 1449, the art of printing was discovered; but not until 1603 was the New Testament translated into Irish, by William Daniel Archbishop of Tuam, when it was published at the expense of Sir William Ussher and the Province of Connaught. Whatever grievances the Irish received at the hands of British sovereigns, they had no grounds of complaint against them with regard to their patronage of the Irish Scriptures; as we find that Queen Elizabeth provided at her own expense, a printing-press and Irish types, "in hope that God in mercy would raise up some to translate the New Testament into their mother-tongue." She also forwarded English bibles, but these were not regarded by the natives, being unintelligible to them.

\* Vide Anderson, Sec. 1, p. 47.

Eleven years after the Queen had granted the types, Sir Henry Sidney, "the good Lord Deputie," pressed on her notice the necessity of providing ministers, who could proclaim the Gospel in the vernacular tongue; and 25 years afterwards, Lord Bacon urged the claims of Irish instruction on Secretary Cecil. King James the 1st, in 1620, recommended the same subject to the attention of the then Lord Deputy; but notwithstanding these expressed declarations on the part of the sovereigns and rulers, we find but one instance in which their wishes were attended to, when a Scotch Highland minister, was made incumbent of Cahercorny, Co. Limerick.

Charles the First and, at a later period, Queen Anne, were both well disposed to foster the printing of the Scriptures and other religious books in the Celtic tongue; as well as the instruction of the people, by means of Irish-speaking clergymen; but in all these instances the matter was let drop to the ground, as the bare mention of teaching or printing in Irish, aroused old and deeply-rooted prejudices; and it was asserted that such proceedings might be "destructive of the English interest; contrary to law; and inconsistent with the authority of synods and convocations." But those who put forward these objections, were forgetful "of the positive step taken so long before by Elizabeth, and the *canons* of the Irish Church," which provided, that "where all or most part of the people are Irish, they (the church-wardens) shall provide also the said books, viz., two books of common prayer, and the Bible in the *Irish* tongue, *so soon as they*

*may be had.* The charge of these Irish books to be borne also wholly by the parish.”—*Canon 94 of the Church of Ireland.*

Nor was the Irish Parliament entirely forgetful of this most important subject. Resolutions favourable to it, were many times passed in both houses; but the mists of doubt and prejudice here again arose to obstruct the plain path which Reason pointed out as the only one that could lead to the total subjugation of Irish hearts to English rule. It is not for the writer to give an opinion as to the side on which the blame should lie; there are generally *faults on both sides.* England *might* have done more; Ireland *should* have done more. But as the present generation are not responsible for the errors of their ancestors, either in judgment or action, it is only necessary to cast a glance back at them in order to avoid them.

In the shade before us, however, one bright star appears; and while we may, perhaps with reason, reproach Britannia for not having effected *all* she could in this respect for her twin-sister isle; we owe her one debt of gratitude, not to be overlooked or forgotten. The name of Bedell shines brightly on the dark page of Ireland's history; and the light which this holy Englishman, and venerated Irish bishop, shed around him while living, still exists in his translation of the Irish Bible, gladdening the heart of the benighted Celt by its cheering rays, and rescuing his soul from the shadow of death by its saving truths. This great and good man, who, in all the actions

he recommended to others, was ever foremost himself to show the way, having become aware, by experience, of the need in which the native population stood of instruction, and of the necessity and value of the Irish language as a means for communicating it, determined to undertake the acquirement of it himself, when nearly sixty years of age. He was enabled so far to conquer its difficulties, as to be able to compose a grammar of the language, allowed to be the best in his time, and afterwards to engage in the translation of the Old Testament, which he completed after a few years of laborious assiduity, rendered still more harassing by constant opposition from friends as well as foes. This he would have printed in his own house, and at his own cost, had not the rebellion of 1641, and his death soon after the outbreak, put a stop to the good work. When the fierce flames of hatred and bigotry were raging round him, and Protestant and English blood was deluging the land, the Bishop of Kilmore's life was held sacred, and he was allowed to offer a refuge in his house to many of his trembling neighbours during a considerable period; and perhaps he might have been allowed to end his days in peace, had he not refused to dismiss them from the asylum of his roof. After a few months imprisonment in Loch Oughter Castle, the Bishop and his sons were liberated, and this excellent prelate was permitted to end his life at the house of one of his many converts from popery, Mr. Daniel Sheridan, who had been saved from the fury of his countrymen, on account of his Milesian descent and his use of the native tongue.

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Bedell was thus allowed to taste on earth the fruits of his spiritual labours; and how bright must be his glory now, when we are told in Scripture, that "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Truly, "light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart."\*

In the galaxy of honoured names which Erin can boast, those of Ussher and Marsh are prominently discerned. The latter was the friend and assistant of one of the best and most distinguished Irishmen that ever lived; admirable for his abilities, but still more so for the use to which he received grace to apply them. The Hon. Robert Boyle, assisted by Doctor Andrew Sall, and others, completed the great work of which Bedell had laid the foundation. Mr. Boyle undertook to have the New Testament of 1603, and shortly afterwards, Bedell's translation of the Old Testament, edited and reprinted; towards the expenses of which he munificently contributed £700 Sterling. The work was completed by the year 1686, and was a gift to his country, of infinite value; as the New Testament of Archbishop Daniel had become so rare that copies of it

\* See "Life of Bishop Bedell, by H. J. Monck Mason, LL. D., M. R. I. A.," a work which must be valued by those who prize an impartial and elegant record of one, who shed a lustre on the age in which he lived, and erected permanent claims to the gratitude of future generations. The writer would not thus venture to notice a work, whose merits place it above her humble commendations, did she not feel, that in so doing, she is conferring a favour on her readers, by drawing their attention to it; should it not already have found its place on their shelves.

were not attainable, and Bedell's translation having never arrived at the process of printing, the manuscript had been retained in the family of Mr. Sheridan; and until obtained at this period by Doctor Sall, was lost to the world. Mr. Boyle met with loud and deserved praise, for his exertions and expenditure in propagating the gospel in America, India, and Turkey, and even among the Welsh and Scotch Highlanders, whose languages bear so near an affinity to that spoken by thousands upon thousands of his countrymen; yet when he turned his attention to the deplorable state of those in his own land, he was rewarded with reprobation and censure!

Passing over the long interval that elapsed after this memorable period, during which little was thought of, and less done, for the spiritual benefit of the Irish, we come to the year 1818, distinguished in the chapter of Irish events, by the formation of "the Irish Society, established for promoting the education of the native Irish, through the medium of their own language."

This Society had not been long established when Colonel Wilson's family arrived in Dublin, so that Mr. Burgh could do little more than mention its existence, and express his approbation of it; but we who live in later times, would be inexcusable were we, after minutely describing the back ground, hardly to notice the leading feature of the picture. It has accomplished more for the improvement of the Irish than many are aware of, or than others will allow: it has also shared the fate of every scheme formed for a similar purpose; for while at

first, only the few openly avowed their approbation, the greater number of the lookers-on kept aloof; many deterred by misapprehension of its aim and manner of working; and some distinctly opposed to both. Time, however, the sure developer of all things, has proved the usefulness of the Society and the applicability of its simple machinery; but if we wish a true and complete inventory of its fruits, we must rest till that great and awful day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be laid open, and every "hidden thing shall be made manifest." The judgment day alone can declare the full amount of good it has by God's blessing been the means of producing. We are not, however, without visible signs of its operation; the leaven it has introduced into the great mass has been at work: within the last few years astonishing changes have been effected in many parts of the country, (witness the numerous congregations of converts in the counties of Cork and Kerry, &c.,) and this incontrovertible fact, while, no doubt, it has greatly increased the number of the Society's friends, has likewise compelled its enemies to silence, or obliged them to exercise their fault-finding propensity on some, perhaps, as worthy object. The Society has stood the trial of years, and "experience," which, says Dr. Johnson, "is the greatest test of truth, and is perpetually contradicting the theories of men;" it has proved its usefulness to the satisfaction of every candid inquiring mind, and when "weighed in the balance" has not "been found wanting."

The morning after this long conversation, Mr. Burgh

again found his way to the abode of his friends, and the discourse soon returned to the subject that had engaged their attention the preceding evening.

“Do you intend to try on Corny the effect of reading the Irish Bible?” enquired the worthy minister, of Helen, who explained that though she spoke the language fluently she was unable to read a syllable of it. She had made many attempts to obtain a grammar, and other elementary books, but had always been unsuccessful, chiefly on account of her father’s known opposition. During her visit to her grandmother in London, however, she procured them, and had commenced her study of their contents, when the Colonel coming into the room one morning, happened casually to enquire the name of the volume she was perusing so intently; and on hearing it, at once commanded her to deliver it and its fellows to him, by whom they were returned to the bookseller, with orders that no similar works should be sent to his daughter, even if ordered by her. This was not likely to be the case, as he had threatened her with his serious displeasure, should she attempt to prosecute a design “so monstrous and absurd.” Helen was ever obedient to her parents; and in this instance, where the desire of her heart appeared within reach, and was one which, she felt convinced, was both good and lawful, she did not belie her character, or act contrary to her fixed principles. Though disappointed more than words could tell, she never alluded to the subject; but lived in hope that her father’s prejudices might, at some future period, melt away, and permit her to think


again of her cherished plans. The time had, at length arrived when this wish was to be gratified. Mr. Burgh offered to take upon himself the office of preceptor; a proposal which was hailed with delight by Helen, and not opposed by Colonel Wilson. The fact was, Mr. Burgh hourly rose in his esteem, and he was glad of any thing that would induce the old gentleman to increase the number and length of his visits.

Helen progressed rapidly under his tuition; and Corny, (who, it was contrived, should be present during her lesson) appeared to take the deepest interest in what was going forward, although no remark ever escaped him; as he evidently perceived that he was closely watched by the Colonel, whose presence alone was sufficient to deter him from speaking.

"Would you like to hear me read the 'story of peace,' Corny?" said Mr. Burgh to him, on one occasion, when they chanced to be alone.

"Why, then, your reverence, when you read those books, I feel as if I was young again, and at home among my own people; and sure I think I hear my old mother speaking to me, and singing me to sleep, as she used to do when I was nothing but a little spalpeen. Och! it sounds so sweet and angel-like, that I'm sure and certain it's that they'll speak in heaven, and nothing else!"

"This is, indeed, the language of heaven," said the clergyman, as he opened his Irish Bible and read the 3rd Chapter of St. John's Gospel, while Corny heard, for the first time in his life, the words of Scripture read in his



native tongue. The chapter was not new to him, as Helen had frequently read it for him in the English Testament. This he did not seem to notice, but stood leaning against the table, listening to that sublime portion of Holy Writ, which now reached his heart and penetrated his understanding. Just as Mr. Burgh had concluded, Helen and her father entered the room.

"Well, I hope you are greatly benefitted by your fine Irish gibberish!" observed the latter, with a tone and expression of countenance, which did not escape Corny's quick observation.

"I am sir," answered he sullenly; "and I'd like to know why wouldn't I. Wasn't it born in me—and wasn't it the tongue my mother gave me—and hasn't it lived in my heart—and did I ever hear such kind and loving words in any other? The English have taken everything from us they could; but there's one thing they never can interfere with, or rule over"—(and the Irishman's eye flashed, and his figure grew more erect as he spoke), "and that's our hearts! they can't command them! though they turn those same as much against themselves as ever they can; but if they harden them into stones, they'll only rise up to strike themselves!"

A look of reproach from Helen silenced him, and he left the apartment abruptly. His auditors remained mute for some moments, astounded at this sudden and unwonted burst of passion.

"There's a specimen of the power an Irishman's mother-tongue exercises over him!" observed Mr. Burgh,

turning to Colonel Wilson. "Thirty years' absence from his native land has not weakened his love for it, or altered one iota of his sentiments with regard to his country, her people, or her language. The fire of affection has been but slumbering in his bosom. Time has not quenched it, opposition never will, and it needs only those magic sounds to recall to life every dormant feeling."

"Better have let them sleep where they were, then," answered Colonel Wilson.

"No; but, if you will permit me, I would say, better not to rouse up old and confirmed prejudices by injudicious remarks," observed Mr. Burgh. "We are none of us free from our own; there never was any one, no matter how cultivated his mind or enlightened his understanding, who was not thus governed on some particular subject; and when we consider that, in the case of the ignorant and uneducated, opinions cannot be founded on knowledge or nurtured by reflection, should we wonder if their place is supplied by prejudices, which strengthen with age, and find food in nearly every event of life. Awakening these, we act the part of one who, before assaulting the stronghold, first rouses the sentinels, and allows them time to give the alarm. Would it not be better policy to win them over to our side?"

"A more politic plan it may be, but certainly not an honourable one; we need not fear the bark of the watch-dog, unless we meditate the robbing of his master's house, nor the challenge of the sentinel, unless we prowl about as a

spy. I abhor disguise; I like a straight-forward course. I always declare my mind openly on every subject," responded the Colonel, whose temper having been chafed by Corny's violent language, was each moment getting more irritated by opposition, which he was rarely accustomed to meet. In general, he was remarkably taciturn; so that, but for his assertions respecting the candour with which he made known his sentiments, no one would have suspected this to be the case. In fact, except when under the excitement of anger, he seldom expressed himself fully on any subject. Many persons, however, pride themselves on the possession of qualities and feelings, the absence of which is but too plainly seen and felt by those around.

"To keep up the metaphor a little longer," replied Mr. Burgh, with a slight smile—"I think we may say, that if the enemy take possession of a fort which should belong to our sovereign, we may, without being guilty of any crime, use every lawful means to dislodge them, and thus release the enslaved garrison from a cruel and oppressive bondage; and should we not consider error and superstition as enemies deserving no quarter, and is it not our bounden duty to use every means for their extirpation, and the relief of our fellow-creatures' immortal souls from their killing thralldom?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the Colonel—"You think you are converting the man as fast as you can; but you will find it a more difficult thing than you fancy."

"God forbid I should for a moment imagine, that I,



by my own power or ability, could change him or any one else! No, my dear Sir; I know I am one of the weakest and most unworthy of my Master's servants; by myself, I can do nothing, but, as the age of miracles is past, God makes use of earthly means and instruments to work out his heavenly purposes. And cannot he who created the heart, also change it? Is anything too hard for the Lord? Let us not attempt to limit omnipotence, nor be wiser than our Maker. I trust to a strength far superior to that of impotent mortal man. 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.'"

"Of course, the Almighty can do anything he pleases," answered Colonel Wilson; "but, in my opinion, nothing short of a miracle could ever change Catholics, as they are more bigotted than any other sect. Indeed, the proof of my assertion is, that an instance of conversion is very rare, and those who do join our Church are generally influenced by interested motives."

"You are right in thinking nothing but the interposition of a miraculous power could effect such a revolution of feeling and idea; but, as I said before, the change produced in man by the new birth is just as wonderful. In both cases, 'old things are passed away, all things are become new.' 'The carnal mind is enmity against God,' but the regenerate heart loves Him above all other objects: a rebel against his sovereign is converted into a loyal subject, who, in thought, word, and action, is ever watchful to serve his interests, execute his commands, and testify his grateful love to Him whose name had

formerly filled him with terror and mistrust. You think it loss of time, to say the least, to try and teach this Irishman by reading the Scriptures to him in the Celtic; but if this be not done, how is he to learn that which is the most important thing on earth? How is he to find the way to heaven? He will not listen to the English Bible, as his prejudices are too deeply rooted for man's removal; his priest never instructs him from it—on the contrary, is enraged at seeing it placed in any shape in his hands; how is he, then, to gain that necessary knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make 'wise unto salvation?' All the instruction he gets is while attending Mass on Sundays and festivals."

"He cannot profit much by going to Mass, of course," replied Colonel Wilson, "since it is in Latin; and I believe the people would often be just as well without the sermons which they occasionally attend. It certainly is preposterous to have prayers in a language not understood by the people."

"Your own words witness in my favour; I agree with you fully that it is absurd, and, more than this, really sinful—being contrary to the word of God, that public worship should be carried on in an unknown tongue. Now, having laid down this as a principle, what right have we to make one exception, and that without just cause, and place one unfortunate nation under a ban, condemn it to a continuance of the ignorance and barbarism in which it has lain buried for centuries, and fill up the measure of injustice by withholding from its people the

cheering hopes of future blessedness? Ireland would be a sharer, should misfortunes visit England, (which God avert!) and should she not enjoy a share of England's advantages and happiness? It is but common justice that she should, leaving policy aside; and, my dear friend, is not this Holy Bible the most precious jewel England guards in her treasures? It is the foundation of her liberties, the source of her wealth and greatness, the origin of her peace and prosperity, the sole cause of those virtues and that generosity which has raised her up, a model worthy the admiration and imitation of the world. England has been for years the stronghold of the Gospel, and that happy state of liberty which always exists under its divine influence. But my native land has always been, and, I fear, still is, too unmindful of the sacred trust committed to her hands, and has not looked to God for counsel when guiding the reins of authority in this country."

"I cannot coincide with such sentiments. I think England has treated Ireland very fairly; whenever severity was exercised, no doubt, the occasion required it; the Irish must be kept down with a strong arm, nothing else will answer the purpose; conciliation and kindness could not restrain their fierceness and disaffection; and as for the Bible, they would not take it," responded Colonel Wilson.

"Was the trial made? No. If their character is composed of violent elements, this very vehemence might be turned to the furtherance of a good cause. Though,

to the casual and biassed observer, their character may exhibit but a scene of frowning rocks and threatening precipices, of sterile plains and rushing torrents, believe me, the day-spring of knowledge and the light of truth would discover to the view green spots of fresh verdure, and sheltered valleys, unvisited by strangers, where tenderness and love lie hidden. Surely, they cannot be all bad! Cultivate the waste before you, and it may—aye, and will too—become a garden of roses!”

“The theme is, indeed, an exciting one to you” observed the Colonel, “and I cannot but admire your enthusiasm; but, after all this argument, we come back to the exact point from which we set out,—that were the Irish converted, all would be right; and I maintain, this is impracticable. The Catholics never have been, and never will be, changed; all attempts have been unavailing.”

“But tell me when and where have attempts been made, in the manner and in the spirit the Gospel teaches, for I am ignorant of them. Still, I firmly believe a better day is about to dawn on the Green Isle; for, I am persuaded, when my countrymen learn Erin’s wrongs, they will redress them; and when they find what are her real wants, they will supply them. Her cry has long been carried away by the passing wind, and died unechoed ere it reached the shore of Britain; but it is now beginning to be heard in faint whispers, that find a ready answer in many a generous breast, and many an awakened conscience. How could converts from Romanism be

numerous, under existing circumstances? That it is not impossible to overthrow the errors of their faith, by placing the word of God in their hands, all must allow, who look back at the glorious Reformation in the sixteenth century. Has the Scripture now lost the power that wrought such changes then? No; one 'jot or tittle' of it can never fail. Time only proves its strength, and shews more clearly its title to divine origin."

"But what have the Irish Protestants been doing all these years? Are the English alone in fault?" was Colonel Wilson's answer, to which, Reader, if you are an Irish Protestant, you can give the best reply! What have you individually been doing all your life long, either to benefit your country or its inhabitants? You may answer, and perhaps with truth, that your station and your means alike forbid that you should loudly elevate your voice in their behalf, or take a prominent part in any scheme for their advantage. But has that voice never swelled the chorus raised *against* them? Has it never echoed the words of those who depicted them as *savage, ungrateful, and sunk in barbarism*? Let your heart answer this. And would it not have been using one of God's gifts to better purpose, had you spent one half of that breath in proclaiming 'glad tidings of great joy' to these same despised people, and in urging others of greater wealth and more influence to 'go and do likewise'? Had this been your prayerful endeavour, one soul might have been saved by your instrumentality; and *who can count the value of one immortal soul?*

Reader! has your lot been cast in a more elevated position, with rank and influence a birthright—the local sovereign of a numerous tenantry, composed in chief of Irish Roman Catholics? Have you shone a light in the surrounding darkness—a personal exemplification of the pure, holy, charitable, lovely doctrine you professed at baptism—consistent (as far as frail human nature will permit,) in your profession and practice? Your conscience, too, can answer this question.

What have Irish Protestants been doing? may well be asked and can easily be answered. With the exception of a small, but worthy band, to whom we shall again revert, the Irish Protestant gentry and landlords have been, for years past, mostly occupied in pressing from their tenants, what have been expressively and justly termed rack-rents; for truly, in order to pay these, the unfortunate serf has often racked his limbs and worn his unfed body, till the debt of nature has been paid and death has released him from a life passed in toil and suffering. The produce of these rack-rents was either lavished in dissipation and extravagance at home, or perhaps, what is still worse, was expended in foreign countries. The intemperance and quarrels of the lower classes, were but coarse copies of the more refined conduct of their betters, who afforded in their ancestral halls, examples but little calculated to improve the minds and social condition of their tenantry. Now, however, that temperance has established what we trust may prove a secure and lasting dominion in which all classes are included; and that

duelling has received (though tardily) a strong check, we may expect to see the base imitations share the fate of their higher originals. While the Irish Protestant gentry by their manner of living, too often injured those dependant on them, they seldom possessed either the means or the desire to afford that Scriptural and secular instruction which might have, in some measure, remedied the evil; they despised the people for their ignorance, smiled at their superstition, and spoke with horror of their ferocity, but never tried to lessen the ills they affected to deplore. No; ever mindful of their own pecuniary interests, so far as obtaining the amount of their rentals, they were utterly forgetful of the interests of their tenantry and labourers; not only of the temporal, but of the eternal interests of those whose labour and travail filled their purses with glittering coin, and loaded their groaning tables with luscious viands. Engrossing for years the whole power in Church and State, the Irish Protestants made bad use of that boasted ascendancy whose star seems now fast waning; they deserved not to retain it longer. Dwelling in the midst of their Roman Catholic brethren, they exerted those energies, that might have been more usefully and profitably employed winning them over to the cause of truth, in heaping on their religion and themselves, an accumulation of obloquy and reproach, little in accordance with the character of followers of the meek and lowly Jesus; and which laid up stores of vengeance to be given back one day in full return. Party-spirit swallowed up every better feeling; and it has been left to the present

generation of Irish Protestants, to achieve a more glorious ascendancy than that possessed by their forefathers. It is now their happy privilege to win souls to Christ; and instead of increasing the temporal power of an earthly church, to increase the number of the redeemed church above. The cause of Christ needs not the aid of princes or statesmen; the humblest individual may become a prime minister in his master's service, and having spent an hour closeted with his spiritual sovereign, may go forth and conquer, in a "strength" "made perfect in weakness."

But all were not unfaithful to their trust. Scattered up and down the length and breadth of the land were many of the "excellent of the earth," whose time and talents were nobly devoted to the relief of spiritual and temporal distress: sowing good seed for their heavenly Master, and reaping for themselves a harvest of lasting satisfaction.

Ladies of Ireland! you have exerted yourselves nobly during a season of unparalleled suffering and adversity; you have proved yourselves to be indeed "ministering angels," ever ready and ever willing to succour the destitute, and clothe the naked: and more than all this, your gentle hands have tended the prostrate sufferers whom fever laid low, fearless of the plague sent by a wrathful God, who, while in anger yet remembering mercy, spared you to engage in a still more holy—a still more glorious—a still more precious work: that of turning many to righteousness, and saving the souls of those, whose crumbling frail bodies, you were made the happy instru-



ments of rescuing from death. Use, then, in this nobler work, an increase of energy and zeal; mind not disappointments; stop not at hindrances; go on, and prosper in the name of the Lord. The miner cannot collect his jewels without cost and labour. Think of the priceless gems lying round you; and consider, too, that for each one of them you bring back to the Lord, "in that day," "when he maketh up his jewels," your crown of glory will receive a new ray of splendour, till you shine as the stars for ever and ever.

Ladies of England! how can your Irish sisters testify their gratitude for the generosity that placed at their disposal, the means of rescuing such numbers of the Irish peasantry from the horrors of starvation. The sea that girds your island-home, is not more boundless than English generosity. Your ears are ever open to hear the cry of distress, your hands ever ready to relieve it; let not the fears of Irish ingratitude close them; do not judge a whole nation, by a few worthless, or interested individuals; rather believe that gratitude, silent, but deep and lasting, can be, yes and is, cherished in Irish hearts for English liberality. But remember, Christian ladies of England, that the Irish have souls to be saved, as well as bodies to be fed: compare the value of the two, and say which most urgently claims your assistance. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Recollect, that besides that death which dissolves the union between the flesh and spirit, there is a second death more dreadful still, which

concerns the soul alone. Employ the labourers who loiter round the vineyard, waiting your commands to enter it and work. You have poured a refreshing shower on a thirsty and parched field; but until you cultivate the ground, and break up the sods that have been allowed to harden for ages, you cannot expect to cull profusely of those balmy herbs, among which, gratitude to God, and gratitude to man, are ever found throwing out the sweetest perfume. England has neglected Ireland, and we fear not to say it to you, whose truthful generous hearts we know are ready to acknowledge it with sorrow. The time has been when Irishmen were branded as "enemies;" this time we hope, is now past for ever; Ireland has been reduced to so low an ebb, that rivalry—the night-mare that haunted the pillow of many an English statesman, can no longer be feared. Let, then, poor Erin's weakness plead for her, and win the boon that was withheld in days of greater strength—The Irish Bible.

The emerald that gleams on Britannia's brow has often been dimmed by tears, which she raised not her hand to wipe away; let it now be the happy privilege of her fair daughters to remove the dew of sorrow, and give it back its true lustre. One of the best women that ever lived, has said that "charity is a lady's profession;" follow, then, the advice of your distinguished countrywoman; work while it is called to-day, "the night cometh when no man can work." Let us not be above profiting by the example of our Roman Catholic brethren; but let the sums they freely contribute for the propagation of their

false faith, stir us up to greater zeal, and increased liberality.

Reader! if you are one of those who have received deep and cruel wrong at the hands of your misguided countrymen, call to mind those words, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Place your cause in the hands of One who, though merciful, is no less just; be it your duty "to heap coals of fire" on the heads of those who have injured you, by returning good for evil; forgiveness, you must seek yourself—grant it, we beseech you to others; and in return for the blow that took away the desire of your eyes at a stroke—that left you, perchance, widowed or fatherless, give *the Irish Bible*. This will calm the bitterness that distracts your country; this act will heal the unclosed wounds of your own heart.

In conclusion, we would beseech each and every one, to think of Ireland's miseries and wants; we would pray them while they labour on earth, relieving the sick and needy, to keep their eyes raised to heaven, that they may receive strength to preach the Gospel unto the poor: let the hands be on earth, but the heart in heaven. They will find in this a cup of enjoyment that may be drained and leave no dregs behind; they will gather in this walk buds of happiness that wither not at their touch; flowers of heavenly origin, that shed a fragrance—a charm on all around, and strew with their unfading—their amaranthine blossoms, the pathway to a "better land."

## CHAPTER VIII.

SPRING had gently glided into the warm embrace of summer, before the Wilsons thought of exchanging the close and heated atmosphere of the city for the fresh soft breezes, laden with health and gladness that float through the open country. Helen, who at any other time would have longed to press the green sod and watch again the unfolding flowers, was now so entirely engrossed with her Celtic studies, that whenever the subject of removal was even alluded to, she hastened to divert attention from it, lest it might assume a more decided form. The constant occupation and interest thus afforded to her mind, had produced a corresponding beneficial effect on her health and appearance, so that although most of their acquaintance had gradually dropped off to their summer quarters, Colonel Wilson's family, of which Mr. Burgh had almost become a member, were still residents in Dublin.

Helen's improved looks were a constant source of self-gratulation, and theme of praise to Corny, who felt

proud, in no slight measure, of seeing his prognostications so soon verified.

"Then Colonel, isn't the change in Miss Helen wonderful entirely; sure but it bates my own expectations out and out; there's no one can say but that her own country agrees with her at any rate."

"I ascribe it altogether to her constant study of Irish," answered his master, drily.

"Very likely, your honour, it had a good hand in it; and why not? Do you know, that when I do be after speaking English for any time, my throat gets sore and as dry as a rasp. Och! but the Celtic brings the air into me as soft and smooth as oil, while the other goes whizzing in and out of my teeth, whistling like the wind on a winter's night."

At this moment Mr. Burgh entered, holding in his hand an open letter.

"Here is my summons home," said he; "I find my presence is required in my parish; my conscience has been for some time saying, 'What doest thou here?' My recovery is complete, and my services as Irish professor are, I think, no longer needed. But though my stay has been much more prolonged than I anticipated, I feel the time has not been lost: it has enabled me to help on the road of usefulness a young traveller, of whose future progress I hope to hear cheering accounts. This must be my last visit for the present; but while separated from you in the flesh, need I say, my thoughts and spirit will often wing their way to your fireside in Kerry."

Mr. Burgh's announcement cast a gloom on every face. He was gifted with the rare unselfishness that could enter into the affairs and feelings of others, with minuteness and sympathy; while his own concerns were seldom mentioned, except when friendship claimed them as her own, by right of mutual confidence.

"Come, my dear young pupil! I must see none of those sad looks. This is a world of partings; a world of sunshine and shade: we have been lent this short season of pleasant communion for a higher purpose than mere personal gratification, and a longer continuance of it would plainly mar the design. I return to the flock for whose souls I must render account; and you will, I trust, soon tread your native soil, proclaiming the Gospel of peace to those who dwell in the 'Valley of Bochim.'"

"God be with you, wherever you go; and it's well and happy the land would be if all its sons were like you, Protestant minister though you are! then we wouldn't be the degraded people we are, despised by every body, and tyrannised over by the Sassenach stranger, instead of having our own king, and our own parliament. Och wurrasthrue! the glory's departed from old Ireland for ever!" exclaimed Corny with passionate earnestness.

"Though the sun of Erin's glory may have set, yet, O'Brien, believe me, in the dark horizon of her fame, a bright star is now appearing, that will herald the morning of a truer prosperity than you dream of; the star that points to Bethlehem is fast increasing in brightness, and will soon break in on your country's darkness. Yes,

Corny! you have a King who loves your people, and whose ear will listen, well-pleased, to the words of adoration and praise, that ere long will rise to his throne, clothed in the soft tones of your native tongue. In the retired villages of my parish, many a Celtic hymn of joy and love is wafted on the Atlantic gales; and many an eye that had never, from the day it first opened on a world of sin, looked on the precious word of God, now spends its latest powers in searching that treasury of wisdom and grace. Corny, it was an English stranger—a hated Sassenach intruder—that taught these people how to read *Soisgeal*;\* think not, all Saxons hate this lovely land; no! there is one before you who loves it with every vein of his English heart; and who hopes, when his pilgrimage is ended, that his bones may be laid to rest beside those of his Celtic brothers, in a little Irish church-yard, far from his own father-land, and far from all that remain of his kindred and his childhood's home."

Corny had not before been aware that Mr. Burgh was a native of the land which he deemed the oppressor of his country, as Helen feared to break a spell that seemed to bind him so strongly to one who was eminently adapted, both by natural abilities and matured experience, to win the confidence and affection of the warm-hearted Emeraldier.

"And is it that your reverence is not an Irishman, after all?" said O'Brien, after a pause of astonishment.

\* The Story of Peace.

"And are you not sorry to hear it, Corny?" asked Helen.

"No, I'm not sorry at all, but quite the reverse, Miss Helen, alanna! Sure, 'twould be nothing more than natural that one's own flesh and blood should love them, (though 'tisn't always they do it;) but to find a brother in a stranger is a thing to make one's heart fly into their throat for joy. Sure, 'tis few friends the poor Irishman has, and fewer there are who say to him the word of kindness in his own heart's tongue; and blessings be on the head of him that loves us, whether he be Celt or Saxon! I said, if all Irish gentlemen were like your honour, we wouldn't be trampled down and debased, a scoff and sneer wherever we go: and wasn't I right? But sure, if all Englishmen were such as you, wouldn't it be better still? I hope I'll ever meet your like again. May God Almighty bless you!—and it isn't the worse of an Irishman's blessing you'll be." Then suddenly grasping Mr. Burgh's hand, O'Brien pressed it to his lips, and, murmuring a fervent blessing in Irish, hurried away.

"Violent in love and violent in hate," said Mr. Burgh, looking after him. "The wild flowers that gem our fields are as delicately pencilled and softly shaded as the gorgeous blossoms of our gardens; we should not tread upon them ruthlessly, because their birth is lowly, and their home the humble hedge-row or quiet mead. A noble heart he has, and when changed and purified, (as it will be yet,) he will be a chosen vessel to carry the Gospel to his countrymen. Now he listens to the Scrip-



ture for the sake of the sounds in which it is conveyed; but the day will come, when he will love it for itself alone."

Before Mr. Burgh took his leave, he drew from his pocket a small black case, richly worked in coloured silks, whose bright hues were dimmed by time.

"I have brought you, my dear young friend, this keepsake, which I know you will use and prize; nor will its venerable age and worn appearance diminish its value in your eyes. Take it, and may the Divine Spirit accompany its sacred words, making them a 'savour of life' unto many!"

Helen opened the case, and beheld one of the original copies of Boyle's edition of the Irish New Testament.

"That book," continued Mr. Burgh, "belonged to Doctor Andrew Sall, from whom I am maternally descended; it has been considered in some sort an heirloom in my family, and the case is a specimen of my grandmother's needle-work. I am old and childless, and my hours of labour are nearly spent: you are young—full of activity and zeal in the good cause. May it be gifted with power in your hands; and believe me, it will procure you a welcome in many an humble cabin, that without it you would fail to meet."

Helen's heart was too full for utterance, for she well knew that her aged friend valued the gift he had just bestowed on her, far above anything else he possessed. It had been his daily companion for more than a quarter of a century; it had been the bearer of peace and hope,

not only to numbers of his humble flock, but to his own soul also, for in 'watering others,' he had received abundantly himself. It was in his eyes a register of love and a monument of mercy, for every page was associated with the remembrance of some poor Irish peasant, who though lightly esteemed and despised among men, had been highly esteemed of God, and carried through much tribulation, to be exalted above unfallen angels, into a joint heir with his own co-equal, co-eternal Son. This book had been the message of life to those departed, glorified souls, and from its leaves they had derived the knowledge and the strength which had enabled them to overcome the fiery darts of the devil, and to come off more than conquerors, through him that loved them—(*loved them*, the contemned, the neglected Irish Celts!)—and gave His blood a ransom for *their* souls, as well as for the souls of the whole world.

Shortly after Mr. Burgh's departure, Helen and her parents also set out for their future home, by the shores of the Atlantic.

Ireland's claims to natural beauty are on all hands allowed to be well grounded, and were the golden apple to be now the prize of the land that could display the most varied and extensive panorama of scenic charms, 'the Green Isle of the West' might fairly take her place in the lists, fearless, at least, of many superior competitors. Perhaps no county in the island is more distinguished in this respect than Kerry, whose far-famed Lakes are not the only spot within its boundary where

houris might wish to dwell. Many a smiling bay and lovely vale, rarely trodden by the foot of stranger, may here be found in all their beauty, perfect as when formed by the Creator's Word. Alas! that the misery of the inhabitants should contrast so strangely and so sadly with the surrounding scenery! On them, chained down as they are by an amount of wretchedness inconceivable, if unseen, the quiet loveliness and solemn grandeur that Nature flings around them can have no elevating tendency; insensible to its beauties they never are; the peasant loves the mountain that casts its shadow on the graves of his fathers, and gazes long and wistfully at the wide expanse of ocean that rolls between him and the land to which, from year to year, a tithe of his brethren and neighbours have gone, in search of those elements of existence that are unattainable at home; their memories flit before him, as shadows from some other world; but want, pressing want, and cold and nakedness, soon rouse him to stern realities—and scenes that would inspire the poet's pen, or painter's pencil, are to him (though still beloved,) one long vista of present, past, and future misery.

But though Kerry can boast numbers of such landscapes, yet, before they are reached, the traveller must pass through less interesting, though more useful parts of the country. The turf bog supplies the peasant who lives near it with constant fuel, the loss of which is keenly felt in those parts of the island that are destitute of such unsightly plains. Helen's ardour was somewhat

damped, as she gazed on the squalid beings who were busily engaged in the preparation of the turf, and whose wretched hovels, scattered in clusters by the roadside, and over the surface of the bog itself, seemed hardly fit abodes for a class of creatures very low indeed in the scale of animal nature. These huts were formed, roof as well as walls, of the surrounding material, being in general without chimney or window. They were so low, that the door could not be entered in an erect posture, and their occupiers, from the constant habit of stooping, had become nearly bent in two. Their countenances were discoloured by smoke and damp, and wrinkled by the cruel pinch of poverty.

“Oh!” groaned Helen, “to see such beings in a Christian country!—and one too that has been for centuries attached to the British crown! Would that this swamp and its inhabitants could be laid, as it is, before the eyes of our friends in England! I know the sight would rouse them to exertion; and what must be the state of minds dwelling in bodies that hardly look human! If such a region as this existed in Britain, what pains and cost would long ago have been expended upon it!”

“You will have a very extensive field to work in, and need not be haunted by the fear of entering into other men’s labours, at all events,” replied her father, who, though not indifferent to the wretchedness which reigned around, secretly rejoiced that his daughter’s high expectations and unbounded enthusiasm in favour of a country he had always despised, should receive a strong and

sudden check. "Plenty of room for sowing seed, and every prospect of a crowning harvest in such new ground."

These remarks elicited no reply from his hearers, on whose saddened feelings they jarred harshly.

"Does our new home lie near scenes like these?" whispered Helen to her mother, whose oft-repeated descriptions of——Bay, with its mountain heights and rocky promontory, crowned by one of the ruined castles of the once princely house of Desmond, rose before her, at strange variance with the present desolate waste, which, her father good-humouredly assured her, formed a feature in every Kerry landscape.

"Can my Helen have forgotten the picture that hung over her mantle-piece, on which her childish eyes delighted to dwell? The Irish Dove used to love its nest when separated from it, and is her love waxing fainter now, that each moment is bringing her nearer to it? But although those bleak-looking mountains we are approaching, separate this wretched bog from our own lovely valley, and prevent our eyes from being distressed by such sights of woe as are here always visible, we must not forget they still exist, and call silently for some help from us, who will be most likely the only residents within many miles capable of affording it. Helen, my child, we occupy an important and most responsible position in the little territory to which we draw near."

Any further observations from Mrs. Wilson were prevented by the appearance of Mr. Henderson, the agent,

accompanied by a large number of the most respectable tenants and labourers on Helen Wilson's property, who had stationed themselves at the corner of a road cut through a mountain pass, which offered the only mode of entrance available for vehicles, to the valley that lay beyond. The reception these men were prepared to give the family who were coming to settle among them, was one dictated by warm and grateful feelings; but when "their young lady" extended her hand to those nearest the carriage-windows, and returned their kind greeting in the words of their mother-tongue, the welcome that rushed from their hearts was given back a hundred times by the echoes of their native hills; and Colonel Wilson himself was forced to allow, that his daughter's voice seemed gifted with a talismanic power. On the confines of the estate, the travellers were met by the whole population of the village and adjacent glens, headed by Father Connor, who escorted them in triumph to the home of the Mac-Carthys, which for many years had been tenanted by a stranger, but now threw open its gates to dispense a hospitality that would have done honour to days of yore, and which was presided over by the last representative of one branch of this ancient race.

The moon shone brightly on the waters of the bay, shedding over its tranquil surface a flood of silver light; and the trees, dark and motionless, seemed to partake of the general sleep in which all nature appeared to have sunk, when the young owner of this fair region, throwing open her casement, gazed silently on a prospect that

might well enchant a far less interested and partial eye. The sounds of revelry had long died away; the humble, but happy friends, who had this day, for the first time, been received by her in person as guests in the old Hall of her fathers, had all departed; the bright blaze of the bonfires had disappeared from the mountain peaks, and not a sound, not a breath of air rose to distract the thoughts of her who had been the chief mover in the stirring scenes, that left her now exhausted and sleepless, unable to indulge in anything save the luxury of undisturbed meditation.

Will the happy faces that beamed round her that evening, always wear such smiles, or will aroused and bitter prejudices cast a dark shadow on what seems so promising? Can the man who but an hour ago departed with such ardent assurances of affectionate regard, turn and array himself against her? And could Father Connor's hand, from the pressure of whose warm clasp those fragile fingers still ring, be ever lifted in violent denunciation of one he now can laud and flatter? Oh, Helen Wilson! deceive not yourself too blindly. Remember who it is hath said, "He that eateth bread with me, hath lifted up his heel against me;" and think not that the disciple can fare better than his Master. The book that lies on yonder table, whose peaceful words unite believers in an indissoluble bond of Christian brotherhood, is the title-deed of heaven, for whose destruction the powers of darkness have always panted. The "Word" "came not to send peace on earth but a sword;" and until the day when Satan, the "prince of this world," shall be cast

into the bottomless pit, he will never cease to wage war against it. But, praised be God! "the word of the Lord endureth for ever," and will stand secure till the earth shall melt away, and the heavens shall depart with a shout of triumph—"The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth" for ever and ever!

Summer, with its bright green mantle, and glowing wreath of floral gems, had passed away; and Autumn, too, was departing, with a lingering look at the rich gifts she had bequeathed to man, when Helen once again looked forth on the same scene, but with a far different theme for contemplation. The earth and trees had lost their vernal clothing; the angry waves were crested with white, feathery spray, and Nature was presented in her sternest aspect to a gentle eye, that gladly turned to gaze within, on a scene which summoned the fondest feelings of her heart from the deep recesses in which they were enshrined. In the small old-fashioned apartment of the mansion, formally denominated "the library," but by its present occupants used as a study, was seated Corny O'Brien. Before him was a table, covered with books, among which, an Irish Testament and Primer held a prominent place; with the latter he was earnestly engaged; and the devoted attention of this unlettered, and almost aged scholar to his self-imposed task, might well shame many an inmate of a University. Old age had begun to shed some rays from its crown of glory on his head, but a fire had been kindled within him, which nothing but a personal acquisition of the Scriptures could satisfy.



He had become a little child again, in order to enter the kingdom of heaven. "It's very well to hear the blessed word read at all, but there's nothing like having it one's self, and taking the grip of it," he would say. Nor was he alone in his studies; many a fellow-student had he in the turf huts of the bog and poor cabins of the fishermen; and to those hovels he nightly paid a welcome visit, imparting to their anxious inmates the knowledge he had gained in the day.

"Oh, Miss Helen, jewel! but there's a word in that book for everything; you're never sent away empty-hearted; it's the book of all books, and it's longing I am to be able to read it myself, and take it with me to cheer the hearts of the old people, whose eyes are dark, and will never open till the light of heaven breaks on them."

These were Corny's exclamations, as he returned with his young mistress from visiting the cottage of Norah Reilly, a fisherman's widow, to whom she daily read a portion of the Celtic Scriptures. This aged woman was the mother of a large family, all of whom were, as she said, settled out in life, except her three youngest children, who resided under the parental roof; and so noted were these young peasants for their filial tenderness, that no higher praise could be bestowed on the junior members of any humble circle, than to say, "They're as good as the Widow Reilly's children."

James Reilly followed his father's craft, but his younger brother's occupation was of a miscellaneous character. Pat could plant potatoes, mow, reap, or, in fact, to

speak familiarly, 'put his hand to anything.' Possessed of quick feelings, his disposition always led him to extremes, and he loved his native tongue with even more than usual ardour. Each day that Helen came to read the blessed book at the cottage, Pat managed to be within hearing; and perchance those seeds of truth that failed to penetrate his mother's heart, found a surer resting-place in his. However this may have been, one thing resulted from his stolen listening; he soon evinced a strong desire to learn to read, and joined the number of Corny's scholars; but Pat Reilly had the advantage of youth on his side, and quickly left his master far behind. His ardent thirst for knowledge gave him courage to lay the state of the case before Helen. With joy she undertook his further instruction, and each succeeding day added to the number of her humble pupils.

It was a sight to make angels smile, that assembly of hoary sires, and aged matrons, of sturdy manhood, and ripening youth, collected to hear the precious Word of Life, read by that delicate, high-born girl, in the language their hearts loved best. As she enters, leaning on her happy mother's arm, and followed by her faithful retainer bearing the Book of Truth, they rise to give her welcome; and *cead mille faillthe*, if it bursts not from every tongue, at least gleams in every eye.

Learning has always been venerated and prized in Kerry; and even Latin has formed one of the branches of education cultivated in its hedge-schools. Helen could number among her hearers, the pupils of one of these

primitive seminaries, as well as their master, who attended for the sake of listening to the Scriptures in his native tongue. This man's Latin was considered fully equal to Father Connor's; and although, perhaps, neither would have stood the test of an Oxford Examiner, yet the amount, in each case, answered the purposes of its respective proprietor; and the students of Murphy's academy were not likely to criticise too closely their parish-priests acquirements, as he had once, like themselves, received instruction in a hedge-school.

This prevalent respect for knowledge contributed greatly towards Helen's success, and as the small cabin, with its temporary rows of wooden benches was insufficient to accommodate the increasing numbers, Mrs. Wilson proposed that a room in the "big house," (as her residence was styled), should be fitted up for the purpose. This plan was strenuously opposed by Corny and many of his fellow scholars, for reasons they declined giving, but which they asserted to be strong. Helen, anxious to satisfy all parties, suggested that those who came as pupils should assemble in another place, and at a different hour, from those who attended merely as listeners to the Irish Scripture-reading; but with the exception of the schoolmaster and a few very aged and blind persons, all present, old and young, were candidates for the Irish primer; and she was obliged to make arrangements which would enable her to instruct them, and many of their neighbours likewise, before they would depart satisfied.

With light and joyful step, Helen was accompanying

her mother home, when, as they turned the corner of the road, Corny cried out, "Och! then, if here isn't, Father Connor himself coming down on us; give me the book quick, Miss, jewel," and before his young mistress could reply, he had snatched the Irish Bible she held in her hand, and stuffed it into a basket he was carrying.

"Here take this basket Miss, like a honey, till his riverence is past; it's too heavy for your arm, but never mind, it will only be a minute; and I'll come up for it when he's gone." So saying, Corny dropped off to some distance behind the ladies.

Father Connor was mounted on a stout, well-fed horse, and the appearance of both the steed and his rider proved, that no matter to what extent poverty held sway, it had not affected their condition. On perceiving Mrs. Wilson and her daughter, he quickened his pace and accosted them in the most friendly manner. Helen really liked the old man, although she abhorred the system to which he was an humble slave: his disposition was mild, but inactive; he was by nature generous and merciful, and nearly destitute of that deep and subtle craft, which distinguishes so many of his brotherhood; but he was a bond-servant, sold, hand and foot, soul and body, to Rome; and those more noble features of his mind, were chained down to the rock where his hopes rested, and on which such multitudes of souls have split;—a rock that, hanging over a dark abyss, will one day be hurled to destruction with all the captives Satan has bound to it. Father Connor, like many of his priestly brethren, was a

good-natured, kind-hearted man, and as such was to be esteemed: religious difference did not, as in too many instances, blind Helen to his good qualities; and his warm salutation was as warmly returned.

"That's a heavy load you are carrying, Miss Wilson," said he, with a glance at the basket, which was evidently no trifling burthen for her. "Hallo! Corny, my boy! is this an Irishman's manners? to let your young lady be borne down with such a pannier, and you idling along empty-handed."

"Troth, your riverence, it isn't my fault you may be certain; but the ladies are always obstinate, and think no one can do anything equal to themselves, the creatures!"

"Well, never mind, Miss Wilson," cried the old priest, "I'll make him pay for this some day, with a smart penance; won't I, O'Brien?"

"May be so, your rivirence; but I'll try and soften you, before I go next to confession: those women yonder, are doing that same, I'm after thinking."

They had by this time, arrived nearly in front of Father Connor's house, which was situated at the entrance of the village, and was the only one in it, that could boast a slated roof. Several women were waiting at the door, with presents of various edibles for their pastor's table.

"A blessed fine morning you've had, Mrs. Davis, for your long walk; and that's as plump and pretty a bird as I ever laid eyes upon, and will look mighty well when dressed and sent up to his rivirence; 't isn't every day such fowls are seen here," said Corny to one of these.

"And how are you, Molly agra?" cried he to another. "Well but those are splendid fish; I wish it was the like of them you'd be bringing, when you come to the mistress of a morning."

Father Connor had been endeavouring to divert the attention of his companions from O'Brien's remarks, and the subjects of them; but seeing the smile that dimpled Helen's cheek, and feeling both surprised and angry at such unwonted treatment, from one whom he had regarded as a sheep safely penned in the fold of Holy Mother Church, he thought it time to take some notice.

"The labourer is worthy of his hire, Miss Wilson, you know the Scripture says; these poor people cannot pay in money, so I receive from them in kind: it is an accommodation to them, and answers me as well. Easter dues, just."

This was a slip of memory, for Christmas was scarcely passed. Corny was not long in perceiving the mistake. "Faix, and they say it's bad pay, that pays before the time; but your rивirence makes sure, at all events; and I'm certain Miss Helen would be indebted, if you'd tell her the way to get her rents when they're due, much less months before it."

The poor old priest was altogether foiled, and could with difficulty, restrain his indignation.

"You have been about some good, I make sure, ladies," hazarded he, at length.

"Then you may be certain they've been about nothing bad, your rивirence," answered Corny, who seemed bent

on annoying the worthy Father, and preventing Helen or Mrs. Wilson from giving him any direct answer. This time, however, his remark had the effect of banishing the frown from the old man's brow; and after laughing gaily at it, and taking a kind farewell of the party, he rode on, glad to escape any further dilemma.

If Corny O'Brien's observations had astonished his priest, they still more surprised Helen and her mother.

"Why were you so anxious to hide the Bible from Father Connor: surely he could not be displeased to see it?" asked Helen, as she was returning the basket to O'Brien.

"Sorra a bit pleased he'd be at the sight of it; their revivences have a long scent, God bless 'em! and I knew he would notice the basket, and maybe be asking me what was in it; but when you have it yourself, its no business of mine."

"I rather think, you have yourself roused his suspicions by the way you answered him," remarked Mrs. Wilson; "and I fancy you will hear more than you like about it, when next you go to confession."

"May be I will, when *next* I go; but I'm thinking that same won't be in any hurry. 'Confess your sins one to another,' says the book, but it doesn't say one word about the priest."

"And do you really mean to leave the Church of Rome?" cried Helen with delight.

"God forbid, Miss! I'd ever leave the Church of my fathers, and the religion in which I was born; but no one

shall prevent me reading the Bible, for the holy Catholic Church doesn't forbid that; and doesn't it say in the Bible, 'Search the Scriptures.'"

"Ah! Corny, the Roman Church does forbid her members from searching the Scriptures for themselves. She allows the Bible to be true, but places it out of their reach, fencing it round, and crushing it beneath the weight of her own notes and explanations; and setting up a rival claimant to the faith of her members in her traditions, forgetting the prohibition of the Lord, 'Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish ought from it.' The traditions as well as the observances of your church, are often directly opposed to Scripture: you can find no passage in it, warranting the worship of Saints or Angels, or the adoration of the Virgin Mary. But do not take my word, nor that of any human being, for your authority; rather search the Gospel for yourself. Corny, if Father Connor's doctrines could stand the test of this book, why would he shun its light?"

A few months before, O'Brien would have resorted to his old expedient, of asserting that "the Church" could do no wrong, and as she had forbidden him even to think for himself, he must grope blind-folded in a pathway worn by the footsteps of his progenitors; and which he felt no doubt, (how tortuous or rough soever it might be,) must ultimately lead to the desired goal. The bandage was now, however, falling from his eyes: he had begun to search after truth himself, and had discovered that many of the practices of his church, were founded on other



authority, than that of Scripture. He, therefore, felt at a loss how to reply to a question, too plain to be evaded.

"You are over-clever for me entirely, Miss Helen; before I can give you an answer rightly, I must study the Book a great deal more. But I know Father Connor doesn't like our reading it at all; he told us, Sunday last, after Mass, that no good ever came of any one having it, barrin' the clergy themselves, that know the real meaning of it."

"Oh, Corny!" replied Helen, "your priests find it only too plain and too easily comprehended, for them to allow you to judge their conduct by it."

"It is plain enough, in all conscience," returned Corny, "and easy to be understood by a child; but their rivrences couldn't like it, you see, for it would do away with their power and their purses entirely. Sure, who would pay the priest for taking away his sins, when he would find the Saviour ready and willing to do it for nothing but the asking?"

"Yes, truly, Corny; or who would get Masses said for the souls of his relatives, when he has found there is no such place as purgatory alluded to in the Scriptures."

Helen knew Father Connor derived no small advantage from Corny's anxiety about the state of his deceased relatives' souls. He had loved them fondly in youth, though he had deserted them in after-life; and his affection and repentance now strove to find satisfaction in rendering them a service, which he deemed invaluable, and too cheaply purchased at any amount of self-imposed suffering,

or any sum of money; and perhaps the self-denial exercised, had bound him more strongly to this delusion than any other; for to it he clung with the greatest tenacity. Helen brought no earthly help to her aid, in her daily conversations with him and her other scholars. Her whole theology was comprised within the compass of her Irish Bible; from its pages alone, did she seek and find the weapon proper to repulse each form of error; and its words, unassisted by the foreign auxiliaries of human learning, soon made such strong and visible inroads on the phalanx of opposing darkness, that the priest, alarmed at his declining influence, and at the spread of Scriptural knowledge through his parish, felt it time to shake off his lethargic habits, and bring some of the thunders of his church to bear upon the heads of the wavering flock.

The young owner of these broad lands, had endeared herself to the people by the bonds of constant intercourse and kindly sympathy, and attacks on her or her actions, even from him, he felt might only injure the cause at stake, unless by skilful management it could be arranged, that she should give some offence sufficient to draw on herself and her followers the punishment he hoped to inflict. Father Connor was not long in finding the desired pretext. The parish chapel was so small, that at least one-fourth of its frequenters were compelled to remain outside during the celebration of mass; and it was not expecting too much, that the owner of the soil should give land, on which an addition could be erected. Colonel Wilson was guardian of the property; he took no part in

the proselytizing plans of his wife and daughter, but, on the contrary, was known to be liberal, that is, friendly, to the religion, as well as the persons of Romanists. From him, therefore, no difficulty was to be apprehended; but on the side of Miss Wilson, Father Connor felt pretty certain that decided opposition would be manifested. An interview with the Colonel was sought and obtained, and the result was precisely as anticipated: he not only promised to forward the priest's wishes with regard to the piece of ground in question, but also assured him of his readiness to assist the design in any other way in his power.

"I must explain the matter to my daughter," said he, as his visitor was preparing to depart. "Since she has attained a proper age, I have laid everthing connected with her property before her; and from the interest she takes in the welfare of her tenants, I feel confident she will be most happy to give her aid and countenance to the plan you propose."

But just as he was uttering these words, the recollection of Helen's sentiments came forcibly to his mind, giving a direct contradiction to the assurances he had made; and feeling some qualification might be necessary, he added quickly, "I will shew her the propriety of so doing, and am sure she must yield, even if opposed to it at first."

Father Connor fully agreed in the Colonel's view of the case, and was not niggardly in the praises he bestowed on the absent heiress.

But if Colonel Wilson thought he could persuade his daughter to forego her fixed principles, in consideration of present interest, he was mistaken; for on the priest's quitting the house, having summoned her to his study and explained the object of the visit, she steadily refused her consent to the arrangement. A warm dispute ensued; and the calm determination she displayed in the opposition of his wishes, which had heretofore been considered in the light of commands, roused the Colonel's anger to so great a height, that he desired her to quit the room.

"Why be so harsh with me, my dearest father, for a first offence?" asked she, as she threw her arms round his neck. "Have I ever disobeyed you before, and do you think I could do so now, were I not influenced by a motive stronger than any earthly one? I cannot, even to please or obey my parent, disobey my God."

"Don't let me hear such canting nonsense, you shall not thus blindly injure your own interests, while I can prevent it. Much good truly, your efforts will be, when you have raised up the whole country against you. Old Connor shall have the ground, and a subscription to boot; and it is to be hoped, when you attain your majority you will have sense enough to confirm the grant," said he, pushing her from him.

"With the help of God, I never will," replied she, energetically; "I never will sacrifice principle to worldly interest; nor strengthen an arm that will be raised against me as soon as opportunity offers. The chapel has answered for years, and were it not that Father Connor is seeking

an excuse for rousing into action an antipathy to me and mine, that has slumbered too long for his purposes, the building would be likely to remain as it is. Conscious that his influence is declining, he feels a struggle is inevitable before he can regain it. I know he has been secretly endeavouring to poison the minds of the people against us, and not having succeeded as he could wish, has adopted this ruse in order to effect his object."

"All nonsense! of course, for all I know, he may be irritated at your interference with his flock, and very justly too; but I consider he acts as his duty directs, when he seeks to provide for the spiritual wants of those under his care. In my opinion, your intermeddling has been productive of no good, and may have merely unsettled the minds of some of these poor creatures, undermining the respect they formerly entertained for their lawful pastor, and leaving them without any wholesome, constraining influence. Those who do listen to you, however, I am certain, are only actuated by interested motives."

"Perhaps so," answered his daughter quietly; "still in the face of priestly authority, and despite priestly menace and warning, you will see the congregation of our Protestant church, to-morrow, increased by two new members, who are willing to brave the vengeance that may await them, with no prospect of temporal advantage resulting from such a step: yet are they ready to risk all for the sake of their souls."

"Is it possible? and who are they?" asked the Colonel, with a look of surprise and unbelief. "Who are the men?"

"Murphy the schoolmaster and a scholar of his. Not satisfied with the opportunities he possessed of hearing the Irish Bible read, he asked me for a copy some months back, which, having studied diligently, in company with some of his pupils, the consequence was, that he, and one of them, gave up attending mass and confession; and having arrived at the conclusion, that it is unsafe to remain longer within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church, or continue without the benefit of holy ordinances, they have decided on becoming members of the Established Church, and are to receive the sacrament at the hands of our clergyman to-morrow. So you see my Celtic Bible has not been a dead letter. Now, after gathering this fruit, could you ask me to falsify the assertions I have made through that Book, and promote and support a system it brands as a deception. I never will do it."

"No! you will persist in your foolish obstinacy, and, very probably, get me shot, or knocked on the head for it," returned her father.

"I will not permit the odium I incur, to rest on you; I will write to Father Connor myself, and explain all," said Helen, who, though aware that the crime of murder perpetrated in the most base and cowardly manner, had at different times disgraced several parts of the country, yet felt convinced that He who had deigned to employ her as an instrument in beginning the good work, would not permit the hand of violence to touch her, or those precious to her, unless for some unquestionably wise purpose. Her own county, besides, had not been defiled by such indelible stains,

which, how hidden soever they may be to man's eyes, are ever sending up a silent, but powerful cry for vengeance to the God of heaven.

"I hope you may not have reason to regret your refusal. Your resolution will not increase the number of your converts, you may rest assured."

"We must not do evil that good may come of it," was Helen's answer. "He who has opened the eyes of these men's understanding, can perform the same work on any others He may choose. 'The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save.'"

Her words fell unheeded on her father's ear. His firm belief that Romanists were never converted, remained unshaken; and the power of the Holy Scriptures was incomprehensible to him, who had listened to them himself for years, unmoved and uninfluenced by their precepts. But, though he believed it not, a mighty power was at work among the surrounding peasantry. The Celtic Bible, hearkened to from the very first with delight, had found a dwelling-place in many a heart, and was gradually expanding many a mind, that only needed its life-giving beams, to enable it to rise and throw off the cloak of ignorance and degradation, that prevented the latent energies of the national character from springing into existence. Passive hearers became scholars, and, finally, readers of the Book, which, adored in its Celtic garb, would have been hated, cast out, and probably burned in its English guise. Their progress was perhaps the more rapid, from the fact of the utter ignorance in which they had been left,

with regard even to the tenets of their own Church, and the foundations, real and surreptitious, on which these are based. A few lifeless ceremonies, and painful bodily penances, had formed their share of the service necessary to purchase salvation, and the offerings that found their way into the coffers of the priest, effected the rest. Sunk in the depths of the grossest ignorance, their religion afforded nothing of spirituality to purify the denseness of the moral atmosphere; foul waters flowed from a poisoned spring, but a branch from the tree of life, cast on the stream, could heal it, and cause it to reflect the purity of the river, whose margins are overshadowed by those ever fruitful boughs.



## CHAPTER IX.

THE village church of ——— was crowded to suffocation on the following Sabbath, by a congregation chiefly composed of the peasantry, numbers of whom had travelled from miles round to witness for themselves the confirmation of a report, that had filled most of them with mingled astonishment and horror. The usual occupants of the sacred edifice consisted only of the families of Colonel Wilson, the clergyman of the parish, and two or three Protestant farmers, so that its present crowded state afforded a strange contrast to its usual appearance. Every avenue to its entrance was lined by anxious gazers, whose dread of heresy had prevented them from joining their less bigotted brethren inside; and many persons had climbed up and seated themselves on the window-stools, to obtain a full view of all that was passing in the church.

Here a most affecting sight presented itself. After the conclusion of the morning prayers, and an appropriate address from the parish minister, the holy Sacrament was administered to the converts, one kneeling on each side of Helen, who received with them. Every eye was fixed on

that little group; and who could tell the sentiments that were starting into life, or rising into strength in the bosoms of many in that building with regard to them? Colonel Wilson, with folded arms, leaned over his pew, and perhaps despised the bigotry of her who led, and mistrusted the sincerity of those who followed her. Others were in the crowd that day, with half-illuminated minds, undulating between the fear of God and man, wishing for courage to break the bonds that held them captive, yet dreading the moment when those fetters must be shivered. Some too were there on whose souls the first faint streak of the morning dawn was beginning to appear, and who might be emboldened to share the Cross now taken up by the fearless men before them. And there were others still whose breasts were filled with hatred, bitter hatred; malice written on their brow, curses hanging on their lips, and deadly plans of future persecution forming in their hearts as they looked on the kneeling group. But One dwells above who can make even "the wrath of man to praise Him," and can lull the stormy passions that rend the human breast, by a whisper of the still small voice, saying, "Peace, be still," and there shall be "a great calm."

Perhaps no one present experienced more conflicting emotions than Corny O'Brien, as he stood close to the communion table, and listened to the impressive words of that service. Every one had expected that he would be the first to make an open confession of his faith, and this probably would have been the case had his friends urged

him to do so, but they were not looking for human triumph, and wished him to examine closely the Scriptures, and seek guidance by prayer and meditation, before he decided on taking this step. Although he had for a considerable period ceased attending the confessional, he still occasionally went to Mass; his soul was struggling to get free, but like a fettered bird, fell wounded to the earth after each attempt. The scene before him was well calculated to impart strength sufficient for the last great effort; and the prayers of our noble liturgy, now repeated for the first time in that church, in the Celtic tongue, were listened to with rapture, and followed with devotion. Tears now and then shone on his withered cheek, and his audible "Amens" attracted the notice of those near him, and seemed a prophecy of what might be expected soon to follow.

On the conclusion of the service, Corny joined Murphy and his fellow-convert, and in company with them quitted the building, the crowd separating in order to leave a clear passage for men under the ban of the Church, who had that morning been denounced from the altar, and cursed in person and property as heretics. But the scowls and hisses that saluted them on every side, only strengthened the determination of men who had duly 'counted the cost,' and found that the prize to be won far outweighed the trials to be borne. No present violence was attempted, but these manifestations might well be considered as the murmurs of the distant tempest which before long would surely roll on, and break over head.

The first sufferer from their animosity was Murphy,

from whose humble school, a few weeks before so crowded, every pupil was now withdrawn; the master and his head scholar, (whom he had promoted to the rank of assistant, and who with him had thrown off the shackles of Popery,) being left to seek their subsistence in some other manner. The unfortunate men would have perished of want had not Helen taken them into her service as Scripture-readers among the peasantry, into many of whose cabins they found welcome entrance after nightfall. Every worldly inducement was offered them if they would recant, but from these they turned away unhesitatingly; and what bribery failed to move, cruel persecution could as little effect.

Though Helen's school-room in Norah Reilly's cottage was scarcely as full as before, yet the eager, outstretched hands of the successful candidates, and downcast looks of those whose claims remained unanswered, were sufficient proof that the Irish Bibles and Testaments, which Helen distributed weekly as prizes among the best scholars, were becoming beloved and valued by hundreds of beings to whom "the story of peace" was indeed a new and lovely story; hidden from them and their forefathers for centuries past, though its glorious truths had been spread far and wide during those ages, when the light kindled in this remote spot, spread its rays over other lands, and the "Isle of Saints" was a missionary country, sending out those holy men who were the chief agents in the work of Christianity in Britain; but whose labours were in after times defiled by debasing superstitions, introduced by the

see of Rome. The natives of Ireland made a long and steadfast stand against these encroachments, backed as they were by Saxon power; but having once fallen into the snare, error soon overspread the land, and has held nearly undivided sway over the hearts and minds of its inhabitants until this very hour.

St. Patrick, the titular saint of the island, is generally allowed to have been, if not its first, at least its chief instructor in the principles of the Gospel, and has always been held in veneration by the natives, who erroneously regard him as the apostle of their present faith, ignorant of the fact that he was the preacher of a pure, spiritual religion, such as the Reformed Church now holds.

Helen's acquaintance with the main features of his life and writings, was of infinite value to her in conversing with the people, who were desirous of following the example of their favourite saint in his love of the Scriptures, for which he was remarkable. While studying the annals of other countries she had not overlooked the records of her own. In the pages of its history she found crimes to lament and wrongs to deplore; stirring scenes that kindled in her heart the warm blood of a race whose sons had fought on Ireland's battle-fields, and spots of romance, scattered here and there, like gems in a dark mine, not the less cherished for the shadow some men's doubts have cast upon them, nor rendered less interesting by the knowledge that the scenes of these occurrences lay spread around her.

“ Oh! bright are the names of the chieftains and sages  
That shine like the stars through the darkness of ages,

Whose deeds are inscribed on the pages of story,  
There for ever to live in the sunshine of glory—  
.....

Oh! but they all a new lustre could borrow  
From the glory that hangs round the name of MacCaura!"

Ireland has been by many persons denied a history altogether; by others willing to allow her the possession of some authentic records they have been slighted, and too many of her own sons and daughters, though filled with the love of other lands, turn with contempt from the chapters of information and pleasure those could afford them; walking their native soil as a terra incognita, and passing by those plains of their own country, consecrated by the legends of Irish valour, they quit them in search of Marathon or Thermopylae, content that Erin's glory be buried in the tomb of time. How sweet to the peasant's ear was a tale of bygone days, repeated beside his lowly hearth in the tongue spoken by the very heroes of it, related too by one descended from the chieftains who shared a part in many a glorious contest, and whose ruined stronghold was crumbling from the mountain top above him.

"MacCaura, the pride of thy house is gone by,  
But its name cannot fade, and its fame cannot die,  
Though the Arigideen\* with its silver waves, shine  
Around no green forests or castles of thine—  
Though the shrines that you founded, no incense doth haHow,  
Nor hymns float in peace down the echoing Allo†—  
One treasure thou keepest—one hope for the morrow,  
True hearts yet beat of the clan of MacCaura!"

\* The silver stream.

† The echoing river.

Let not Ireland's history, whether true or false, be despised as long as it has so strong a hold on Celtic hearts, but let us hope to see it in the hands of every fair Emerald, and of every fair British lady too; the one, that by holding still more dear her native land, she may know how to gain the hearts of her humble countrymen, with whom hitherto she has had too few subjects for friendly communion; the other, that she may learn no longer to disdain a country of whose present state she knows but little, and of whose past history she can know nothing.

"Musha then!" James Reilly would say to Helen, "but when I hear of 'Con Cead Catha,' and 'Brian,' and all them fine old Irish heroes, it sends the blood boiling through every bit of me. Ah! them were the grand times when your ancestors lived up there, like kings and great chieftains, as they were; and it's sore and sorry they'd have been to see the family obliged to buy back the land that was all their own, Miss, as far, aye, and farther than your eye could see; but 'twas the unlucky day the Mac Cartha\* ever came to join hands with the stranger,

'Oh! a long night of horror, and outrage, and sorrow,  
Have we wept for thy treason, base Diarmid Mac Caura!'

for didn't they lose their own by it? Sure as the story goes, Cormac Mac Caura rose up against his own father, and put him in prison, and the old chief of Desmond got the English to come and help him; and glad enough they were to do that same, for they burned and destroyed the

\* Mac Cartha is pronounced in Irish, Mac Caura.

entire country; and old Mac Arthy was obliged to give the Saxons the whole of Kerry, as a reward for helping him to put his son to death, the unnatural old creature! But it wasn't the last the English had to do with the Mac Arthys, for these chiefs of Desmond were their bitter enemies, and many's the good beating they gave them back in payment. And that's the way, you see, that the family lost this part of their country; and 'twas your great grandfather, or maybe his great grandfather, that bought this much back again; and a small bit it is, for you that has a good right to the whole of it."

"Well, James Reilly," answered Helen, "every thing is better as it is; and the English were sent here for a good purpose, you may depend on it."

"Then, asking your pardon, Miss, I don't believe any such thing. If you had your own, I wouldn't be under Mr. Cramer, as I am, ground this way by an agent, and threatened to see my poor old mother, and my wife and the children, God bless them! turned out to starve on the road-side; (let alone Pat and myself, that's not worth mentioning;) and all because of a man that might as well be in India, for anything we know of him. And it's a crying shame for one like you to say it, that has the blood of a prince in you. What am I to do Miss? for I don't know; and the very heart in me is ready to break!"

The ground held by the Reillys, though it joined Helen's property, was not comprised within; but it belonged to a gentleman of the name of Cramer, the grandson of a Bristol merchant, who had acquired a large sum



of money in business, which he expended in the purchase of an estate inherited by Mrs. Wilson's uncle, whose extravagant habits had obliged him to part with it. The peasantry, who can never bear to see the land alienated from its ancient proprietors, even when the loss is occasioned by conduct, in itself sufficiently culpable to incur, under other circumstances, general reprobation, regarded the new landlord as an intruder, and viewed every act and word with undeserved mistrust. Towards his son, however, who was reared among them, their sentiments gradually assumed a milder form; and another generation might have become permanently established in their good opinion and regard, had not Mr. Cramer, influenced by the idea that a liberal education could not be properly obtained in his adopted country, sent his family to England for instruction. Their residence there, he intended should terminate as soon as his object was accomplished; but death put an end to his projects, and left his son, who was past minority, to act as he pleased. Friends had been made, and attachments to persons and places, formed during this period, which rendered it but too unlikely that he or his sisters would return to a home hardly recollected, and associated with the sad remembrance of a fond parent's death. The property was placed in the care of an agent, chosen, not for his integrity, or business habits; but on account of his being a Roman Catholic, which it was considered would render him popular, and enable him to obtain the rents with greater ease and despatch than a Protestant could do.

The Reillys had always been an industrious family; and as they were punctual in their payments, they were not in the power of this man, who was the mere creature of the priest, and had long looked on very unwillingly at the meetings held by Helen in their cottage. But James Reilly would not desist from acting as his conscience and inclination led him. The partial enlightenment he had obtained from hearing the Scriptures read, made him less easy to be trampled on than most of his fellows; he paid his rent to his landlord, and dues to his priest; and as he walked through his little corn and potato fields, felt as free and independent as any man of his rank and persuasion could be.

But fair prospects often become clouded. The year 1822 was marked by a failure of the potato crop; a visitation which, though it falls with the greatest and most fearful weight on the natives of Ireland, can yet draw within the influence of its vortex, the great and wealthy of other less afflicted countries. The blight was but partial, yet it produced great distress; particularly in Reilly's case, who had unfortunately devoted the whole of his ground that year to the culture of the potato; and having lost the entire crop, had no means of paying his rent, which was already due. The agent, he knew, was inimical to him; the priest was his deadly enemy; he had been denounced several times from the altar, and threatened with loss of property, if he did not at once close his doors and heart against the obnoxious book and its teachers. From his neighbours he could expect no aid; as those who

would have been willing to assist him, were but too ill able to do so, having suffered, like himself, from the effects of priestly denunciation, as well as from the loss of their staple food. The natural guardian of his rights was a stranger living in another country; and from Helen and her parents, he felt unwilling to solicit succour, until compelled to do so by sheer necessity.

No one passing the cottage, adorned as it was by twining wreaths of clematis and ivy, through which here and there the gay blossoms of the China roses displayed their bright clusters, could have guessed the poverty that dwelt within those neatly white-washed walls; or the straits to which its inmates subjected themselves in silent sorrow, rather than spread the catalogue of their miseries before the public eye, and gratify their enemies, who, though of their own flesh and blood, and members of the faith they still professed, would have gloated in triumph over the sight, and attributed their misfortunes to Divine vengeance, incurred by the hearing of God's own precious word, and brought down by the all-powerful maledictions and anathemas of the priest.

There are miseries which no one can endure in silence, so long as there remains one chance of relief. Reilly could allay the pangs of his own hunger, by a meal of porridge made of nettle-tops and half-decomposed potatoes, from the very odour of which, his wife and aged mother, accustomed to wholesome fare, and weakened by illness and want of food, turned away in disgust. He could look round uncomplainingly on his once comfortable home, now

bereft of every article of the humble furniture, so often the envy of his neighbours, which had been carried piecemeal on his shoulders, under cover of night to a distant town, and sold there for a few shillings, or pence, that were soon exchanged for a small bag of meal. He could gaze, without an outward murmur, at his desolate fields, now strewn over with withered stalks; but he could not support the sight of his parent sinking into the grave for want of sustenance, and his lovely wife, but a few years ago the pride of the village, and the sunbeam that shed joy on his lowly home, fading before his eyes, unable to bear up under the accumulated misfortunes of her family, and struggling to conceal the ravages famine and disease were working within.

Helen was confined to the house for a few weeks, by temporary illness; and when next she visited the cottage, the changed appearance of its inhabitants and their abode, struck her most forcibly, and told its own sad tale.

"Nothing but starvation stares us in the face, and something must be done. I could bear anything myself, but the sight of the women and little ones suffering as they do, kills me outright. We must leave this soon, for I won't wait to be turned out of a place the whole of us have been reared in; and where to go, under the sun, I don't know. I suppose they'll come to seize the things for the rent, but there's little to carry away out of it now;" and Reilly glanced despondingly round the empty room.

Helen's purse was well nigh exhausted in relieving the

wants of her own tenantry; yet she could not view the destruction of an industrious family, without making an effort for their rescue; particularly when she felt that their ruin was rendered more hopeless and inevitable, from the fact of the Scriptures having found a shelter under their roof. She gave Reilly a small sum of money, which he at once tendered the agent, requesting a few months time to raise more. This was flatly refused; and he was ordered either to pay the full amount due, or give up the farm immediately. Father Connor happened to be present during the interview between Reilly and the agent; and had he hearkened to the dictates of his own breast, he would have used his influence, which he knew to be unbounded, in favour of the former; but he thought it necessary an example should be made, that might strike terror into the minds of his wavering and partly lost flock; and the unfortunate man was given pretty plainly to understand, that for this cause he must be sacrificed, unless by a speedy return to his duty, he might be able to propitiate the priest. As we have said, Reilly's was not a mind to be trampled upon: he turned away with an indignant heart, and the last link of the chain that bound him to Rome, was rent asunder during the struggle.

Helen had waited at his house to learn the result of his mission; but the expression of despair and determination, almost amounting to ferocity, that was stamped on his countenance as he entered, rendered all questions unnecessary.

“ I'll never leave it while there's one drop of blood in

my body; and woe be to the man that touches anything here, or lays a hand on me or mine!"

"Hush! Reilly, you must not speak thus. Remember, these are not the sentiments you have found in the book that has brought you to this great trouble. 'Love your enemies, and do good to them that hate you, and persecute you,' are the words of Him, who had not where to lay his head; and whose disciple I trust you may be, though never called on to suffer such privations as He endured for our sakes. You must not utter such words again," said Helen, as she gently laid her hand on Reilly's arm.

"And it's likely enough, Miss, I'll soon not know where to lay my head, except in the grave, that's open and willing to take us all. He thinks I'll give up the reading and Bible and all, to him yet: but I never will."

"Of whom do you speak?" asked the young lady, who had not heard the particulars of his visit; and who was the only one present capable of making any rational enquiries. The old woman had covered her head with her apron, and her son was leaning forward with his face buried between his hands: for their hopes had been sanguine, and the blow that cut them off, had fallen unexpectedly and bitterly. "Surely the agent did not make that an article of agreement?"

"No, but Father Connor did," replied Reilly, shaking his clenched hand in the direction of the chapel. "And across that threshold I'll never set foot again as long as I live, to hear myself and other respectable, decent boys

cursed at God's altar, for fulfilling his command and acting according to our consciences, by a man that would send us starving on the high road, and could stand looking on, and wanting to make a bargain for the saving of human beings' lives. We will soon not have a place to lay our heads under, sure enough, and all his fault."

"'Tis not so bad as you imagine," said Helen, "you have your boat still, and with the produce of your fishing, and a house rent free for this year, which I promise, you can manage better than appears at first sight."

"May seven thousand blessings rest on you! Miss, for saying the word of comfort to poor afflicted creatures like us; but the nets and tackling are all gone long ago, so the old craft is of no use now," answered Mrs. Reilly, wiping her eyes."

This objection, however, was overruled by a present of a new supply the next morning, and the united entreaties of his relatives, joined to the expostulations of Mrs. Wilson and Helen, at length induced Reilly to give up the farm in a peaceable manner; and he took possession of the cottage in the demesne, agreeing to occupy it till better times should enable him to procure a few fields similar to those he had lost.

But misfortune still pursued him. His fishing business turned out badly; and his boat having run on rocks through accident, was stove in, and it went down with everything it contained. His neighbours continued to regard his losses as the result of Father Connor's curse, which, though powerless in itself, certainly had the injurious effect of

damping his ardour, and haunting him night and day, thereby undermining his strength, and rendering him incapable of any vigorous exertion. The winter that followed was one of bitter suffering to numbers of the peasants, who were only rescued from the jaws of death through the assistance afforded by the "British and Irish Ladies' Society," which distributed relief to a great extent in various parts of Ireland. Helen's kindness to the Reillys was viewed with jealousy, if not with a stronger feeling, by the larger portion of her own immediate tenantry; and her purse strings were often kept closed through fear of feeding this passion, and exciting more violent persecution against them. But her precaution was fruitless, for they had been marked for special vengeance. Several circumstances combined to render Father Connor more prompt and decisive in his measures than he had yet been; an agent of the Irish Society had lately appeared in the vicinity, and was actively engaged in the distribution of portions of the Irish Scriptures; and although he was actuated solely by his love of the language, yet his arrival was hailed with anything but pleasure by the priest.

Timothy Doherty formed a valuable reinforcement to Conry, who, having become an expert teacher, devoted himself entirely to the instruction of the people. Though his scholars were in general of the humblest rank, yet he could number the clergyman of the parish and his lady among them. This gentleman was remarkable for his benevolence and anxiety to benefit his parishioners in every way; but being totally unacquainted with the lan-



guage spoken by nine-tenths of them, his labours, in a spiritual point of view, had been exclusively confined to the few Protestants in the neighbourhood. Like too many of his profession, he considered his duty ended with these; and although in every respect a conscientious man, he had forgotten the obligation of his ordination oath, in which he promised to "be ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word." He had made an attempt to establish a school for the use of the children of both persuasions, and the project had been received with pleasure by the people, who, (as in Bedell's time,) were filled with joy at the prospect of instruction thus opened to them. This was of course conveyed in English, but as two or three years must elapse before the children could acquire sufficient knowledge of that language to profit by what they read, both they and their parents soon wearied of a system that produced such slow results, and ended in an acquirement so little esteemed. The school from being crowded at its commencement, fell away to a few children who attended for the sake of the piece of bread given them by the rector's lady, and who had not gained five ideas in as many months. Had they, instead of being employed learning a new language, been taught in their own, a band of intelligent little ones would have been sent forth, able to read the Scriptures, and ready and anxious to increase their knowledge by the acquisition of English.

Mr. Roberts, the rector, having satisfied his mind that

further effort would be useless, the school-room was closed, and with it ended his exertions in behalf of his Roman Catholic parishioners. The idea never once occurred to him, that had the same instruction been imparted in the vernacular tongue, the issue might have been different; and it was not until he witnessed the astonishing success that rewarded Helen's labours, that his eyes were opened to the importance of the subject, and his candid mind perceived that he had erred in his manner of proceeding, and had been still more culpable in his subsequent neglect. Though rather advanced in life, he set about repairing his mistake. O'Brien was installed as his tutor; and the people flattered and delighted at seeing the clergyman and his wife, for whose characters they had a high respect, studying and speaking their cherished but despised language, were never weary of assisting them; and for this purpose were constantly to be seen wending their way to the glebe, from which they seldom returned without having added to their own stock of Scripture knowledge, as these opportunities were duly improved by its inmates.

During O'Brien's attendance at the parsonage, he had gained some idea of English spelling and reading; and perceiving that this was of considerable assistance to him in the advancement of his Saxon pupils, he began to study both with diligence. Helen rejoiced to see his old prejudices thus giving way: and rightly judged that his humble associates would, in time, follow his example. This was the case: seeing that except the Bible and Prayer-book, no works were to be had in their own language, and find-

ing in those, frequent allusions to subjects quite incomprehensible to them, a spirit of enquiry was aroused; their lively imaginations were excited, and they could not rest content in their present ignorance; glimpses of earthly learning they had obtained, but these were insufficient to satisfy dispositions naturally inquisitive, and of two evils they chose what they now considered the least. In a population of several hundreds, where formerly, though one-half or two-thirds were able to converse in English on business matters, there had been but five persons capable of reading a book in that language, there could now be found a large class of English readers, mostly adults, besides the young persons attending the schools, in all which an English class had been formed with success.

Every day added to Father Connor's difficulties. Unable to extricate himself from them, or restore his parish to any degree of order and unanimity, he began to canvass the propriety of appealing to his Bishop, and seeking the aid of a stronger arm in opposing a danger for which he was not endowed with mental ability or strength to cope; but before resorting to this expedient, which presented many mortifications and annoyances, he resolved to visit O'Brien and the other *turncoats*, as they were termed; and after again trying the arts of persuasion and bribery, should his former ill success attend him, to make one last demonstration of his power, in which neither Helen nor her father should be spared. The large donation of the latter towards the chapel-fund had been soon forgotten, and had procured him a share of contempt rather than gratitude.

The priest had long since ceased to call at the castle, and Helen and her mother were considerably surprised when his name was announced by Corny. The visit was a short one; and his manner was so much excited, and his language so violent, that they were greatly alarmed for the safety of Corny and the Reillys, against whom his threats were most pointed.

"They will murder you Corny," cried Helen, wringing her hands, "I know they will; oh! what can we do to save you!"

"Nothing Miss, darlint; nothing but pray for me." I had him below for a full hour before he came up to you, and he was as mild as milk, and as sweet as sugar and honey at first, till he found it impossible to move me any way, for I had a text for everything, and he couldn't stand that at all. Sure he promised he'd give me full absolution for all my sins, for nothing at all; and oh! ma'am dear, if you could have seen him, how he writhed when he said this, for it went to his heart to give up the money; and he told me he'd forgive me, even for reading them heretic books, that he said were printed by the Devil; but he's wrong there, for we know the Devil can't speak the Celtic, or have any thing to do with it, because of the blessing St. Patrick put upon it."

This tradition is generally held by the Irish, and Corny believed as firmly in it, as any of his countrymen; from whose minds, it removes all suspicion that heresy can exist in reading or hearing the Irish Bible.

"Faix, it was a shame for the like of his reverence,

(that after all, is a real, genuine Irishman) to say that same; but you see, he's roused altogether, and it's the proper discoursing he'll give us on Sunday at mass; which please God, I'll go to, just to hear what he's about: for with my Bible in my pocket, and a cudgel in my fist, I don't fear any of them."

Accordingly, Corny attended mass the following Sabbath-morning, much in opposition to the wishes and advice of his friends, who foresaw the danger to which he might be exposed.

Helen and her mother had been so much frightened by Father Connor's menaces, that Colonel Wilson insisted on their remaining at home; and proceeded in his gig to church, accompanied only by his Protestant valet.

The morning prayers passed off as quietly as usual, notwithstanding the rumours afloat, that an attack would be made, either during Divine service or afterwards, on the converts, who were pretty numerously dispersed among the congregation; and the solemn influence of prayer and praise had given confidence and calm to the timid, and relieved the anxiety of those whose stout hearts feared nought for themselves, but trembled for the exposed and defenceless people against whom the chief fury would be directed. But just as Mr. Roberts ascended the pulpit, a savage yell was suddenly raised outside by a mob of persons who were passing rapidly, as if in pursuit of some object of vengeance. The voice of the minister was drowned by the clamour; and the only sounds distinguishable were cries of "down with the turncoats," "death to the here-

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tics;" the church-door was thrown violently back, and a woman ran in, throwing up her hands, and exclaiming wildly: "If you don't save him, he'll be torn to pieces! he's gone that way by the stile; lose no time! and escape from this if you love your lives!"

Colonel Wilson caught her arm as she was turning away, and in an eager voice demanded, "Who is it?"

"Your servant O'Brien; the gig is there, follow him."

Before a second elapsed Colonel Wilson was in his vehicle. He took the road pointed out, and soon gained rapidly on the crowd, whose numbers and expenditure of breath in shouting, retarded their progress. The words of Mr. Roberts' text dwelt on his ear, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" and heedless of the danger, he dashed on among the people, who taken by surprise, opened a passage and let him proceed without the slightest molestation. They were quickly left behind; and he soon perceived Corny toiling up a hill some short distance before him. The poor fellow was almost spent, and each moment his pace was becoming more slackened; so that exhausted as he was, and alone in an open country, he must have fallen into the hands of his enraged pursuers. When he heard the sound of wheels, he looked round; "Glory be to God," ejaculated he, as taking his master's hand, he was drawn in beside him.

"We must make no delay, for I hear them still behind us," observed the Colonel, urging on his steed.

But fatigued as the people were, with their long and active chase, they had no chance of overtaking the fugi-

tives, whose fleet horse soon carried them home in safety. The mob having returned to the village, their ardour cooled, and their numbers diminished, the projected attack on the church, was deferred till a more convenient opportunity, and some stones only were thrown in at the windows: these however, were sufficient to hasten the departure of the few who remained within its walls. Father Connor, fearing the affair might become too serious, and lead to something worse, thought fit at this stage of the proceedings to interfere, and dispersed the people, by the application of a little friendly admonition.

As may be supposed, Corny was overwhelmed with questions on his return.

"Then wait a minute, till I see my book's safe, your honour, and then I'll tell you every mortal word of the whole matter."

He searched his pockets, but in vain: the loved companion of his labours had been lost in the affray. His sorrow rendered him speechless for some minutes; nor could Colonel Wilson's oft-repeated promise that he should have another, both newer and handsomer, afford him any consolation.

"It won't be the same at all; no, no; that's the book that spoke peace to my heart, and I'd rather have parted with one of my eyes, than it; for then I could still see it with the other. Well, there's no use lamenting it now, for whoever has got it will take it to his rividence, and it's he will warm his old hands over it. But I see you are dying to hear how I got into the scuffle. Well, the

mass went over mighty quiet and well, though I saw them all scowling on me; and after it was said, Father Connor took to discoursing them about the loss of the potatoes, and telling them what was best to be done about them; and he winds up by saying, that it was the English heretics who had come over to live among them, that brought the blight on them, for a curse attended them wherever they went; and that as long as they gave house-room to one of those heretic books, or read them, or listened to them, or let their children go to the schools, the curse of God, instead of being removed, would become heavier every day; and then he went on to pronounce a curse that would make your very hair stand on an end, it was so frightful; and he commanded all among them, that valued their souls, not to sell or buy with the turncoats, mentioning them each by name, not forgetting myself; nor to eat, drink, or speak with them, or any one inclined to them. But that wasn't all, but he must set to curse the master and my lady, and after that, yourself, my own Irish Dove; and I couldn't stand it any longer, but up and told him it was a shame to hear a minister of God speaking after that fashion, and denouncing God's creatures, and them whose money was helping to build his new chapel; for you see I was provoked entirely, when I heard him ringing the bell, and blowing out the candle, and the women, the creatures, all going off into faints, and screaming with the bare fright; and he, the hardened, grey-headed old sinner, terrifying them out of their very senses. And I said he might curse me till the day of judgment,



for I had a charm that threw them all off, as St. Paul did the viper (and I held up my Bible to him); but I wouldn't stand by, and hear them that fed and clothed me, that taught me the way of salvation, and did everything for me, in this world and in the next, treated after such a manner; and I told them, they might punish me, and welcome, for anything I had done; but they shouldn't harm you, while I had a spark of life in me. And I thought I put my book in my pocket again; but I suppose I lost it then, for there was such noise and confusion, and screaming and yelling, and such shouting and cursing, as you never heard the like of; and Father Connor's voice above them all, roaring out, 'Have at him, boys, don't spare him,' and with that, there was a rush at me, and if I didn't leave the marks of my stick on some of their skulls, just for a parting salute and remembrance, you see, it's a wonder; and it's murdered outright I'd have been, only for a woman (God reward her for it!) who opened a side-door, that was shut behind me, and whispered me to be off; and you may be sure I took her advice, and didn't stop to look about me, when I heard them after me. And that's the way, you see, I got the start of them, which saved me; and his honour himself, knows the rest."

By the advice of his master, O'Brien appeared before the county magistrates, at their next sitting, and brought the conduct of Father Connor and his flock, under their notice. But though fully aware that the charges were well-founded, they dismissed the case, on the grounds

that the witnesses he brought forward, were not worthy of credit. The truth was, they feared the displeasure of the priest, and sacrificed justice, rather than incur it.

As Corny surmised, the blows he had dispensed so freely, told severely on many who were in the crowd; and as his flight from the chapel, had not been generally observed, till some moments after it had been effected, the skirmish inside still continued; and in their blind fury, the wounds intended for him were inflicted on friendly heads. Finding the magistrates so well disposed to favour their side, various charges of assault were instituted against Corny, and some persons who had appeared inclined to shield him; and as witnesses were not wanted, who were ready to swear whatever was necessary for their condemnation, several of them were sentenced to pay fines, which small in themselves, were sufficient to straiten considerably, and in some cases, even to ruin those subjected to them.

O'Brien, supported as he was by Colonel Wilson's influence, was able to clear himself; but James Reilly who happened to be passing at the time of the row, and who, having been made the object of a murderous attack, was forced to defend his life at the expense of some injuries inflicted on his assailants, not being able to prove the truth of his version of the story, to the satisfaction of the judges, who had already mentally decided on his conviction, was sentenced to several months imprisonment.

The effects of the late altar denunciation, were soon fearfully experienced by the converts and their families, who were shut out from participation in all the ordinary

traffic and concerns of humble life. Father Connor had unconsciously pointed to one of the marks by which his church is identified in Scripture, "That no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark or the name of the beast." Every shop was closed against these devoted people; the produce of their ground and poultry sheds, was passed unnoticed at market; and had not their secret friends been numerous, and themselves distinguished by daily improving habits of industry and temperance, they must have undergone still fiercer trials. They were also called on to endure the mistrust of their Protestant brethren, who kept aloof, deterred from giving them countenance and support, by suspicions for whose existence they had no warrant. This was a serious injury, as it tended to strengthen the power, and increase the triumphs of those who were indeed, the bitter enemies of both. The contrast between the dwellings of these Protestants and their Romanist neighbours, was too striking to remain unnoticed. Even where the very necessities of life were sought from day to day, cleanliness and order were not forgotten, but put to shame adjacent habitations, in which some degree of plenty and prosperity were still enjoyed. The difference was easily accounted for, by the assertion, that the converts were bribed by the wealthy Protestants; and though their half famished appearance gave an open contradiction to the statement, and the Protestant gentry were in general, but too careless either of their sufferings or interests; yet it was readily believed.

Notwithstanding all Father Connor's exertions, success


still continued to crown the united labours of O'Brien and Doherty. The former confined his efforts to his mistress' property; and each succeeding Sabbath witnessed a diminution in the attendance at the chapel. Father Connor at length received assistance from his bishop, unasked; a rumour of the proceedings in his parish, having reached the ears of his superior. The desired aid arrived in the shape of an assistant curate, whose fiery zeal well adapted him for his destined occupation. Although an Irishman, he had been reared abroad from infancy, and educated in an Italian college of Jesuits, of whose Society he was a member.

The parish priest quickly found that Father Keegan was empowered to act quite independently of him; and that the courtesy of his demeanour, but thinly covered the contempt he felt for one whom he considered as a cipher, and whose whole authority he was deputed to usurp. Besides a smart reprimand from the Bishop, and severe corporeal penances, the old priest was forced to submit in silence to many grievous mortifications from his coadjutor, the vehemence of whose language, joined to the power of a natural eloquence, soon brought crowds as eager listeners to his sermons. No cure was left untried; denunciations whose violence threw into the shade those formerly launched forth, were delivered after every mass; indulgences for every sin, retrospective, and prospective, were openly offered to those who should recant their errors; penances of the severest kind, were imposed on all who were deemed at all infected with the plague-spot of heresy; and it was

declared that salvation could only be purchased by vengeance taken on Scripture readers, and Irish teachers.

These remedies were not without effect on the minds of a people who act from impulse, and whose excitable temperament is easily worked upon. Several who had advanced half way towards the truth, turned back, either terrified by the punishments, or allured by the promises, so craftily baited to suit every taste. Some even of the professed converts, became for the time backsliders, and graced the triumphs of the new curate. Bribery, which had been falsely ascribed to the Protestant party, and so strongly censured in them, was in reality, practised by him with some success. Still Helen and her poor teachers continued to tread their steady path of duty; and the Irish Society's agents pursued their quiet labours, mining underneath a mountain of errors, that, though now towering erect in strength, will one day fall away; for we know, that "Every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it."

Many months had elapsed since the conflict in the chapel, when one evening Helen was informed that a poor person wished to see her. It was nearly dusk; the adjacent parts of the country, once so peaceful, had of late become much disturbed; shots had been fired off within a short distance of the house; injuries had been committed on the cattle and plantations, and a threatening notice posted on the farm-yard gate that very morning; all conspired to un-



nerve her; when a cloaked figure beckoned her to follow down a dark walk into a grove of trees. Perceiving the hesitation of her manner, the woman whispered, "Don't fear me, alanna! I wouldn't harm a hair of your young head; its my own would soon be brought low, if it was known what I am here for. So, come on Miss, they're watching us here."

Helen checked the sensation of fear that had been stealing over her; and ashamed of having either felt or shewed it, proceeded with her companion some hundred yards in silence, till they reached the bottom of the glen.

"Now here's what I am come about, and the sooner it's told the better;" and she drew a book, which Helen recognized at a glance to be Corny's, from under the cloak that was carefully wrapped round her, so as to prevent identification.

She proceeded to inform Helen in hurried accents that her mother had picked it up in the chapel, and being 'a bit of a scholar' was reluctant to deliver it up to the priest, without first just taking a look to see what sort of things were in it; and having continued reading it day by day, her attachment to it became so great, that she could not bear to part with it at all.

"But now she is on her death-bed, and she can't rest till she sees it given to him that's the rightful owner of it. So here it is for him; but myself daren't speak to him or give it to him: and I wouldn't come to you at all, only to please the old woman that's dying, for I couldn't let her say in the other world, that I was the undutiful child to her."

Then dreading the contact of Helen's heretic fingers, she laid the Bible on the stump of a tree and turned away.

"Stop," said the young lady, "tell me where your mother lives, that I may go see her to-morrow. I cannot even recognize you by your voice."

"So much the better; and for where I live, many's the weary mile lies between me and home. Let me go; for I must be back before the breath is out of her, to tell her I left the book with you. And sure they needn't put the curse on you any more; for it's not long you'll trouble them, or any one else. May the blessings of the poor that you're helping every hour of your life, save your soul by bringing you into the right way; and I have done greater sins than giving you a blessing, though you have the curse upon you. You're trembling like a withered leaf; go in at once, for I wouldn't have your death to lay at my door."

The night air had completely chilled Helen's frame, and the words of the woman, uttered as they were with a feeling and sincerity that could not be doubted, struck on her heart like a funeral knell. She remained motionless, while her companion glided away, and was lost among the dark foliage of the glen.

Corny's delight at the restoration of his beloved book was greatly damped each time the quick, short cough of his young mistress met his ear. But the attention of her parents, which this would have aroused, was for a time at least, diverted by other events.

## CHAPTER X.

Who is the fair lady reclining on yonder downy sofa, in the gorgeous saloon spread before us; where dazzling mirrors, marbles that seem only waiting one touch to summon them to life, paintings on which a connoisseur might gaze unwearied for hours; and all the soft and glowing products of the loom, are mingled in tasteful profusion? Say, who is she that reigns over all this splendour? and tell us, is she happy?


But that question must be useless. Must not one whose wishes are gratified as soon as formed—who possesses health, beauty, wealth and talents—must she not be happy? Her face is familiar to us, but how changed since last it met our view! The brow is as smooth as ever, but pride now sits enthroned on it; and those eyes still shine in their dark sockets, but it is defiance that now flashes from them. Yes! for she has defied both God and man! She has bartered the safety of her soul, the love of her parent, the respect of her friends, and the peace of her own mind, for—she knows not what! a few short days of hollow, glittering happiness at most, embittered



while they last, by the stings of conscience, and to be followed, should life be granted, by years of repentance and remorse!

Kate Beecher had become the wife of Mr. Howard, the eldest brother of her chosen school-companion, whose acquaintance she had renewed at Lady Eleanor's house, in London, where her father had finally settled. Mr. Beecher's political opinions, held in his breast, the place of religion. He was a Tory in the strictest sense of the term; and although Roman Catholic families were among those invited to his house, yet his opinions were so well known, and strongly expressed, that his approbation was unsought by his daughter. Consequently, all communication, at once ceased between them, as he knew Mr. Howard was the owner of immense wealth, and that Kate could not be subject to the privations a similar line of conduct often entails. Satisfied with this knowledge, her name was banished from his lips, and never uttered in his hearing.

Although Helen and her parents were well aware of the effect wrought on Kate, by the style of society into which she had been plunged, they were not prepared for the news which Mr. Beecher's letter contained. He explained in as few words as possible, the unfortunate change that had taken place in his domestic circle, and having signified his fixed determination of closing for ever, his home and heart against his disobedient child; he concluded by requesting, that no further allusion should be made to the distressing event that had occurred.



Helen waited long and anxiously, in hopes that Kate might still harbour a lingering feeling of regard, for those under whose roof her best and happiest years had been passed. But her expectations were disappointed: no letter was ever addressed by her to them; and all they could learn of her subsequent career was, that she had settled in Paris, and conformed to her husband's faith.

Mrs. Howard's hopes of her father's forgiveness had been sanguine; but it was strange, knowing his disposition, as she must have done, that she could have ever so deceived herself. When they met in public, which frequently happened, none could guess the emotions that were conflicting beneath the icy exterior of that haughty man. His daughter's sensations were, perhaps, the most acute, because sharpened by remorse; and her husband, finding he had no chance of obtaining the large portion report had assigned to his wife, and galled by the cold indifference of her father, resolved to quit the country, and fix his future residence in a capital that possessed great attractions for both him and his wife. Here Kate rushed eagerly into a vortex of gaiety, which left but few moments for thought; but into these moments, hours of agony were oftentimes compressed. Nor was she allowed to pursue her path of pleasure wholly undisturbed; the Roman Catholics with whom she had formerly associated were perfectly indifferent to all religion, and Mr. Howard's sister had lived long enough in France, to laugh at the rites of the church, to which she belonged, but in her heart despised. Kate judged wrongly, however, when

she calculated on Mr. Howard's professed liberality, which, after his marriage, gradually vanished; and she quickly found that his opinions were not those of his careless sister. He was a religious man after the fashion of his church; and being determined to save a soul alive, as he supposed, his efforts for the accomplishment of this purpose, were soon unremitting. But Kate's early acquired Scripture lessons, could not be altogether forgotten, and she was thus enabled to parry his most violent attacks, for a considerable period, with some success. Other, and more powerful aid was then called in, and she was often compelled to take refuge in silence, when baffled by the sophistries of a group of smooth-tongued Jesuits, daily seated round the dinner-table, at Mr. Howard's hotel. One of the most skilful controversialists among them, was installed as his private chaplain; and from that hour, neither rest nor peace were accorded her. She had no one to look to for support. How could she kneel before the God whom she had cast from her, and denied? or how could she raise her eyes in supplication to the mild face of the Madonna before her, which seemed to her, only full of the sorrow and pity, that could an earthly feeling enter Paradise, would surely fill the redeemed spirit of that blessed woman, at the sight of an adoration that crucifies afresh, the Saviour, whose blood was as essential to wash away her sins, as to ransom the rest of the world? No earthly friend was near, into whose sympathising ear Kate could pour her sorrows; her own act had deprived her of those who were even then mourning for her, and yearning

over her; and could she take her pen, and trace a line to them, unless the words expressed, were those of penitence and humility? This, her proud heart refused to do. Taunts, at her friendless condition, were often covertly cast at her, by those who had themselves reduced her to her present state of mental misery.

Perhaps had Mr. Beecher been less determined in refusing her advances towards a reconciliation, she might have been able to resist the violence used by Mr. Howard and his coadjutors; but as it was, their labours were crowned with a suddenness of success that astonished themselves. Kate could not endure to meet for ever, the dark, cold looks of those who must henceforth be her only associates. Banishing reflection, she rushed into the open snare. Motionless as a statue, she knelt before the altar with its waxen figures and gaudy decorations; but what cared those beside her, whether prayer was in her heart or only on her lips. The cross was signed over her, and she was enrolled among the members of the Roman Church. This was enough for them; nor was her non-attendance at the confessional noticed, as too large a share of her husband's income was placed in the hands of his clergy for them to care who she made the depository of her sins. Her soirées were frequented by the élite of Paris; and as she moved among the giddy throng, who could have thought that the smiles and wit that captivated every one, were but a veil assumed to conceal the restlessness within!

Often when we gaze up into the clear, blue sky above us, all seems calm and tranquil; but aerial streams are

rushing there, and the apparently quiescent mass is agitated by heaving billows and opposing currents.

Corny O'Brien heard in silence of the change in Kate's fortunes. Although he had never entered the chapel since the day on which he was assaulted within its walls, yet he still refrained from making an open confession of Protestantism. In his treatment of the errors which defiled the faith of his fathers, he was unmerciful to the last degree; but his language was ever gentle when it related to those who still held them, and whom he longed to lead into the narrow path on which he had himself entered.

Great was the surprise of Colonel Wilson's family when they observed him the succeeding Sunday quietly seated in the church next to Murphy the reader. Mr. Roberts adapted part of his sermon to meet the case and peculiar necessities of his unexpected hearer, and even the Colonel himself was partly affected, as his glance fell on his faithful retainer, whose rough features were tremulous with an agitation he could not conceal.

"Oh Corny," exclaimed Helen when they left the church, "why did you hide such good news from me? at this time, too, when it would have been doubly grateful. Now I see the answer to all my prayers for you, and find God remembers mercy, and sends a comfort to sweeten every trial."

"True for ye, Miss; sure I wanted the angels to be singing a glorious song in heaven, this blessed day, over me; a song that will drown all their grief for *her* that's gone astray. It's strayed she is, not lost; for the Good

Shepherd will seek her out Himself and bring her back in His bosom yet; though, maybe, neither you nor I may live to see it."

Colonel Wilson, to the astonishment of his wife and daughter, warmly congratulated O'Brien on the step he had taken, which, with marked emphasis, he assured him had given him great satisfaction. This was really the case, for the Colonel's feelings and opinions, with regard to the Roman Catholic religion, had undergone a complete change, since his residence in Ireland. His generosity had been rewarded with ingratitude; his efforts for the improvement of the people and the soil, had been frustrated and mocked at, by those whose church he had supported, and whose ministers he had often befriended, at the expense of an Establishment, whose interests should have been more dear to him. Had persecution been waged only against those unconnected with him, he would have given himself little concern about it; but when he saw persons injured, merely because his family patronised them, and found men, whom he considered only as the humble priests of a half barbarous peasantry, risen up, and armed against him and his house, launching forth anathemas that were eagerly carried out by their willing myrmaids, he felt his honour wounded, and his consequence impaired: accordingly, his liberality daily waxed fainter and fainter, and soon turned into bitter rancour. But Father Keegan cared little for his frowns, and less for his opposition: denunciations were forged with as great rapidity as ever, and produced their intended fruits;

the country became the scene of midnight depredations, and not a morning dawned, without bringing to light some serious injury inflicted, either on the cattle or the dwellings belonging to the converts and Irish teachers; cows and sheep, were barbarously wounded or killed, and the carcasses carried off; stacks of turf, that had cost the owner many a hard day's labour, were set on fire and consumed; potato-pits were opened, and the entire stock of food of a large family, ruthlessly destroyed; signal fires were lighted on the hills, to alarm the peaceful inhabitants of the valley; and all attempts to discover the authors, or rather the perpetrators of so much mischief, were ineffectual. Not that they were unknown, but none would dare to bring them to justice, when they found shelter under the priest's wing.

Truth alone, were we not already well-disposed to do so, would oblige us to exonerate Father Connor from any share in these transactions. He had fallen back into his usual indolence, and the more violent Father Keegan became, the more his heart inclined to mildness and forbearance. From the day his assistant arrived, he found himself obliged to remain a passive spectator of scenes, his humanity shuddered at, and from which his soul recoiled; but his feeble expostulations were answered by a hint, that his interference was ill-timed, and that a temporary absence for the benefit of his visibly declining health, would be both welcome and advisable. With this intimation he thought it better to comply; but at his advanced age, change of place was irksome, and he soon

returned where his presence, if it could not produce peace, might, at least moderate mischief he could not prevent.

His re-appearance was hailed with joy by the peasantry, numbers of whom were deeply attached to him. They now flocked in crowds to the confessional, from which many had absented themselves during his absence; deterred by fear of Father Keegan, whose zeal and severity, while it harmonized with the dispositions of some of his hearers, inspired others with awe, and a dread almost amounting to horror. He seemed to have no sympathy for human frailty, nor pity for temporal misfortune: in fact, the people regarded him as one elevated above the infirmities of our common nature; and as incapable of erring himself, as of commiserating the short-comings of others. On the contrary, when closeted with their old pastor, they felt themselves in the presence of a loved and venerated father, who while he rebuked the sin, yet pitied the sinner; and awarded the penances his Church inflicts, with a mild hand and a regretful heart.

It was past midnight, the evening but one after his return, when to avoid the annoying curiosity of his old servant, he retired to his bed-chamber, from which she had never before known him absent at that late hour. Here he paced up and down, distracted by conflicting thoughts, created in his mind by a communication made to him that day under the secrecy of confession.

"Can I see a whole family put to such a dreadful death, and never give them a word of notice? their blood will rest on my head. But no! I am bound not to divulge the



secrets entrusted to me this way . . . . yet a hint might save them, . . . . still as heretics they deserve it, though after all, they are generous and forgiving. I would not mind the old Colonel and his wife so much, but that young creature to come over here and meet such a death; and her poor, misguided heart full of love and kindness . . . . I can't bear it! I must save them all for her sake."

But here the tall form of his coadjutor seemed to rise before him, with those dark eyes, that always appeared ready to penetrate into his very soul; and the old man trembled in every limb.

"They must perish! I cannot encounter *him*; he reads my thoughts, and haunts me night and day. Oh! why did she come and confess at all! . . . . And Corny too, with his open heart, . . . . he must die! he that knelt so often at my feet, . . . . still, he merits everything, he led them all astray. Oh! that I could save his soul! I cling to that poor fellow after all, and if I could but rescue him, he might live to repent. Yet no, . . . . I dare not risk my own soul by doing it."

He drew out his watch and looked at it. "Past one! 'tis too late!" then throwing open the shutters, he stationed himself at the little window, from which the chimneys of the Colonel's house were visible by day-light. Once or twice he thought a spark shot up before his eyes, now dimmed with anxiety and watching; but it was only a delusion; and he was about to close the window, and retire to rest, when suddenly, a glare of light revealed the roof of the mansion, and illuminated the lofty trees in

which it was embosomed; flames bright and fierce, soon burst forth, and it was evident the building was on fire.

Father Connor could bear the sight no longer: he rushed to his bed and threw himself on it; here next morning his servant found him, exhausted from agony of mind, and want of sleep.

"Why, then, I really believe the world is coming to an end entirely!" cried she, staring at his haggard countenance and ruffled dress. "To see your rivrence asleep in bed, with your best coat on! and the big house beyant, a heap of ashes!"

"Are they all burnt yet?" asked he, wildly.

"God forbid! the Lord be betune us and harm! but I'm greatly afraid your rivrence's senses is clane gone astray this blessed morning, to talk of burning Christians like sods of turf! Shall I get you a cup of strong tea to clear your head, or a drop of spirits to bring back the life into you?"

So saying, she hurried off, and returned in a few seconds with a glass of the latter.

"Swallow this, your rivrence, at once; you may be certain it's the very best, for I opened the pitcher that came last night, a present from Tom Rafferty."

Father Connor, to his credit be it spoken, seldom indulged in this dangerous species of beverage; but on this occasion, persuaded by the entreaties of his faithful domestic, he finished the glass of poteen, which tasted to him none the worse for not having paid excise.

"And I told Tom myself, that your rivrence's accept-

ing it, would bring luck and blessing on the whole still, and sorra the guager will ever rest his two eyes on it, I'll be bound, after that. But," continued she, "it's a wonder you wouldn't ask about the fire at the Castle, and them that's burnt, that the whole country is doing nothing but talking of. And many's the lips that bit or sup will never cross this day, with downright sorrow and grief for him that's murdered and gone from among us."

Father Connor listened in silence, while his servant went on to tell him that the Colonel's house had been set on fire by incendiaries, that the family and domestics were asleep at the time, and had escaped with great difficulty, except Corny, who was no where to be found, and who was supposed to have perished.

"Then *she* is saved after all!" muttered he, while the old woman stood looking at him in amazement.

"I say they weren't burnt after all?" said he again.

"Weren't burnt after all! why what's your rивrence thinking of at all? sure haven't I been telling you that Corny O'Brien's burnt to such powder that not a bone of him is to be found yet, though the Colonel has twenty men digging away in the rubbish, and himself standing over them, and giving a hand too sometimes. But it's no use talking to you," roared she angrily, "for you've either slept the seven senses out of you, or you were there yourself blowing the bellows."

Shocked at the blasphemy of her own idea, she crossed herself piously, and was on the point of retiring, when Father Connor having caught her last words, started up

in bed exclaiming, "I knew nothing about it; how could I? sure they wouldn't come to tell me they were going to do such a thing?"

"Indeed it's to be supposed not; and as I say, couldn't they let them wait their own time, and punishment would come sooner or later, without any trouble of theirs. But you see, the curse of the Church, and the judgment of God has come upon him, and taken him off this way; and it's a mortal sin it is for me to be regretting him at all, considering the heretic he was; to the day of my death it will be a warning to me."

"Very true, Betty; he went against his clergy, and you see what has happened. Of course I knew what would come of it;" but seeing her searching gaze fixed on him, and being now completely roused from his bewilderment, he added hastily, "not exactly this terrible business, but that something must occur; whatever God pleased, you understand."

Father Connor adjusted his attire as speedily as possible, and repaired to the scene of devastation, when he was relieved to find that report had, as usual, exaggerated the effects of the fire.

Though denominated ——— Castle, the building possessed none of the usual characteristics of such structures. Originally it had been erected in a style to meet the fallen fortunes of the Mac Arthy's; who, unable to repair the lordly home of their fathers, left it a prey to be shared by Time, and the elements that raged round the mountain peak.

“And now thy dwelling is lonely—  
King of the rushing horde:  
And now thy battles are over—  
Chief of the shining sword.  
And the rolling thunder echoes  
O'er torrent and mountain free,  
But alas! and alas! Mac Caura,  
It will not awaken thee.”

An humbler dwelling was sought in the vale beneath, in which the Mac Carthys might hide their comparative poverty and diminished state. This was altered or enlarged at different times, to suit the fluctuating means of its successive owners; and at the period when Colonel Wilson took possession of it, the only beauty it could boast was its picturesque irregularity. The Colonel, however, who loved everything regular and precise, had effected great changes both in its external appearance and internal accommodation. A wing was added to match one already standing, which bore a thatched roof; and as it was destined to the use of the domestics, who were all Irish, and was also to contain the class-room, the roof was covered in a similar manner.

The apartment allotted to Corny was situated in this portion of the house, by his special request, as he asserted he never slept so well as under the thatch. It was this wing alone that was destroyed; for the smell of smoke having awakened one of the maid-servants, she aroused her companions in time to effect their escape; and their united efforts, directed by Colonel Wilson, were successful

in preventing the flames from extending much farther. That the entire mansion had been doomed to destruction was evident from the fact that a sod of partly-burned turf was found concealed in the thatch of the other addition; but which, not having properly lighted, the building escaped.

The most mysterious circumstance however was that Corny had disappeared, and not a trace of him could be discovered any where. The ruins were searched through and through; but no signs of cindered bones, or other human relics were to be found. That he had not met his death in this manner was strongly suspected, as Murphy the Scripture-reader had arrived during the fire, and having mounted by a ladder to O'Brien's window, with admirable courage rushed into the room, which was in flames; but perceiving the ceiling over him about to give way, he was compelled to make a precipitate retreat, though not till he had ascertained that the chamber was empty.

Father Connor was warm in his congratulations to the Colonel on the safety of his family and the preservation of his house, but was interrupted by Colonel Wilson, who in a voice of deep feeling said, "I have indeed every cause of gratitude to the Almighty for our preservation; but next to the safety of my wife and daughter, that of my faithful servant is my greatest consideration. I am not ashamed of the anxiety I feel at his unaccountable disappearance. That he did not perish in the flames I feel certain, but as yet all is wrapped in impenetrable mystery. If I could see him near me, I could look cheerfully on that house a heap of ashes! My daughter, however, has been wishing for you and will be glad to see you."

Without waiting an answer, Colonel Wilson led the way, and ushered the old priest into the presence of the ladies.

Helen clasped his hand, and raising her sad face to his, implored him to tell her whether he knew any thing of Corny.

Father Connor was able with truth to assure her that he could afford no information.

"I would give all I possessed to know he was safe," said she, gratified at the sympathy expressed in his countenance and manner. His appearance was greatly altered since she had last seen him, and was still more changed for the worse by the fatigue and mental excitement of the previous night. At his suggestion, the neighbouring country was minutely searched, and the strictest inquiries were made at every cabin, with respect to the persons observed on the road the preceding evening. All however was of no avail, and little hope could be built on the statement of one woman, who lived ten miles distant, and who said that she remembered that a man with a small bundle swinging on a stick across his shoulder, had passed her house late that night, walking very quickly, but as it was by the light of the moon she saw him she could only say his figure something resembled Corny's. Slight as was this foundation, many stories were based on it and circulated among the people. The one which gained the most belief was, that Corny having got a hint of the intended conflagration, had decamped and left his friends to their fate, fearing that should he mention his plans, he would be unable to put them into execution.

Helen was delighted to see that her father gave no credence to this report; but as weeks went over, and no tidings of Corny arrived, even her thoughts with regard to him became confused. Doubts would force themselves on her mind at times, but they were rejected as soon as formed, and her health was visibly affected in consequence.

Meanwhile, things went on as usual. The Irish Society's agent, Timothy Doherty, scattered the word of God among the peasantry, unsuspecting that he was undermining the very key-stone of the fabric to which he was then so devotedly attached. Helen often met him during her evening rambles, and witnessed with delight the eagerness with which his little stock of books was bought up by the people, whom he loved to instruct in his mother-tongue solely for its own sake, as he was then, and continued many years afterwards, a bigotted Romanist.\*

This it was which gave him such an ascendancy over Peggy Connolly, (the Irishwoman whom the reader may recollect accompanied the Colonel's family from England,) that to his reading she would listen with complacency, while on O'Brien, her old benefactor, she looked with pious horror; and any hope of gaining her as a pupil, he had long ago been obliged to relinquish. But Doherty, while he read the Bible one minute, would launch forth

\* It should be remarked, that though instances have really occurred of persons acting as above described, *none but Protestants* are or have ever been employed by the Irish Society as Scripture-readers.



the next in favour of Romanist doctrines, with a vehemence that would have overjoyed Father Keegan himself.

Peggy was one of those who had been with difficulty saved from the burning house, and her hatred of him whom she viewed as the cause of her danger, increased daily, and as often drew a rebuke from Helen.

"Instead of heaping curses on poor Corny's head, you should be on your knees praising God for your safety. Oh, Peggy, Peggy! you are an ungrateful woman, to forget your obligations to O'Brien."

"Ungrateful to him, indeed!—for not being the death of me. Oh! it's nothing at all to have my eye nearly put out, and my head laid open, to them that don't feel it, Miss."

"Your wounds are not quite so bad as you describe," answered Helen, "and your fall down stairs was an accident, occasioned by the fright you naturally experienced in such a hazardous position."

"'Twas the medals, Miss Helen, that I wear round my neck, that did it," replied she.

"Was it indeed?" said Helen; "I suppose they came against your head and cut it?"

"No, Miss; but it was they saved my life," answered the old woman, sturdily.

"How could that be?" exclaimed the young lady.

"Because, Miss Wilson, the Holy Virgin is on them, and they were blessed by St. Patrick himself; so, though I was a little flustered, I knew I was in no danger myself."

"And where did you get them, Peggy?" asked Helen,

grieved at the puerile superstition of Mrs. Connolly, who seldom allowed her sentiments to appear so fully.

"I got them from a clergyman when I was with you in Dublin—and a good penny they cost me; but they are well worth it, if they took every farthing I had."

As she ceased speaking, Doherty entered the laundry, and having caught her words, inquired what she was talking of.

"Of those blessed medals," said she, drawing out and exhibiting two small copper coins, on which the figure of the Virgin and a Latin inscription were rudely executed.

Helen requested the use of Doherty's Irish Bible for a moment. Opening it at the 20th chapter of Exodus, she read the 4th and 5th verses—"Thou shalt not make unto thee *any graven image* or *any likeness* of anything that is in Heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not *bow down thyself to them*, nor serve them: for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God." "And," continued she, "if the spirits of those saints and holy women whose images you worship could quit heaven for a time, and enter those figures, they would cry out to you, 'See thou do it not, for we are thy fellow-servants. Worship God.'"

A long conversation ensued, in the course of which Doherty brought forward in support of his errors numerous texts whose meanings were plainly opposed to them; and when this was pointed out, he closed the book and stood up, saying, "Well, well, there's no use in arguing any more; but if I had the '*Construer*' here, I would not be driven off the field."

Helen thought it was the priest he alluded to, but, on asking an explanation, found that the English copy of the Bible was so designated by the peasantry, and Doherty told her that he and his friends were in the habit of borrowing one from Murphy for the purpose of referring to it, and finding out by its aid the signification of any difficult word or sentence.

Many obsolete and obscure words occur in the Celtic Scriptures distributed by the Irish Society, as all the different editions are merely reprints of Boyle's Bible, which has stood the test of time, and has endured a severe ordeal of criticism. It is destitute of notes or marginal references, and these combined circumstances have driven the Irishman to seek the help of the English version. Immense numbers of both Irish and English Bibles have been generously granted at different times, by the "British and Foreign Bible Society," "the Hibernian Bible," "Christian Knowledge," and other Societies.

Another fact also should be noticed, which is, that the existing version is intelligible to the natives, from Fairhead to Cape Clear, notwithstanding the varieties of idiom and pronunciation in the different provinces, and is equally so in the Scotch highlands, where it has been used.

Helen knew that the English Bible had already obtained some circulation among the people, but immediately on finding the increased estimation in which it was held, she ordered a large supply for distribution at reduced prices, considering that what the people thought

worth giving their hardly-earned money for, they would be disposed to value.

Among those that showed the greatest eagerness to purchase a few copies, was Pat Reilly, who, though at first the most earnest among his family in his search after truth, yet afterwards was outstripped by his brother, who had openly declared himself a Protestant, and whose example Pat now seemed unwilling to follow. His mother had permitted meetings to be held, and the Irish Scriptures to be studied in her cottage, yet all the while, was a steady attendant at Mass and Confession, until her increasing infirmities prevented her leaving home. Her sons then, at her own desire, daily read to her, but she continued to preserve strict silence with regard to any alteration that might have taken place in her sentiments, neither approving nor condemning the conduct of her son James, who, though her eldest, was not her favourite child. On Pat the greatest share of her love had always been openly lavished, and the affection bestowed met a full return. Pat Reilly followed his mother's advice in everything, and although she never gave any before faces on the subject of religion, still, every one well knew that he acted according to her wishes.

"Then, can't ye choose which way you will go, and not be loitering where two roads meet," James Reilly used to say to them both—"though, faix, I ought to have said, where the two roads part, for it's very different places they lead to, and a very different way they are cut, I'm after thinking.

But his eloquence was wasted. To chapel Pat went every Sunday, and while he was listening to curses heaped on himself and parent, his brother and family were learning lessons of peace and good-will to men.

Father Keegan was indefatigable in his exertions to retain Pat and his mother, whom he considered tainted with heresy, but not yet irreclaimably lost; and a strong remedy was prescribed for the former, in the shape of a sound beating administered by his fellow-labourers, who lay in ambush for him as he was returning home after the heat of the day, tired and hungry, when it was calculated that resistance would not be great. His assailants might probably have carried their punishment farther than directed, had they not met a repulse quite unanticipated. Exasperated at such a cowardly attack, Pat defended himself bravely, fighting furiously for the preservation of a life which he felt conscious was in imminent danger, and he succeeded not only in obliging his murderers to decamp, but in inflicting such severe wounds as would have led to their immediate detection, had this been his object.

Mrs. Wilson and her daughter repaired to the cottage next morning, to learn the true state of affairs. Pat welcomed them in person at the door, his head bound up in a handkerchief, and his arm wound in linen. Both had sustained serious injuries, but, notwithstanding, he refused to mention the names of the guilty parties, or give them up into the hands of the authorities.

“No, no; it would be as much as all our lives would

be worth, if I was to breathe a word against one of them. It's the Whiteboys that's roving over the country that did it: and they're not to be blamed, for they daren't go against orders."

When he found himself alone with his friends, he explained to them his intention of leaving the country for a while, as soon as his recovery permitted, and joining some reapers who were preparing for their annual excursion to England in search of employment.

"They're all dacent, quiet boys, and we'll steal off some night unknown to any one, for, you perceive, we have our reasons for being dumb; and we'll be back before the crops are ripe here, and, please God, the money I'll get will help towards our going across the seas; for it's useless to think of stopping where, may be, any night we may be all kilt or burnt."

The Reillys had been long thinking of emigrating to America, but the advanced age of their mother was a great obstacle to the plan. Now, however, that her family could no longer remain with any safety in the village where she and her progenitors had lived and died in respect and comfort, maternal love swallowed up every other consideration, and she was not only willing but anxious to incur the unknown dangers and horrors of the long voyage, the mention of which formerly caused her such dread, and which most probably would prove fatal to her.

"I'm afraid it will be the death of you, mother dear! but sure you may as well die on sea as here, where they

wouldn't bury you like a Christian. Father Keegan says he'll cast us into the earth like dogs."

"Och! Pat, my darling, don't talk that way, to kill your old mother outright. Sure it's a cruel thing, so it is, to be driven out of one's own country, across the cold salt sea that took away your father from over your heads. But I'm ready to go any where in the wide world with you, where ye'll be safe. My time isn't long; och! to think they'd refuse me Christian burial after all, and I keeping silent just to try and humour them."

Pat provided himself with several Irish and English Bibles and Testaments—"For," said he, "after the day's work they'll let us in, maybe, into the kitchen, and then I'll be schoolmaster, and a fine set of scholars I'll have, I'll be bound. Sure, though I won't have a field full of wheat to gather in, as ye have here, I'll engage I'll find plenty of gleaning, and not a soul to interrupt me; for aren't the Irish scattered up and down England everywhere?"

The nearest seaport from which he and his companions could have sailed, was Cork; but from the beginning he mentioned Dublin as the first resting-place on the journey.

"And why lengthen the way so much?" asked Mrs. Wilson; "Why go to Dublin at all?"

"Because I want to make inquiries after a friend that's missing. I'm greatly deceived if the old woman within doesn't know something of O'Brien," whispered he, "and from a hint she dropped in her wanderings, (for she gets queer enough in her talk betimes,) I have a notion I'll

find out something about my old master. What matter, sure, about the skin of my feet, if I get an idea of where he is!"

Shortly afterwards, Pat and the other reapers disappeared from the village, much to the surprise and anger of their neighbours, who failed in tracing their course, or obtaining any hint from their families as to their destination.

Helen, in whose heart Pat's words relative to Corny once more revived some struggling rays of hope, watched anxiously for their return. Meantime, she saw the widow constantly, but could not elicit from her the smallest intimation that she knew aught of Corny. She would talk of him freely, and give utterance to different suppositions as to his fate, with such apparent candour, that Helen was altogether perplexed.

At the end of two months, the reapers came back, having accumulated as much as would pay their year's rent, of two or three pounds. They had parted from Pat near Birmingham, where they obtained employment, while he went on to London, determined to seek out the residence of his late landlord, whom he had set his heart on seeing. More than this they could not tell.

The harvest was over, and Winter just setting in, when he returned; but so much altered in person, and so wretched in dress and appearance, that he passed through the town and reached his own door unrecognized.

As soon as Helen heard of his arrival, she and her mother went to the cabin. But the words of welcome



fled from their lips as they looked at the shattered wreck before them; on which hunger and cold, toil and sickness, had worked their most direful effects. His last atom of strength was spent in endeavouring to reach his home, and he was stretched on a straw pallet, burning with fever, produced by a sore leg and blistered feet. His sunken eyes lighted up, and his parched lips unclosed in a transient smile, as they entered; but the only real happiness he seemed to experience was in gazing alternately from his mother to the five sovereigns that lay tied up in a bit of his old stocking.

“Well, ladies, if you knew all I have seen, and where I have been since, you would wonder. I made my first and my last trip of it; and no creature knows the way I worked for them gold pieces, but God above.”

He then gave them an account of his adventures, which perhaps the reader had best hear pretty nearly in his own words.

“It’s a sad story I have to tell ye, Miss jewell and my lady. I got on tolerable well to Dublin, though the travelling was more than I was used to: for it’s a different thing to walk under a burning sun for whole days together, from going about the country here, and through the green fields; and then at night to huddle up in an outhouse, with a cold potato to eat and some dirty straw to lie on. But still ’twas in Paradise I was as long as we were in poor Ireland, for a kind word, and a ‘God speed you’ was always ready, and often something more. Well, I might as well have searched for a needle in a bundle of hay, as

look for Corny O'Brien in such a great place as Dublin, (though I afterwards found it was nothing at all to London,) for Cornelius O'Briens lived I verily believe in every second house. Still I went on inquiring, and looking, and talking about him, till it was no use trying any longer; and then we took our passage to Liverpool, in a great steamer from the quay, the boys and I, for they all came up with me, not liking me to go alone and I not used to travelling. There were near three hundred of us on board, and I forget how many hundred pigs, that are the most riotous and disagreeable fellow-passengers you can have in a ship. The weather was very bad, a storm blowing all the time, and the rain pouring on us the entire night, and as there were so many on board, the captain was fearful the vessel would go over; so they kept driving us from one side to the other with whips, without ever stopping, and we as sick as if we were going to die at once. Oh! such a night as it was I'll never forget.

“When we got to Liverpool, we went to lodge with an Irishwoman there, that the boys always stop with. But I mustn't forget to tell you that I sold there all the books I took with me, except one I kept for myself; and for some of them I believe I'll never be paid till in the other world; and while I was in Liverpool, and every place afterwards, I never had a minute quiet, but reading and teaching from morning to night, unless when at work; and even then they wouldn't be easy, unless I was repeating to them verses and chapters I had by heart. Well, we went on to Bermingham, where I left

the others, all but Mick Kelly, that's gone to glory before me; and he got so fond of the learning, that he would not part from me or stay behind. So we journeyed on till we reached London, for, you see, I have had, all along, a mighty great fancy to see Mr. Cramer, that was our landlord, to try what I could make of him by speaking to him myself. You know, Ma'am, my brother made great improvements in the farm. He drained the ground, and put up fences and barns that cost him a power of money—three times more than the year's rent we owed would cover; and we never got a bit of credit nor a shilling of allowance for it, after all.

“Well, I heard the name of the place where he lived, just by accident, and I hunted up and down till I lost my way twenty times over, and the life fairly worried out of me with the fatigue and anxiety I went through, and the heart melted out of me, and bruised with the treatment I received: for when I'd ask a civil question, they'd turn and stare at me, and give me a laugh instead of an answer—and I a poor lonely stranger in a foreign country, that if they had a heart at all, or one bit of compassion in them, they would have pitied instead of ridiculing; and those that would answer would just say, ‘Cawn't tell, I'm sure,’ and go off about their business. However, at last I met a good-natured old man, who was carrying milk about, and he happened to be going to the very house I was looking for; so he told me to follow him, and, true enough, 'twas the place my heart was broke trying for four whole days to find.”

"And did you see Mr. Cramer? and what did he do for you?" interrupted Helen, who was deeply interested in what she had been listening to.

"Wait a while, Miss, and I'll tell you all about it. Where was I at all, at all? Oh, yes! well, as I was going to say, when we got to the house, I saw it was all shut up, and none of the family were in town, only some of the servants; but I learned where they were, by means of the kind old milkman, for if I had gone alone, most likely they would have closed the door in my face, as others did before them. The family were living at a place called Tunbridge Wells, in Kent, which I make no doubt you know; but as the name was strange to me, I had to keep repeating it to myself the whole of the rest of the day, till, I am certain, it's cut, or graved, as they call it, on my skull inside. Och! Ma'am, the goodness of that old man and his family to me and Mick Kelly, is past telling! Poor Mick had crept on at a little distance behind, for he thought two of us might be too much going up to such a grand door, seeing our appearance wasn't a letter of recommendation, (as old Mr. Cramer used to say of an ill-favoured mortal, that went round in his time with smuggled goods to sell;) and Mick could not stay away entirely, for we would never have met again, in a place that I believe has no end at all. So, when John Wilman, (for that was the milkman's name,) heard we were tired, and hadn't tasted a morsel of food that day, he took us home and gave us such a meal as we never got but in his house, and not content

wish that, he gave us a clean comfortable bed, and kept us three days, that we might rest; and it's weary and sore we were, for every place we could get work on the way to London, we had stopped to take a turn at it, and being loath to spend the money, we had only just eaten enough to keep the life in us, and the weather being fine, we had slept every night under a hedge, or some like place, for nobody offered us the shelter of a barn or cow-house. However, we got quite round again while we were with the Wilmans, who, I ought not to forget to tell you, were delighted at hearing me read the Irish and teaching Mick the primer. While I would be reading my book, old Wilman would have his Bible open before him at the same place."

"And was he not an Englishman?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"And was he a Roman Catholic?" added her daughter.

"Aye, indeed, ladies; he was an Englishman, and a Protestant to boot. And I say, that if all his countrymen were like him, the Irish would love them as brothers. Aye, and we would be ready to put our hands under their feet, to serve them. But they're not, ladies! No; they sneer at the poor Celt, when he asks a mite in his mother-tongue, for the love of the God they say they serve, and turn from him with contempt and disgust; and if the Protestant religion teaches them to behave to the Irish and hate them as they do, it can't be the true religion of the Bible."

Helen and her mother were grieved to see the bitterness which animated his words and countenance, as he

continued to expatiate on the wrongs inflicted on himself and his people, collectively, by the sister-kingdom, and to hear him ascribe this conduct to the religion there professed. This feeling had nearly vanished before his visit to England, and having learned almost to love that land of liberty and justice, he had gone there with an unsophisticated, warm heart, expecting to hear kindly voices and see friendly looks on every side, ready to greet one that cherished in his bosom the same priceless gem of truth, on which their faith, their laws, and liberties are grounded. His expectations disappointed, those feelings had turned into gall, and during his few months' absence, the change of mind, whose progress Helen had long watched so anxiously, seemed to have received an almost fatal check.

Seeing that Pat had become greatly excited by his relation, and fearing that he might be too much exhausted in consequence, they postponed hearing the remainder of his tale till the following day, when they again took their station beside him.

"You were not pleased yesterday at what I said of the English, and when I thought over the answers your honours made me, I began to feel I was wrong in speaking against them to you, who, sure, must love them as well as us: and James and I disputed about it till near morning, and till I could not move my tongue any longer. For, you see, a word against the Protestants upsets him entirely; and he said, it's ungrateful I was to talk that way of the Colonel's country, and of people of the same

creed as you. Then he read me out of the book such beautiful verses, that I couldn't sleep a wink the rest of the night, thinking of them."

The sick man was evidently suffering great pain from his leg, which had been placed under the management of an old woman, whose reputed skill in medicine was very great, and whose advice was sought and prized far above that of the regular physician, resident in the neighbouring town. Mrs. Wilson urged strongly that she should be allowed to bring this gentleman to visit Pat, but her intreaties were useless; the unvarying reply was, that Molly had brought many a one through a worse illness than that, and if she failed to cure him, no one else's remedies could be of any use. "Would you believe it, Ma'am?—she knows many a thing that the fine doctors are quite ignorant about."

Several days passed before Pat was able to resume his narrative, as the treatment to which his diseased limb was subjected, daily aggravated his sufferings.

"There's no use waiting till I'm better, Miss, for that I'm sure I never will be; so, if you please to hear the end of my story, I may as well finish it at once," said he one day, as the two ladies were sitting in the cottage. Having obtained their willing assent, he resumed as follows:—

"I told you, my lady, that we staid with the Wilmans till we were rested, and I told you, too, of their goodness to me and Mick; and may the Heavens be their bed, and may God reward them for it!—and He will. Well,

when we wanted to leave, old Wilman made inquiries as to the proper road for us to take to Tunbridge, and wrote down the names of the towns we were to pass through on the way, so that we might not go astray; and his wife gave us a store of victuals, bread and cheese and everything, to take with us; and not a farthing would they let us give them after all, but said they did it for the love of God, and wouldn't even listen to thanks, for, you perceive, they were people of few words but great thoughts. And they made us promise to call and tell them, when we came back, all that happened to us. So, off we set; and, as before, we stopped to work every where we could hear of any to be had, and to save the money to bring home, we lived on next to nothing, and slept in the open air nearly every night.

"At last we got there, and as it's not a large place, I found Mr. Cramer's house without any difficulty. It was some little way outside the town, and was beautiful, but not one-half so grand as his place in this country, that he has deserted, though it's fit for any man to live in, no matter of what quality or grandeur. There were lovely flower-beds, and urns, and them sort of things about it, but no fine trees, and no demesne at all to signify. You see, ladies, (begging your pardon for talking of such things,) I had been very sparing of my shoes and stockings on the road, often walking for miles without any, when the way was lonely; and I wore only a cap instead of my hat, which I carried tied up in a handkerchief. But now I put them all on, and made myself as decent



as I could, to enter the gentleman's presence. You may be certain, I felt strange enough at the thought of what was drawing on, and my heart was getting as weak as water. But I remembered the old mother, and James' poor sickly wife and all her little ones, and I dashed off my fears, and away I went, leaving Mick on his knees over the Book, that he couldn't read a word of almost, praying for my success, like an innocent poor boy as he was. I neither looked right nor left, but went straight up to the hall-door, and gave a ring. There were two or three grooms with horses waiting before the door, but though I heard them tittering at me, I took no notice. At last, a servant, bedizened with finery, came to see what was the matter; but when he looked at me, he was so confounded, he could say nothing; and to save him the trouble of asking, I told him I wanted to speak a word to young Mr. Cramer of Cramer Hall in Kerry, when it was convenient to him; and that I was Patrick O'Reilly of Gosheen Farm, son of one of his oldest tenants.

"The fellow looked very much as if he would have turned me off without more ado; but just at this moment a gentleman came across the hall, and I suppose the sound of my voice caught his ear, for he called the butler to ask who I was. The man went into the room after him to tell my message, and when he returned, he said his master knew nothing about me, for that his agent settled all his affairs with his Irish tenants.

"It isn't the answer his father, (God bless his

memory!) would have sent to any of us, much less to old Reilly's son," said I, sorrowfully, for I saw by this how things would go. I think he heard me, for out he walked himself, and such a likeness to his father I never beheld, only the old gentleman was more good-humoured looking, and not so fine and conceited.

"‘What brought you over here, Paddy?’ said he. ‘How can I tell you are a tenant of mine at all?’

"‘I’ll soon shew your honour that I’m the man I pretend to be,’ returned I; and then I gave him a fuller account of his family and ancestors, than maybe he ever heard before.

"‘It is very clear you know more about me than I do about you. However, tell what’s your business, for I am going out, and cannot keep the horses waiting.’

"‘The beasts will wait; your honour, till the Christians is served,’ answered I, meaning no offence in the world. But he knit up his brows, and gave such a frown as would frighten you.

"‘Don’t be saucy, you knave,’ cried he, ‘but say your business, and be gone.’

"Well, I assure you, Ma’am, he never asked me to walk into the parlour as any gentleman would do; but there I had to stand and tell my story, like a beggar, before all the servants; and when I was just half way through, he cut me short with, ‘I knew it would come to that!—a petition for money, and a complaint against my agent. Very good! but I don’t mind either the one or the other. I suppose, if I listened to you, I’d have

droves coming over here with similar stories. You may as well be off now, and sell your pigs without losing any more time, my lad.'

" 'I have no pigs to sell, your honour,' said I, stiffly, for I really was beginning to feel my anger rising.

" 'Very well, then,' said he; 'go home and feed them, and don't come here grunting in my ears.'

" 'This was too much for me entirely. 'Then, if we are so mighty contemptible, Sir,' answered I, 'as not to be fit to be treated with civility, I wonder how you can take our money so easily, and it smelling of nothing but pigs and turf smoke. But it looks very well when turned into gold-lace and horseflesh.'"

" 'You ought not to have said this,' remarked Helen, 'It was not respectful.'

" 'I know it was not; but consider the way he treated me. Oh! Miss, we worked for him in the sweat of our brow for many a long year; and our money made a fine gentleman of him. Of course he had a right to his rent, for his grandfather gave a great sum for the estate; but he hadn't a right to be unjust, nor to turn away an honest man from his door, that was seeking what was only his due; and that always paid too high a rent altogether, for bad, ungrateful ground like it.

" 'Get along out of this,' said he, flourishing a fine silver-mounted whip he had in his hand. Then calling the grooms to bring over the horses, he jumped up and rode off. I was, you may be certain, Miss, so upset with his incivility, that I was nearly rooted to the spot, (accus-

tomed as I was to your and the mistress' gentle way of speaking, and to the Colonel, who is always civil-mannered and like a gentleman to every one, though of course, not being Irish like you, he hasn't the same winning way with him,) when up comes one of the jeering fellows, and says to me, 'Well, Paddy, how did you like your reception? was not it warm and comfortable? I hope you'll soon call again.' If I was at home in my own country, I would have given him a taste of my stick across his shoulders, that would soon have sent all the tinsel on him, (that we pay so dear to provide for,) flying about. But I kept myself in, and didn't even condescend any answer to him, but turned away, and was going to walk off, when another of them said, 'I suppose they sent you over as a sample of the Squire's tenants.' You see Ma'am, Mr. Cramer has a property in England, and so they call him 'Squire.'

"And if he thinks as little of me as I do of the sample of English manners I got to-day, it's not saying too much.' They would I'm sure have either beaten me, or driven me out after this, had not a young lady just here come out, having, I'm convinced, overheard the whole business. She like all the rest of the ladies, God bless them for it! was good natured and felt for the sufferings of the desolate and poor. She was a beautiful creature, and I'm told was an English lady, that Mr. Cramer had married, and had a heap of money. Well, she asked me in, as polite as if I was a duke, and told me I should not go till I got a little refreshment, and till I told my case to her, which she said she would lay before her husband. And it was no bad

thing to have her interest; so in I went and told my whole story over to her; but as for breaking bread under that roof, I'd scorn to do it after the like treatment, and you may rest certain I took my leave as soon as I could. So there's the end of my visit; and no good will ever come of it, I'm greatly afraid, and even if there did, it would be too late as far as I am concerned; though I'd rest easier in my cold bed, if I could hope James would get the small sum that should be allowed us.

"Well, ladies dear! you think you've heard the worst of my tale, but the sorrowfullest part is to come yet. Mick and I worked on together, from the first peep of day till dark night, in order to get increased wages; and then instead of the bit of tobacco, we used to buy a little candle, by the light of which he learned the primer, and by the time the work was over, and we were turning our thoughts homewards, you would be surprised to hear how well he could read the 'story of peace,' for you see his heart lay in it, and when he spread it before his eyes he forgot all the hunger and thirst, and cold and nakedness he went through; for the weather was getting cold by this time, and having no mother or sister to put the stitch in them, the clothes were ready to fall off our backs. Neither Mick nor I were accustomed to travelling, and what with fatigue and weakness, it was with great labour and delay, we got back towards London.

"One time when we were nearly half way, we stopp'd at a village for the night; and as it was raining torrents, I wanted to pay for a lodging, but we looked so poor and

wretched that no decent house would take us in, and Mick's heart got mistrustful of the shabby places, for fear of them stealing our little earnings. So he over-persuaded me to stop as usual under shelter of a hay-rick; for he said the wet would cool our burning limbs. But, Ma'am, it was more than any Christian could stand. When we awoke, we found ourselves lying in a pool of water that had drained off the rick, and our feet were so swelled and soft, we could hardly move them, and the stones cut them every step we took. To make bad worse, we both were taken with rheumatic pains in the joints, and Mick got hot and cold by turns, in the quickest and most extraordinary way you ever knew. He seemed wandering in his mind, and it was only by coaxing I could get him on at all. When evening would come, I'd fix him in some dry corner, and go into the town or village to beg a drink for the creature, for he would not let me spend a penny on him while he was in his senses. Sometimes I got it, and more times I was refused.

"But not to tire you too much, ladies, we got at long last to London; and though I was loath to be troublesome, or to burden the Wilmans, yet as I knew no one else there, and by this time did not know what on the face of the earth to do with poor Mick, I was obliged to take him to them. Although they made no fuss, still 'twas the kind welcome they gave us. Certainly, your honours, the English have the good hearts if they were not so bigotted in their dislike to us. As I said, they were glad to see us again, and put Mickey into bed at once, and though he

was become so unruly with me, yet they managed him like a child, and took every care of him. But he got no better; and at last old John said it was the fever he had, and so it was; for they sent for a doctor, who was the best gentleman ever I met, (barring yourselves and the master,) that not alone attended him twice a day, giving him every proper medicine, but brought him things to eat that the Wilmans couldn't afford to buy, and that I'd never have thought of; for, ladies dear, I'd have given my very life to save him, let alone my money. And besides, he had more than four pounds of his own, indeed nearer to five, though some was spent afterwards, which please God, I'll replace out of this here," continued Pat, laying his hand on his money, "for the old father will want it, and poor support it will be, instead of his fine boy, that was eyes, and hands, and every thing to him, and was the staff of his old age, and the pride of his heart, and the comfort of his home; that worked for him by day, and cheered up his lonely evenings. For the old man has his five sons and daughters, and their mother, laid asleep in the church-yard beyond there; and how can I tell him that his only hope is taken from his eyes, and is laid far away in the land of strangers! Won't it break his heart to think that when the last day comes, his poor boy will not have a single being of his own people to give him the helping hand to raise him up, and that his dust is mixing with strange earth, and his grave will never be softened with a tear, or looked on by one being that loved him! Oh! Miss Helen, mavourneen! how can I go kill him at once?

for sure don't I know 'twill crush every hope, and every wish of his heart, and will strike him to the ground outright, and nothing to lift him up; for hope won't take root again, Miss, in a seared and withered heart, that's old and worn out with the trials and sorrows of a long life of struggling and hardships!"

Pat's words became inaudible, and for some minutes he was unable to proceed.

"As I was telling you, my ladies, the Wilmans did every thing that could be done for poor Mick; and who but themselves would have let him stop in their house in such a dangerous fever? But all was no use; the violence of the sickness to be sure was got under, but then it left him so weak, that not all the wine or nourishment the doctor brought him, could set him up again. After his mind settled, his whole delight was in listening to John Wilman's conversation, and to the reading of the book. First Wilman would talk to him a while, and then he would call me in, and make me read in Irish the passages he pointed out in his own Bible, for I couldn't bear to hear Mick talk of dying, or see him pining away as he was, and so I often went into the next room to hide what I felt, for the doctor ordered me to do so, and not by any means to agitate his mind. Well, ladies, this went on a fortnight; each day he was getting weaker, till one night as I was tired with the watching him, Wilman's wife made me lie down: I had just fallen into a sound sleep, when she roused me up; and Ma'am, what a sight I was called to look on! There was poor Mickey in the agonies of



death, propped up, with his head laid on Wilman's chest, and his eyes glazed and fixed, turned on the door, seeking for me.

" 'Tell my father, I die in peace,' says he, 'for I go to Jesus. Tell him to read the Book, for it has shewn me my sin, and told me of Him who has taken it away. Say to him, I would rather, if it was God's will, have lived and supported him in this trying hour, but Jesus wishes to take me home, and I am happy. Oh! Pat! Pat! be a son to my old father, teach him the words of this blessed book, read it to him, tell him Jesus will save him too, and bring him soon to meet me. Tell him not to have any prayers or masses said for my soul, but to pray for his own himself.'

"Then, Miss, it would have melted your heart to hear him thanking the Wilmans that were gathered round him, some of them kneeling to pray for him; and the doctor that was called in to see if any thing could relieve him. He didn't speak a bit like himself, or like poor, ignorant people as we are, but clear and well, and with the ease of the doctor himself; and he always so shy before the quality. But, ladies, where's the use of grieving your tender hearts, telling you how he died, and how we laid him in the church-yard, next to where Wilman's only son was buried. And sure there's many a salt tear shed over that spot, and may be a stray one will sometimes fall on the mound that covers the remains of the poor Celt.

"I was bad enough myself when he went, and what with fretting for him, and thinking of his father, and my

own people at home, I fell sick too. And if they were careful of poor Mickey, they were, (if that could be possible,) more tender to me. Oh! Ma'am, didn't it fret me almost to death, to see him laid in silence in his cold bed, without one to keen over him, and without wake or any thing; for the Wilmans, good people as they were, wouldn't hear of such a thing. But as I said, they had their own trouble with me. I got the rheumatism, and a sore leg into the bargain; and to mend the matter, both my feet were so inflamed with the cutting and bruising they received in the course of the journey, that it was days before I could stand on them. At last I determined to make an effort to get home, and I made up my mind to pay my passage in a ship that goes from London to Cork. But what do you think? Unknown to me, the Wilmans brought my case before some of their rich customers, and without my hearing a word about it, had a fine subscription collected to defray all expenses. You see they knew the spirit of me, and that I would rather have limped the whole way home on one leg, than have asked charity from mortal. I could, and did beg for Mick; but never for myself. Well, would you believe it, ladies! I was fool enough to refuse it; but Wilman understood no such folly, and he paid the passage, and took me on board almost by force. Not that he was in a hurry to be rid of me; but he saw I would go; and after recommending me to the kindness of some of the men, he left me, and I saw him no more. I never lift my heart to God without praying for a blessing on him and his family; for all the time I was under their roof, I

never heard a word but what was kind, said of my country and its people; and to myself, they couldn't be better if I was their own son and brother.

"I have nothing more to tell you, ladies, but that after a very long and severe passage, I got to Cork; and from that I travelled on foot by easy journeys here, for I couldn't bear to diminish the little store, and I so near home. Sure, Ma'am and Miss, ye have had the patience of Job himself to listen to me so long, and I not knowing how to tell a story properly to the like of ye."

"It seems to me," said Helen, after some remarks from her mother, "that you met with the most uncommon kindness while you were away."

"Begging your pardon for interrupting you, Miss, I know what you are meaning to say. From the Wilmans, and the doctor, and the people that gave the subscription, I did, and I'm not ungrateful nor forgetful of it. No, no, I'm not that sort of creature, to pass over an act of kindness; but where's the use of telling you all the unkindness I met with as well, and all the jeers, and sneers, and taunts that were thrown at me because of my country, as if a boy could help being born in his own country. It's proud of it I am instead of ashamed! And then, the jealousy of the labourers because we got work, and were preferred before them by many of the farmers, for the reason that we worked harder, and were cheaper paid than they, and besides kept them down and in check. And then the way the farmers themselves screwed us to the lowest farthing. Oh! Miss, where's the use of raking

up these recollections now ? Didn't I often talk it over with Wilman, and ask him, how he and some of his countrymen came to be so different from the others ? And wasn't the answer he always gave me, to open his Bible, and point to the verse, ' Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them ; for this is the law and the prophets.' ' Why,' he used to ask, ' should I look down on the Irish, because they are poorer and more ignorant than we are ? Does not God say, that ' He hath made of *one blood* all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth ?' All your people want is this book, THE BIBLE, to make them every thing we could wish to see them.' "

" True, Pat," replied Mrs. Wilson, " and you must not judge of our religion by the faults of individual professors. Wilman was a Protestant in heart and deed, as well as in name. He was a Christian man, and as such could not harbour in his breast a feeling of enmity towards a fellow-creature, much less against a whole nation ; which is composed of course of various classes of people, holding different opinions, and among whom he would fondly hope many righteous exist."

" But why do they abuse us as they do, and make us dislike them whether we will or no ? Wouldn't it be more Christian-like in them to receive us as if we were fellow-creatures, than spurn us like dogs, sending us back full of hatred to them, often for nothing at all but their looks and words ? Wouldn't it be better, instead of crying out against us for hating them, to try and make us love them ? It's

all they want to perfect them entirely; then we would wish to imitate their good qualities, their industry, and cleanliness, and all that. But now, we don't like a single thing they do, because they make us dislike themselves. We Irish, maybe, are a trifle too quarrelsome, and fond of our own old ways, but take my word for it, '*there are faults on both sides.*' Do you know, Ma'am, I'm trying to get them to regulate the family here the way Wilman's was; for 'twas a real comfort to live among them," added Pat, trying to assume a forced gaiety.

"Your plan would be a good one, if our English brethren could be made to see the wisdom of it. But I fear that is not practicable, for the prejudice on one side, and the enmity on the other, have been the growth of centuries, and will not now be easily eradicated," responded the elder lady. "However your suggestions with regard to domestic arrangements, have certainly been carried out with visible advantage."

"But, ladies jewell how am I to break the news to Mickey's poor old father?" demanded Reilly. "He has never heard a word of it breathed yet. Sure, he's beginning to feel very uneasy concerning his boy; for he hobbled over here yesterday, to see me himself, and ask about him, as he wasn't satisfied with the messages I've been sending him; and sure it would be queer if he was, and they so confused and mysterious. I intended to go myself, when I was easier, and steal it out to him by degrees; but it's worse I'm getting instead of better, and now he's so miserable in his mind, that maybe he'll be

fitter to hear the truth—for, they say, anything is before suspense.”

Pat Reilly was plainly receiving injury, rather than benefit, from the herb-woman's prescriptions, and the pain he suffered made him and his friends willing at length to hearken to Mrs. Wilson's first suggestion. The physician who practised in the district was accordingly sent for; but his skill was summoned too late, as, after examining Reilly's leg, he gave it as his opinion that the case was a hopeless one, but had been rendered so, entirely by a wrong course of treatment, pursued by a person wholly ignorant of the simplest rules of medicine. Mortification, he feared, must soon set in, and the sick man's system was weakened by so many unfortunate circumstances combined, that amputation could only render his last hours more agonizing, without a chance of ultimate success. “The only thing that can now be done,” said he, “is to mitigate his sufferings and prepare him for the great change that is approaching.”

As the invalid's spirits were already depressed, there was no great difficulty in making him sensible of his state.

“I knew it would be so, Ma'am,” answered he to Mrs. Wilson, who had undertaken the melancholy duty. “I always gave myself up, though of course hope would sometimes strive to struggle in, like the sun through yonder cloud; but it never lasted long, nor shone brightly even at the best of times.”

His chief anxiety was with regard to Mick's parent; but this was softened by a promise from his benefactors,



that the old man should never be permitted to want for anything; and he was greatly relieved when assured that though bowed to the earth by the sorrowful intelligence, yet, that the deadening influence of advanced years had enabled the aged man to bear it, better than Reilly's youthful and excitable heart could well comprehend.

"And did you tell him, that the last time these hands turned up a sod of earth, was when I planted a little shamrock upon poor Mickey's grave? And it looked as drooping as my own heart felt, when I turned after seeing it for the last time! And did you tell him, that if I had recovered I would have taken him under our own roof, and been a son to him, instead of him that's taken from his eyes?"

Perhaps nothing is more admirable in the Irish character, than the sympathy for suffering or misfortune, and the anxiety to relieve it, ever felt and readily exhibited except where good-will has been forfeited by injudicious acts, or by misrepresentations that have wounded prejudices and aroused evil passions. Mick's father found shelter and hospitality awaiting him on all sides, rendered still more sweet and welcome by the sympathy and sincerity with which they were offered.

The attentions lavished on Reilly were often carried to a height that was both troublesome and injurious. His dwelling was generally filled with kindly-intentioned neighbours, whose officiousness left him no repose, and whose numbers increased when Helen was observed approaching for the purpose of inquiring his state, as well as of im-

proving the short time left to the benefit of his soul. She was always accompanied by her mother, whose superior experience enabled her to start the best subjects for conversation, and offer the remarks most suited to each occasion. Being unacquainted with the Irish language, she generally sat mutely contemplating the animated features of the little group, whose intelligent eyes were concentrated on Helen, as she read the Scriptures and either made her own or translated her mother's observations on the portion under consideration.

“What am I to think at all, Miss jewel? One says one thing, some one else another. You've been always telling me, that all my prayers to saints, and beads, and those sort of things, won't be of any use to me—and I'm inclined to believe it; and then some other person comes, and tells me, if I don't look to these things I can't be saved at all. Oh, I am fairly bothered altogether!”—Pat one day exclaimed, after a remark from the young lady on the sin and corruption of mankind.

“I'll tell you what God desires you believe,” the latter replied. “His word tells you, that all his creatures, besides being sinners themselves, are born in sin, having for their sole inheritance the corruption entailed by Adam on his posterity. It tells you, that you add to this amount every instant of your life; that no thought nor word, no desire nor act of yours, no matter how right it may seem, or how much good it may produce, is free from sin. We are a combination of evil. God made us not such, but man fell from his first holy state, and,



having fallen, God says that death (temporal and eternal,) is the wages we deserve."

"Then, what's to become of me, a poor lost creature, that has but a few short hours to live!"

"See what Christ himself says,—‘The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.’ He died to save us, and his precious blood is sufficient to wash and cleanse us from all our sins. But we must ask it in faith; not for our own merits or deservings, but solely as a free gift and favour, that has been promised us for his sake. Here is the whole thing to be done: cast yourself at Jesus’ feet, as a worthless, miserable sinner, who cannot do anything for yourself. He says, ‘Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.’ You feel yourself unable to stand before a God of perfect holiness; you know some intercessor is required; you have one provided; then, seek not to substitute any of your own devising. Look not to saint or angel: set not up your own acts, or prayers, or good deeds, but put Christ before you each time you approach the Father, and let Him plead for you. Take shelter behind Him; as God, He is all-powerful to save, and, having clothed Himself in man’s nature, He feels for your every trial and sorrow, and knows each temptation that can assail you. God has thus, you see, shewn the danger, and Himself appointed the cure."

"True for you, my jewel!" cried an old woman that was crouched in the corner—"just as He plants the dock beside the nettle, if we only look for it."

Pat's acquaintance with Scripture was by no means confined. He had listened to it, and studied it for himself, both constantly and diligently: his intellectual abilities were good, and his memory retentive. But though acquainted with each separate doctrine therein contained, he had never as yet digested the knowledge thus acquired, nor appropriated it to himself, but possessed it, as it were, piecemeal; and it was now for the first time that the work of redemption was made clear to his mind, as a plan beautifully ordered and regulated by its great Deviser, to satisfy every attribute of Deity, and every want of fallen humanity.

"Why, I perceive it all now, as plain as the towns and rivers on the big map you teach the children off," he exclaimed—"but just as I don't see the cities or taste the waters marked on it, though I am sure they are where you say; so, I can't feel all the things the way I know I ought, and the way the Bible tells us we must feel them. Oh! Miss, what will become of me! Sure, I see now that no prayers repeated for me, nor nothing, can save me, but Christ only, and I can't find Him, Ma'am! No; the light that book has sent into my soul, has just served to shew the darkness of it; and the Saviour is not in that vile, dark place," said he, laying his emaciated hand on his heart; "there's nothing there but doubts and fears, that leave me no rest night or day."

"'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest,' are the Saviour's words. God has already sent His Holy Spirit into your heart, or

you would never have found out the sin of it; and the good work that He has begun, He will surely perfect unto the end. 'Believe only on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' "

Mrs. Wilson's words were repeated in Irish by her daughter to the sick man, who caught them up eagerly, and replied, with brightening countenance, "The Cross is the only thing I look to, my lady; and before I die, I hope I'll feel it all more clear. The Devil has his hands before my eyes, to prevent my seeing it, but the Saviour will drive him away. Sure, He says He will; and does not He promise me in that book, that if I resist the Devil, he will flee from me?"

And so it was. Pat's difficulties were removed, and he was permitted to enjoy some hours of perfect peace, before he was called to his rest.

"My pains are all gone, and I'm as happy in my mind and as easy as a new-born babe. Oh! that's the blessed book! Hasn't it been the saving of me entirely, and hasn't this quiet time been given me, that I might tell to others the mercy of God to my soul?"

This, truly, was his employment to the last. While breath remained to him, he spent it reading or repeating the Scriptures to the crowd of persons round his bed, who looked with amazement at the happiness depicted in the countenance of one who rejected the priest and his offices, and was able to confute every argument that either Father Keegan or Father Connor could bring forward.

The latter had often befriended him and his mother in

their hour of need, and, holding a strong position in his heart's warmest affections, Pat's prayers and anxiety for the welfare of his soul were ardent and unceasing.

"Then, your rividence, isn't my poor worn-out heart splitting with love and gratitude for all your goodness to me and mine? And sure the only return I can make for it, is to try and show you the happy way I have found myself. In the course of nature, your days must be few in number, and don't I want to tell you of the easiest way of leaving the world?—it's the only thing can be of any use to you now. You can't bear to see this book—and small blame to you for that same, when it upsets everything you have been trusting to all your life. But my prayers are lifted up for you, that you may come to know it yet; and sure, amn't I so near the gates of Heaven, that they can't but be heard at once, and they washed in the Saviour's blood, and laid by Him before His Father, just as if they were His own!"

Whether Reilly's earnest dealing with his worthy benefactor had effect or not, it is not our business here to tell. But when Father Connor's death took place, soon afterwards, it was said that Pat's parting words—"Jesus! Jesus only!" were constantly on his lips, and seemed to afford him more solid satisfaction than any other thought.

Helen and her mother took a final leave of Reilly, a few hours before his departure, as the physician declared that he could not survive through the day.

"Oh, then, Miss Helen, alanna! won't it be the joyful meeting, when we see one another again? You'll have

to part her soon, Ma'am, darling! for the stamp of Heaven is set on her brow, too plainly to be mistaken; and they were right in calling her 'the Irish Dove,' for she came to bring the olive branch of peace, and when it has struck root, she'll stretch out her wings and soar away above, where her rest is. It's rejoicing instead of weeping you should be, to think of the ark she's coming to, from a world that's drowning in ignorance and wickedness," continued he, as he observed the effect of his words on Mrs. Wilson. Then, raising himself up with difficulty, he turned to Helen, with a glow of happiness spread over his face, saying, "And I'll be watching for you, acushla! and I'll be the first to meet you on the way, and lead you into heaven; and though I'll be so changed and bright, you won't know me then at all, still, you may be certain, the first angel you will see will be me, for I'll hover round your bed, to assist your soul in flying up."

The idea seemed to charm him, as much as it touched his hearers. "And Mick will be there ready to welcome you too, for I'll tell him when you're coming; sure you've plucked him 'a brand from the burning,' as well as me. And won't the glorious angels sing, and the blessed Jesus smile, when we bring you up to Him, to get the robe put upon you that's whiter than the driven snow! And then my poor old mother will come there, and James and Murphy, and oh! such a number that it confuses me to think of them. And Corny too—but maybe he's there now."

He continued to murmur on for some time longer, partly

aloud, and partly as if speaking to himself, until sleep closed his eyes, and sealed his lips—for he never awoke again.

His mother soon followed him to the grave, having some time before her death made a full confession of the Protestant faith. Her last illness was so sudden that she was nearly speechless before Helen had time to arrive at her abode.

“Lean over her, Miss,” said James Reilly, “that you may catch her words; for she has been very anxious to tell you something that seems to weigh on her mind. Rouse up, mother agra, don’t you perceive who is standing by you? None other than Miss Helen, ‘the Dove’ herself.”

By this title Helen Wilson was better known than by any other. From her infancy Corny always loved to attach it to her name; and at home, her father, whenever he wished to use a term of endearment, had recourse to the familiar appellation, which well expressed the character of her who bore it.

“Ah! then, my dove, is it you? och—if I had only breath to tell you about O’Brien;” here a fit of gasping interrupted the old woman, and kept her hearer in suspense. After a short time she began again, “O’Brien—och hone! if I could but speak.”

“Tell me, is he dead or not?” whispered Helen.

“He’s not dead, I hope,” answered she.

“Where is he then?” again enquired Helen.

“Stop a minute and I’ll tell you.”

After much difficulty, Helen gathered from her indistinct replies, that O'Brien had some way or other escaped from that part of the country, and would probably return again.

"But why did he go?" persisted the young lady.

"Because he knew he was down on the black list, and would be murdered."

"And you gave him timely notice, I suppose?"

Mrs. Reilly exerted herself sufficiently to explain that she knew nothing of the affair, till long after Corny's disappearance, when an old neighbour summoned her to her death-bed, to entrust her with a secret which she feared might die with her. This was, that O'Brien had sent her some intimation of his safety, but as she had sworn not to reveal it, till necessity like the present compelled her, she insisted on Mrs. Reilly binding herself by a solemn oath to act in a similar manner.

"And here it is," said the sick woman, motioning Helen to take from round her neck a ribbon, to which was attached what appeared to be one of the scapulars, held in such veneration by the Irish peasant. "Open that," said she, and you will see it."

Having followed her directions, Helen found that it enclosed a few lines written by Corny himself to the old woman before-mentioned, stating that he had reached a place of safety, (which he refrained from mentioning,) where he was enabled to pursue his beloved avocations in peace and comfort, and directing that this information should be communicated to Helen, to whom he was afraid of sending any direct account, lest his place of concealment

should become known, or even suspected by his watchful enemies.

"I was a scapularian, as you know, mabouchal; but when I learned better ways, I put that in instead of the bit of worthless paper, and no one ever suspected the change."

The poor woman to whom the letter was sent being but badly able to decipher it, had mistaken its directions; and its subsequent guardian, not knowing how to read at all, was wholly ignorant of its contents.

"He says not a word about the fire, nor even alludes to it," remarked Helen.

"And how could he, the creature, when he knew nothing of it? For I'm certain sure he went off that very night, just after dusk."

Great excitement was created when it was found that several persons had not only become decided Protestants, but also persisted until death as such; and their interments had always been disturbed by priestly opposition and interference. "There'll be plenty of 'field pieces,' and 'small guns' put in use to-morrow," were the words passed from mouth to mouth among the peasantry, who thus designate the stones thrown at converts, and the priest's curses. The prediction was fully verified; as Mr. Roberts, and the few Protestants and converts who dared to assemble round Mrs. Reilly's grave, were hardly permitted to escape without injury.

Soon after his mother's death, James Reilly and his family, unable longer to endure the persecution to which



their religious opinions subjected them, prepared to emigrate to New York. They were assisted by the present of a small sum of money sent them by Mrs. Cramer. Murphy, and several other persons, who shared the same views and their consequences, accompanied them.

It was with the greatest difficulty they could tear themselves away from the home of their youth, which was bound up with every association of happiness—with every tender remembrance; and as the billows rocked them to repose on Ocean's heaving bosom,

“They dreamt of their home, of their dear native bowers,  
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;  
While Memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers,  
And restored every rose, but *secreted* each thorn!”

# CHAPTER XI.

THE sun was gently sinking to rest behind the bold chain of mountains, whose indented summits were tipped with transparent gold, as a travelling carriage was seen emerging from the gorge that commanded the valley, and taking its way down the winding road which led to the castle. Ever and anon it stopped, in order that its occupants, whoever they might be, should enjoy the beautiful scene expanded beneath them; and its progress would have been more tardy still, were it not for the person sitting behind, who testified by violent gesticulation his anxiety to get forward.

“Musha, then, your reverence, won’t your honour have time enough for looking about you, without delaying now, and I hardly able to keep quiet here, with the bare anxiety of me!”

The intreaty produced its desired effect, and the chaise was allowed to proceed to its destination; not, however, without its approach having been heralded, for a circumstance so unusual created much surprise among the villagers, some of whom, to allay their curiosity, ran on

to apprise the inmates of the Castle of an arrival which they found was as little expected by them. After describing the appearance of the vehicle, and the individual who travelled alone inside, one of them finished by saying, "And my heart misgives me entirely, if it wasn't Corny O'Brien's voice that cried out to me from within a big coat that's stuck up behind; but I was so frightened, that I took to my heels at once, and never gave one look after me. Besides, the old gentleman that's inside is every inch of him dressed in black. Faix, I hope they're all right! the Lord be betune us and harm! for if it isn't O'Brien, it must be his fetch, and he dead this year, a'most! But here they come,"—and the young peasant, after crossing himself, took refuge behind the Wilsons, who had collected on the steps to welcome their stranger guest.

One glance sufficed to shew them who it was, and Mr. Burgh was assisted to alight, amid their warmest salutations.

"And will no one give me the word of welcome?" cried a well-known voice, and Corny, (for it was he who rode behind,) stood forth to the astonished eyes of the spectators, who, all but Helen and her parents, had long numbered him with the dead.

A few moments served to unravel the mystery. O'Brien, when he left Kerry, having sought out his old friend, found a hearty welcome in his house, and had remained the entire time with Mr. Burgh, to whom he rendered valuable assistance in his parish. Corny was greatly

grieved when he heard of the distress and anxiety his absence had caused the Colonel's family, and of the unworthy suspicions it had excited.

"And did you think I'd desert ye after such a fashion? No, you didn't; sure, I see it by your faces; you know O'Brien better than that. He that would give his life-blood, to save a hair of one of your heads from danger! Och! then isn't it a cruel thing to run away with an innocent man's character from behind his back that way?"

As soon as the travellers had partaken of some refreshment, by Mr. Burgh's desire, O'Brien was summoned to the library, where his friends were assembled, anxious to hear what explanation he could give for his conduct.

"Then, your honours, before you condemn me for what seems, I now see, to have been very unnatural and unaccountable in one on whom you have showered benefits without number, you must have the kindness to listen to a tedious history. You remember, yourselves, the different threatening notices I received, and that a skull and cross-bones, with a coffin underneath them, were sketched on my room door the last night I slept here. But these things didn't terrify me one bit, for I knew He that was with me was stronger than he that was against me; so I went as usual, next morning, to read a chapter to the old woman that lives in the lodge, down by the sea-shore."

"She died since," interrupted Helen.

"So I understand," replied O'Brien—"and she was as stupid and as foolish as an old ass, not to know she

ought to have trusted you with my secret, and that I never meant to have kept you in ignorance of my movements. To write a letter here, I was afraid, as I knew they'd be watching every one and everything that came into this house, to see if they could find out what was become of me. As I said, I went to read to her, and though there was no want of people living in the same place, not one of them would ever stop to listen but herself and her grandson, about nine years of age. The rest always went out when my shadow rested on the threshold, and so they did this day also. However, I never minded, but just kept on civil terms with them, for fear they wouldn't let me in at all, which I often expected would be the ending of it; for, you see, they're not the best people in the place, as I'm pretty sure the boys of them are among those that rove over the country of a night, and it doesn't surprise me to hear that two of them are in jail now. There was no one but herself in the house, so I opened my book and went on reading as usual; and she used to puzzle me, for, by reason of old age and deafness, she was stupid; and I couldn't make out whether she understood what I was reading, or listened to it or not; only she was uneasy when I didn't go, and always pulled a stool for me over close to her own. I had got through maybe about half a page, when, putting her fingers up before her mouth, she motioned me to stop, with a low 'Hush!' I obeyed, and after a pause, heard a quick footstep drawing near. It was her grandson, who seemed greatly frightened and out of breath.

‘Are they far enough off, Jemmy, agra? are they every one of them out?’ says she, in a whisper. The child answered, ‘Yes.’ ‘Then, go back at once, with something in your hand that they’ll think you came for; and don’t lose time, for fear they’d miss you too long.’ The little fellow was going to do as she desired. ‘Stop!’ says she, before he was out of the door—‘If they ask whether he’s here still, mind, you say he’s just where they left him.’ The boy set out again at the same speed, leaving me, as ye may suppose, quite in a mist as to what it was all about. That something was wrong, I saw plainly, and that it concerned myself, I was nearly certain; but she didn’t leave me long in suspense. ‘Be off without delay,’ cried she; ‘for I won’t answer for your life, if you stop a quarter of an hour longer!’ She then told me, she had overheard her sons planning to murder me when I should be returning home that day; and she obliged me to take an oath, that, as soon as it was dark that same night, I would leave this place and stay somewhere else, for a time at least. I didn’t like to swear that I wouldn’t even tell you I was going away; but she said nothing else would do, or prevent them from having my life. ‘You never did them any wrong, except in bringing their old mother, and other lost sinners like her, this blessed book of peace. But that was enough,’ says she, ‘and if you go, ’twill save them from being ‘hanged.’ How, your honours, could I refuse a mother the lives of her sons? For myself, I feared nothing; the Lord watches over a falling sparrow, and how much

more over me! Still I lingered, for I hardly believed her, and it seemed like a dream. 'Why do you wait?' cried she. 'If you remain here, your blood will be on your own head. You don't credit me? I heard them talk it over this very hour, for I'm not the deaf creature I pass to be. I hear many a thing they don't think is known, except to themselves, and many's the warning I've given unknown to them, for it's all I can do to defeat wickedness that I can't prevent.' 'Give me your blessing,' said I, 'and I'll be gone.' 'May the holy Jesus be with you, and about you, wherever you go, and send you back to us, when he has turned the hearts of them that's lost to me, in this world at any rate!' The old creature stretched out her arms to bless me, and I left her cottage, taking, by her directions, a different road from the one I went by.

"Oh! Miss, if you knew what I felt when you turned away that evening, after saying 'Good night' to me, and I knowing I must be far distant before the dawn, and maybe never look on you again! and when his honour joked with me on my low spirits, and my lady looked so kind when she asked me was I ill, I could have thrown myself at your honour's feet, and told you all. But my oath came up before me, and there I was, bound hand and foot, with no one to tell my griefs to, or ask a bit of advice from. But I remembered the words of Scripture, 'If they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another;' and I determined to do likewise, only I wouldn't shake off the dust of my feet against them. No; that would ill become a poor sinner like me; I rather cried,

'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!' I sat up till the house was perfectly still, every one asleep in bed; and then I prepared to set out. Then the thoughts of all you'd feel when you'd awake came over me, and I was almost tempted to write a letter, telling you what I was going to do, and put it under your door. But it was no use thinking; the thing was to be done, and no help for it; and so I stole down in my stocking-feet, and having left the key in the side-door on purpose, I went out, and locked it after me. I walked on as fast as possible, keeping away from any inn, or house that was open, for fear they might perceive who it was; and by the time it was light next morning, I was out of danger of meeting any one I knew. I had a store of money with me, so I got the coach at Tralee, that brought me straight to Dublin.

"The first place I went was to where Mr. Burgh always stops whenever he's in town, and there I met him coming out of the door. 'Twas the Lord sent him to me, and I in such a plight, knowing that the means I had wouldn't last a month, and not an opening of any kind to turn to. I needn't tell you, that I found in him the friend I wanted. He took me off to Donegal with him, where I've been ever since, quite easy in my mind that you had heard I was safe and well; for the day before I left Dublin I gave the letter to a Tralee boy I happened to light upon, and he promised to send it by a safe hand to the old woman it was for, without betraying me. I'm certain he took me to be a Whiteboy, that had escaped and was hiding. Och! if I had only heard of the fire,



and the danger you were in, I'd have been the most miserable creature on the face of the earth; and it's grieved I am at the changes that I see on every side,—Pat Reilly dead and gone, the boy that I loved like a son; and his old mother, and Father Connor too, than whom there wasn't a better nor a kinder-hearted man living, barring his grabbing ways. And haven't they driven James and his innocent children from house and home, and Murphy along with them, to seek out their bit in a foreign land! Aye, and they've done worse still; have'nt they stolen the light from your eye, and the colour from your lip, Miss Helen, agra! for sure you're drooping among them, and they'll never rest till they lay you low too, for they're not worthy of you. Och Hone! I can't bear to look on you, that we have tended and watched over like a delicate rose, and to see them tearing the leaves away one by one, under our very eye!"

"Well, Corny, I have a glorious resurrection in prospect," replied Helen, "when I will rise again, decked in garments that will know no spot or wrinkle."

"Aye, and so you will, my darling jewel! and even here, the remembrance of you and your goodness will be sweet as the savings of my garden, that are laid up in that precious urn beyond."

Accompanied by their reverend guest, the Wilson family soon afterwards repaired to the Cove of Cork, from which change Helen derived little or no benefit, and after a short sojourn there, at her earnest desire, they returned home again.

In one of her walks with Mr. Burgh, she led the way unnoticed to the village cemetery, in one secluded corner of which, the remains of Reilly and his mother, together with others of the converts who had departed this life, had been interred. "Let us rest awhile on this stone," said she, sitting down on a high tomb that covered the dust of one who had possessed a larger share of this world's goods, than those with whom he now slept in all the equality of death. Her venerable friend followed her example, and both were silent for a time, busy in solemn contemplations, inspired by a scene that spoke with mute eloquence to both their hearts. The aged pilgrim and the young maiden looked on the home towards which they were travelling; and were theirs dull and gloomy thoughts, as those cold, narrow beds met their gaze, shaded by the weeping branches of the willow, and the sombre foliage of the yew, from which all light and gaiety were banished far, and on which man's sin and misery were indelibly stamped? No! they thought not of the dust and ashes enclosed within those humble tombs, they minded not the silence that brooded round, nor the loneliness and oblivion flung over the remains of the once lovely and the still beloved. No! they saw glorious forms kneeling before the great white throne, clothed in pure robes, that had been washed in the blood of the Lamb; spirits redeemed out of great tribulation, to serve God night and day in His holy temple. They heard the sound of harpers, harping with their harps, and the tones of that stupendous song of gratitude and praise that fills the vault of Heaven. They

saw death robbed of its sting, and swallowed up in victory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord! Both looked back in sorrow, blended with gratitude, on time whose sands had been but thinly mixed with useful grains, but which, through mercy, had not been all spent in vain. Repentance had been granted them, and the time and power to tell glad tidings of peace and good will from God to men. They had run their appointed race, and finished the work given them to do, and were now ready to yield up their souls to God who gave them. Why mourn we that one so young, so full of hope and life, should wither and die? She has filled the space allotted her, and reached the limits of its circle.

“It matters little at what hour o’ the day  
The righteous falls asleep; death cannot come  
To him untimely who is fit to die;  
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven;  
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.”

Helen at length broke silence. “I have a request to make of you which I cannot ask my parents, for the mention of it would rend their hearts with a needless pang. When I die, will you see that I be buried here, and read the service over my grave yourself in the Celtic tongue, we both love so well.”

“And why wish to leave your kindred dust, that sleep in yonder vault?” said the old gentleman mournfully.

“No, I would wish at the last great day, I might rise in the midst of those whose souls I have seen drawn into

the Lord's treasury; and then hand in hand with them, I can repeat those words, 'Behold me, and those whom thou gavest me.' Then I can join my voice in the song they'll raise, that (Celtic though it be,) will blend sweetly among the multitude of tongues which no man can number."

"My dear child, trust your request in younger hands than mine, which before that, will I trust, have ceased from all earthly labour," replied Mr. Burgh. "However, should I outlive you, I would perform much more than that for you."

"It is enough; I am content. My grave will be there, next poor Pat's: see, there is a space left for it, for I managed it should be so. And now let us be moving, as my object in coming here is satisfied."

In company with Helen, Mr. Burgh had visited every cabin and farm-house in the locality; but after waiting in vain a considerable time, in expectation of being taken to see the schools established by the Irish Society, he at length inquired of O'Brien where they were carried on.

"Troth, and your rivrence isn't the first that has put the self-same question to me. You see, your honour, we had our own schools here that were going on as well as heart could wish, till they raised up such a persecution against them as nothing could stand; and except the one in the gate-house for children, which Miss Helen herself watched over as long as she was spared her health, and another down at the church, that Mr. Roberts minds, they are all gone, so far as a stranger can see; and you'd find it as difficult to make out where the schools are now, as

to get hold of the Leperchaun himself, without you had first got the four-leafed shamrock: but we have our schools, and meetings and all, to the fore, in spite of them," said Corny with a chuckle, "and if your rivrence would wish to see them, you musn't mind a breath of night air, or a little damp in your feet; for it's in dark holes of bog cabins, after the light of day has faded off the heavens, that we meet together to learn and to pray; and if your honour would trust yourself among us, I'd take you this evening to a place where you'll see a fair sample of a real Irish school."

Helen having learned that Mr. Burgh intended to accept Corny's proposal, insisted on being one of the party, contrary to the earnest entreaties of her friends, who dreaded that the dews of the evening would be injurious to her. Nothing, however, could dissuade her from it, for, interested as she was in all that concerned the schools, about which she repeatedly heard from O'Brien, she had never been enabled to visit one of them.

When the time arrived for setting out, Helen saw no sign of the donkey on which she intended to ride.

"We have got an easier way for you to go than that," said Corny, who, with several other persons, was in waiting for her and her companions. "Seat yourself in this, my honey," continued he, leading her over, and placing her in an arm-chair, to which a pair of poles had been attached, and before she was aware of what he was about, this new-fashioned conveyance was raised, and laid on the shoulders of four men.

"Musha, but it goes as smooth and easy as anything," remarked one of them, "and it's born for a coach-maker you were entirely, Corny."

Then, deaf to Helen's expostulations and commands, they set off at a rapid pace, followed by the Colonel and his guest, who were greatly gratified and relieved by this ingenious and unexpected contrivance of Corny's, to save his mistress from fatigue.

"Arrah then, can't you be quiet, Miss Helen dear, and just think it's in one of them Indian palanquins you are, that look for all the world like a sort of bandbox. Steady, boys, steady!" cried he, holding one arm of the chair, to reassure the invalid, who at first by no means relished her new mode of travelling.

The place of meeting was several miles distant, and in order to avoid unnecessary delay, other men had been stationed half-way on the journey, to relieve the first bearers. After proceeding about a mile on the high road, they struck across the bog, Corny leading the way, carrying a flambeau composed of a bogwood splinter, and pointing out the safest and driest path to the gentlemen, who could hardly keep up with their guides. At length they reached their destination, a mud cabin situated in one of the loneliest and most dreary spots imaginable. About eighty persons, nearly all of mature and some of advanced age, were collected, or rather crammed, within its narrow compass. The only light the place could boast was a farthing candle, inserted in a potato, which was held by the individual reading at the time, who stood in

the midst, the others crowding round him. A space was made for the visitors, by the withdrawal of several of the assembly, who adjourned outside, where they could still catch something of what was going on.

Helen saw many familiar faces before her, and could count among the crowd several over whom she had sorrowed as without hope. At their urgent desire, Mr. Burgh offered up prayer in their native tongue, and afterwards addressed them in words of consolation and encouragement, well fitted to their precarious, but at the same time happy, position. Various portions of Scripture were then read in a most fluent manner by different persons, who underwent an examination by Mr. Burgh, as to the meaning of what they had read, and in no instance were found to have misunderstood the text. Some of the translations given were full of force and beauty.

Colonel Wilson, who was merely a passive spectator of the scene, acknowledged that it was worth the trouble of going to see such countenances as sparkled with animation on every side, as each pushed forward, anxious to exhibit his progress or catch the stranger's remarks.

"Oh! then, if here isn't Doherty himself, and old Kelly," cried Corny; "and it's a long way for a man of eighty-one to come of a dark night."

Helen was as much astonished as delighted, to see Mick's father enter with his Bible in his hand; but still more so when he came forward and repeated the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians from memory. The aged man was unacquainted with a word of English, and as he had

only been a few months learning to read, she inquired how he had gained so much knowledge. He told her that a little boy who attended one of her schools had read it so often to him, to comfort him in his affliction, that it had become indelibly impressed on his mind; and he was now receiving instruction himself from Corny, in order to add to his possession.

"But why collect under cover of night, in this secret manner?" asked Colonel Wilson, of a countryman near him, who spoke English. "Your numbers might defy opposition."

"Last night we were more than a hundred and twenty, in a house over at the far edge of the bog; but what can hares do when the hounds are out after them? They won't attack us when we are in a body, but they'll run us down one by one. Oh! your honour, there are many ways of killing a man besides shooting him, though they sometimes do that same. And hasn't that obliged us to form the Widow's Fund, to which each teacher gives a halfpenny out of every shilling he earns under the Society; so that the poor widow and the desolate orphan mayn't be crushed at once."

"This is real self-denial, for I'm sure your salaries cannot be high," observed the Colonel.

"A small thing it is, the most any of us get," replied the speaker; "and besides these nightly meetings, we go about teaching everywhere we are admitted; still, there is so much hatred to us, that I, for one, am afraid of appearing at the Inspections; and though I work as



hard as any of them, I get nothing at all, and a great many of us are the same way situated. But we don't mind that, for not all the money in the universal world would make us do what we do, if we didn't love the Irish and the Bible for their own sakes."

"Well, there certainly is more in all this than any one would believe, that did not see it," remarked Colonel Wilson to his friend, as they left the cabin, from which the last sounds of an Irish hymn had just died away.

"There is, indeed, a zeal and sincerity of purpose in what we have just witnessed, that might put to shame many a professor of our pure faith, who shrinks from encountering an April-shower on his way to the sanctuary of God, or kneels with abstracted thoughts and wandering gaze at the footstool of the Most High. Here are men and women, some of them old and feeble, who, leaving the shelter of their humble homes, set out on a long and dreary march over a wild morass, undeterred by the inclemency of a dark Autumn or Winter's night, and the peculiar dangers to which they are exposed; and then, unmindful of fatigue, and wet, and cold, devote their brightest energies to the soul-saving work in which they are engaged. Dear friend, the scene we have just looked on might well startle a sceptic, and send him away an humbled believer. Would I had the magician's wand, to trace it on the chambers of revelry, where pride and vanity hold their court—where Erin is held but as a by-word, and her warm-hearted sons a reproach among nations! I see, you smile at my enthusiasm. I know

I am enthusiastic; but when I see what these people are, when left to themselves, and what they can be, when this book, THE BIBLE, is put into their hands, it reanimates my old heart, and makes me wish I could live my life over again, that I might become a second 'Peter the Hermit,' preaching a Crusade against ignorance and oppression, and raising troops who would come over and conquer them with the 'sword of the Spirit,' even the Word of God. This alone will bring peace and security to Ireland's shores; for have not several of those with whom I have spoken to-night, confessed to me that, but a year ago, the meetings to which they repaired were convened by Whiteboys, who took counsel together for the destruction and cruel injury of their innocent and unsuspecting neighbours! Now we have seen them praying side by side with those they formerly persecuted, and interceding at the Mercy-seat for the deluded beings who, in turn, seek to ruin them."

Colonel Wilson gave no reply to the energetic address of his guest; but in after years he often made allusions to it, and the occasion that gave rise to it, which proved that they were not without effect in changing him into one of the warmest supporters of the Irish Society.

The morning after the above occurrences, Corny, as was his wont, appeared in the breakfast-parlour, to join in family worship. The fatigue of the preceding evening had proved too much for Helen's strength, and her unceasing cough during the night produced symptoms that caused her parents considerable alarm. O'Brien, at a

glance, saw that her chair was vacant, and forbore making inquiries as to the cause, which he guessed but too well. Mr. Burgh, having concluded the chapter marked for the day, proceeded to make some explanatory observations on a verse from it,—“In my Father’s house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.”

“For God’s sake, say no more, Mr. Burgh, dear! I can’t bear it,” sobbed out the Irishman, at the first pause. “Sure and I know her’s is furnished and ready for her, and He’s coming to take her away from among us. Oh! I know it! I know it!” cried he, while big tears chased each other down his rugged face.

“Life and death are in the hands of the Lord, and our dear young friend’s case may not, I trust, be so hopeless,” observed the clergyman.

“Och! but it is, though,” answered Corny—“and I’m as sure she’s to go as if I was looking at her in her coffin. Wasn’t it told me last night, in a way that never fails?”

“Who told you?” asked Mrs. Wilson, with a trembling voice, for it struck her that O’Brien had applied to the physician, and learned from him the hopelessness of her child’s recovery. “Did the doctor say so?”

“No, lady jewell he did not, for I wouldn’t have minded him if he did. No; you’ll despise the way I heard it, and, maybe, pity my weakness in believing in dreams; but I tell you they’re not to be lightly spoken of or ridiculed, for I’m certain they come from the other world, to tell us things we couldn’t bear to hear in this,” answered Corny, solemnly; for many of his old supersti-

tions still clung to him, and his faith in visions remained as firmly rooted as ever.

“’Twas a curious dream I had, as you’ll say when you hear it. I thought I went into the garden, and pulled a sprig of the most delicate and beautiful flower you ever laid eye upon; and I was coming in with it to you, my lady, carrying it in one hand, and keeping the other round it like a screen, to prevent the wind from getting at it—when, just as I got inside the door, the colour began to fade out of it; and in my hurry to shew it to you before it was quite gone, it slipped out of my fingers, and fell broken and scattered on the ground! Och! you may well be speechless,” continued he, “for when did any one dream of flowers turning white, that a death did not follow? Sure we all know they’re unlucky things to be dreaming about, at all; and then, the breaking in such a way!”

“And sure, hasn’t the Banshee been wailing every night this week and more, wringing her hands as she stood on the Earl’s tower, up at M’Carthy’s Castle, and then rushing past this place here with a dismal cry?” interrupted old Peggy. “And well may she lament, that watches over the fortunes of this princely house, when she knows that the last and fairest bud of the whole race will soon be torn away, and laid to sleep with her fathers! Oh, you may weep, lady, dear! for the Banshee never wails in vain; and her cry was never heard since your father went, and never will be raised but once again!”

“Ah! once I thought this too, but now I know better,” replied Corny. “But it’s my dream that touched you, lady, and well it might! Och! what will become of Corny O’Brien, when the delight of his old age is blighted and scattered in the dust, and the best vein of his heart is burst with grief! She that led him to Jesus,—that put the Father of all books into his hands—that never looked on him but with the smile of love, and never spoke the harsh word to mortal being! Och! that he’d live to see her taken away—she that was everything to him! Och! to think he’d see such an evil day! Wirusthrue! wirusthrue!”

The wind sighed through the leafless branches of the forest, and Ocean kept time, with its low measured tread, to the solemn dirge that Nature sent forth for one who had loved her well, and sought communion with her in her deepest solitudes—one whose light form had cheered many a rustic hearth, ere it passed away from earth to seek a more abiding home. A throng of mourners are congregated round the portal, that but a few short years before had opened wide to receive the heiress of those broad domains, in youth and health. And what await they now? An unadorned bier, the casket of what was once, and will be again, a bright and priceless gem! Silently they bear it forth; and the throbbing hearts and heaving breasts of that sorrowing crowd, are the elegy of her who would not have valued them the less because concealed beneath the peasant’s humble garb! Slowly

they move along: and the wild keen is hushed till the gates are closed on one who weeps in agonizing, but not repining, grief, o'er a desolate and childless home. She kneels beside the empty couch of the being, whose image was twined round her heart's every hope and desire—whose love had sweetened many a care, and blotted out from memory's page many a line of sorrow.

Hark! A low, wailing tone breaks on her ear! louder and louder it swells; then, after a burst of anguish, it sinks away, again to be renewed with redoubled energy and pathos! It is the Irish *Caione*, or death-song; not raised by the voice of mercenary mourners, but the genuine outburst of feelings that thus seek to find relief, and is uttered by those whose presence was unsought, and unthought-of:—

“Dove of our Valley! where have you flown to?

Why have you soared away?

The lone wind sweeps past your deserted nest!

The echoes of the mountains are silent in their caves!

The sun shades his glory in a flood of showers!

The moon looks down from the blue sky, on your open grave!

Our hearts are cold, and they are worn with streams of sorrow!

Oh, King above! why could not one less precious satisfy thee?

Why take the light of our valley away?

She melted like a snow-flake from off the mountains!

The trees are casting their yellow leaves to cover her!

Life of our life! how could you die, and leave your mother to weep in her loneliness?

See your father bending over you, like a tall, grey ash, broken across by the storm!

His heart is cold within him, in the land of strangers!

He has no child to meet him at his door!—no rose to climb round him, and close with its fine clusters the rents that years are making in him!

Look down on them; they are motionless as the tall cliffs over them!

Oh, Dove of our Valley! why did you go away!

You came to us with the Book of Heaven—the father of all good stories! You hovered round us with your soft wings; you pointed the way to the skies; then you shook your downy pinions—you cast one look at us—and flew up!

A trace of silver marked your flight!

Two angels stood to open the door of Paradise for you!

They saw you coming; they came on their broad wings of gold; then, hand in hand, you entered Heaven!

Your tongue was sweet as honey! the sounds of your own land breathed off it!

Oh, Dove of the Desolate Nest! why did you flee away?"

The sounds melted away in the distance, and silence reigned with unbroken spell in the mansion of the Mac-Carths.

In after years, a slight figure, which grief, not age, had bowed, might be seen, as evening cast its shadows on the pile, gliding across the long corridor that led to the deserted chamber of the sister now quietly sleeping in the village churchyard; and, having put aside the curtain

that prevented the sun's rays from intruding on its sacredness, that trembling being, robed in widow's sable garments, would sink upon her knees before a God of prayer, who hid not His mercy from one that had wandered far from straight paths, and had been led back by His guiding hand, when reft of husband, fortune, and the friends of sunny days.

Doubtful of his wife's religious sincerity, Mr. Howard, on his death-bed, lent a ready ear to the suggestions of his ghostly advisers, and bequeathed nearly all his wealth to different institutions connected with the Romish Church. The family estates went to the next heir, a distant relative, and a miserable pittance was all that fell to Kate, out of the noble fortune once entirely at her command. Even this small provision was to be forfeited, should she recede into what he deemed her former religious errors; and was to become the perquisite of the Jesuit community, from which he had chosen the director of his conscience. They were not long left in doubt with regard to it; for Kate at once rejected the sum tendered to her, and declared, that though outwardly she had conformed to her husband's belief, she had ever been a Protestant in opinion; and now trusted she might receive pardon for her heinous sin, in denying her Saviour before men, and be endued with strength henceforth to hold fast the profession of her faith without wavering.


Her father, when deserted by his only child, had married a lady of fashion in London, where he still resided. Hither Kate directed her steps, trusting that



time might have softened his angry feelings. But Mr. Beecher had passed a sentence, which he now felt less than ever disposed to revoke; and the utmost extent to which his wife could influence him, was to induce him to offer his daughter an income that would enable her to live in respectability.

At this juncture, Colonel Wilson became acquainted with the state of affairs. The child he had loved in former days, the beloved playmate of his daughter, could not be forgotten. The desolate one was welcomed with a parent's tenderness, and helped to supply the vacant place in her protectors' hearts. In their declining years, she soothed them with a daughter's love, and at their death, received a daughter's portion.

And what became of Corny O'Brien? He lived under his patrons' roof, till he saw a child restored them that could wipe away, though not arrest, their tears for her who had arrived in the Ark of Safety. Then, with his Celtic Bible in his hand, he appeared before his benefactors. "I go," said he, "to give this precious book to my countrymen. My way, henceforth, lies over bog and mountain, over hill and valley, through the length and breadth of the land. No danger shall daunt me, nor menace repel me, in giving Erin the only boon that can bring comfort instead of sorrow, peace instead of discord,—that can raise her out of the very depths of degradation,—that can rescue her from the very jaws of hell, and make her sons and daughters heirs of heaven. Oh! my people are destroyed for lack of knowledge! If I cannot



disperse the darkness of their ignorance and superstition, by shewing to their dazzled eyes the full beams of Gospel light, I will at least be permitted to shine as a twinkling star in some corner of her night-shrouded horizon; and when my time of setting arrives, I will return, and breathe my last sigh on the grave of THE IRISH DOVE!"

## CONCLUSION.

READER! have you gained even a mite of profit from the foregoing tale? We do not ask, has it ministered to the amusement of an idle hour, or lulled a moment of ennui. No! but we ask—has it made you give one thought to Ireland and her people? Has it made you wish to cast as much into the treasury God holds open on their behalf, as might be the means (through the instrumentality of Christian instruction) of saving a soul alive? Think of the thousands—the millions to whom God's word is even yet a sealed book. Remember, that as each hour passes, it carries on its wing some benighted spirit, who is ushered into the presence of a Lord from whom he has been kept far off, and whom he now sees for the first time, when a Saviour's name is heard too late, and when mercy has given place to justice! My friends, will you not stretch forth your hand, and save that soul from such a tremendous crisis? We do not put man in God's place, nor clothe him with an attribute of Deity. But man is here the honoured instrument in a Saviour's hands, he casts the seed, trusting in God, who alone can give the increase.

Should you bask in the morning sun of prosperity, give liberally of your abundance to supply the temporal wants of those who feed their countrymen with spiritual food. The Scripture saith, "the labourer is worthy of his hire," and, "they which preach the Gospel, shall live of the Gospel;" and when we tell you that seven shillings and six pence is the expense incurred in enabling a heretofore unlettered man to read the Gospel, we feel it is not asking too much, when we entreat and pray that God may put it into the heart of every one that reads these humble pages, to prepare one additional teacher for those who are perishing of spiritual destitution, under the dominion of the land that God has chosen to be an ensign to the nations, that by His blessing sends forth streams of truth, fresh from the spring that waters her favoured shores, and raises the standard of Christ, as the token at once of her trust and safety.

Should the twilight of adversity shade your hopes, and darken your fortunes, brood not over your own sorrows, but remember there are others called to endure privations not to be imagined by you, without one ray of that comfort, which, if you are a believer, still softens your every fear, and supports you through your bitterest trials. Out of your poverty you can spare something for the love of Him, who spared you what you still possess.

Give not from the impulse of the moment. For though our good impulses should never meet a check, yet it would be our design that your assistance should be prompted by a sense of duty, sweetly tinged with love, not by excite-

ment and evanescent feeling. Grudge not the sovereign, the shilling that trembles in your pocket, and if drawn forth, beware how you replace it—for it is perhaps the price of blood—the blood of an immortal soul!

“There *are* faults on both sides.” Ireland has grievous stains that mark her soil. Sedition has spread among some classes of her people, and ingratitude has, in some instances, been the reward of benevolence and self-denial. But let us not cast them away on this account, nor say that because they are rebels against the lawful authority of their earthly rulers, or ungrateful to their earthly benefactors, they have placed themselves beyond the pale of our compassion. We dare not do so, when we ourselves are traitors too in heart and deed. Yes, we are rebels against the merciful and just dominion of One who cannot err, and who, to prove His love beyond a doubt, laid down His life, and shed His precious blood, to save from death His ingrate and rebellious subjects! Let us judge a righteous judgment, nor overlook the beam in our own eye, while scanning the faults of our less-favoured brethren. We cannot know the temptations that accompany starvation, poverty, and ignorance, nor judge to what extent we could be influenced by the inflammatory and interested advice of those whom we had been taught from youth to regard as infallible, unless placed in the same situation; suffering the pangs of cold and hunger, with no hope for the future, no happy remembrance of the past—the votaries of a creed that places no bridle on human passions, that leaves the wicked heart of man a prey to all its inhe-

rent corruption, that elevates its ministers into the vicerents of God, and forbids them not to inculcate the fiendish desire of revenge for injuries often painted darker, and impressed more deeply by their skilful hands.

But there is hope for Ireland still. Oh! Erin, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in God is thy help! Priestly influence, we learn from credible sources, is on the decline in many places, and numbers evince a desire to receive the word of God. If this be not tendered to them, ours must be the guilt; and they may perchance fall into that awful state of infidelity which has produced such lamentable results among our Gallic neighbours, and has erected unhappy France as a brand to set the rest of Europe in a blaze. Thanks be to God! "The land of Bibles" has rested immoveable on her ocean throne, amidst the contending billows. But let us still be up and doing; discontent, though smothered, lurks beneath the surface; the thunder clouds of war may be gathering on the verge of the horizon, and a volcano may be slumbering beneath our feet. "Opportunity is the golden spot of time." Now is our opportunity, let us not neglect it; the latter days are crowding fast upon us, and who can say when his Lord may come to require an account of his stewardship. "The day is far spent, the night is at hand." Had the money now drained from our treasuries for the expenses of special commissions and trials, &c., been in faith expended, at a former period, on the Christian instruction of the people, how different the result would be. The loyal hearts of an intelligent and grateful nation would be a surer defence

than armed hosts, or navies of battle-ships, that they would then learn to look on with pride, not fear. But it would appear as if the Lord had poured on us and our rulers "the spirit of deep sleep." For too many years we have left the souls of our countrymen uncared-for, and, satisfied at having found the right way ourselves, we thought not of pointing it out to others. We have prophesied unto ourselves smooth things; and perhaps, even at this moment, reader, you may feel inclined to condemn as presumptuous, the hand that pens this address. But turn not away from the pleadings of pity and of love, because the voice be weak and humble, and the speaker one unknown. The germs of the forest-king are wafted by the passing wind, or carried by the humble denizens of the skies, to be deposited in their appointed resting-place. No instrument is too unworthy to be used by Him who turns the hearts of princes as He wills, and while holding the destinies of nations in His hand, overlooks not the fall of a sparrow, nor disdains to number the very hairs of our head.

In using the plural pronoun, the writer wishes not to be misunderstood. Though urging the claims of the Irish Society, she is wholly unconnected with it; and although she believes that what she has put forward is sanctioned by the publications of the Society, and meets the approval of those who so ably direct the helm of its affairs, yet, for all that is here written, she alone is answerable.

Perhaps it might be interesting to those whose atten-

tion has not been hitherto directed to the subject, should some further notice of the Society's operations and plans be given, before we close these pages.

Besides the expense of keeping up a system of elementary instruction in four and twenty counties, the Society, to avoid the slightest fear of imposition, maintains several superior agents, to superintend the labours of its numerous Scripture-readers and subordinate teachers. It has founded, in the Irish University, the Bedell Exhibition, consisting of four Scholarships, for the purpose of raising up a ministry, which alone can meet the wants of the aboriginal descendants, satisfied, as every reflecting person must be, that the education of the people can never do away with the necessity for the services of an adequate minister, who can impart oral instruction in the language of the people. The Scripture saith, "If I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh a barbarian, and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me." The Society is, then, carrying out the commands of Scripture, as well as the rules of the Established Church, which declares in her 24th Article, that "it is a thing plainly repugnant to the word of God, and to the custom of the Primitive Church, to have public prayer in the Church, or to minister the Sacraments, in a tongue not understood of the people." It also has for the first time been able effectively to carry out the design of the founders of Trinity College, which they intended to be a seminary for the improvement and education of the real Irish, and which in after times Henry Flood's noble bequest would



have effected, had not an unfortunate circumstance deprived his country of the benefits he wished to confer on it. To assist in the furtherance of the object mentioned, Collegiate Schools have been established, and Irish-speaking clergymen are maintained in several places. Besides this, expense must be incurred in the editing of dictionaries, &c., and the preparation of Irish students for the University, in which a professorship of the Irish language has of late years been established, chiefly by the influence and contributions of the Secretaries of the Irish Society; to which Institution also, (as we have before explained,) the native Hibernian is mainly indebted for the efforts by which he is put into possession of both a large and small Bible, in his vernacular language, and printed in its proper character.

The Ladies' Auxiliary Association, assists the Parent Institution with unwearied zeal and ability, enabling it to extend its plan of operations and usefulness to a very great extent, and maintaining a large and expensive establishment of Scripture-readers, who prepare the way for, and form powerful auxiliaries to, the Protestant clergy, and whose services even an Irish-speaking pastor can never supersede.

The Irish Society is not the only labourer in the wide harvest-field before us. "The Achill Mission" works actively, throwing down the gauntlet, and challenging Popery to open combat before the world, leaving to the Irish Society the slower, but perhaps surer, task, of melting icy prejudices, and undermining walls that, in

falling, only save those entrenched behind them from enemies within their camp, and deliver them into the open arms of those who seek their souls' safety and their temporal welfare.

Schools and Missionaries are also maintained by other Christian bodies, who, though marching under different banners, are soldiers of the same Leader, and children of the same Cross as we; and we cry, "God speed them all!" Without interfering with one another's mode of working, we can strengthen each other by our prayers, and animate each other with the watchword, "We have one Master in Heaven!" "The religion of Protestants is the Bible;" and if we build our faith on this, no minor points should disunite us. Wheat, oats, and barley can wave peacefully within the same inclosure: why not we?

But have we forgotten the "Irish Society of London" all this time, and while engaged in tracing from their source the rivers that fertilize our Island, never once thought of raising our eyes to the mountain torrent that supplies so large a tribute to these healing waters? No; we have left this honoured name, that must be enshrined in the deepest recesses of each true Irish heart, to be mentioned last, that GRATITUDE may close our pages; gratitude to those who have raised Erin's harp out of the dust, have strung it with the cords of love, and struck the first notes of a harmonious strain, that will awaken the long-silent melody of prayer and praise which once floated over fair Ierne, and will rise again, so softly mingled before Heaven's throne, that the "sons of God"

may perchance cease their glorious song, to catch the sweet sounds of love and gratitude that will ascend from the bosom of the Emerald Isle. Then, when the knowledge of the glory of God shall cover the earth, as waters cover the sea—when He has opened rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys—when He has said unto them which were not his people, “Thou art my people,” and they shall say, “Thou art my God”—when the wilderness has become a pool of water, and the dry land, springs of water—then, in that “evening time, there shall be light;” then shall wars cease from among men, and the cry of oppression and sorrow no longer be heard in our land. Albion and Erin shall embrace each other, as sisters in spirit and in truth, and gratitude and love shall then leave no heart to feel, with sorrow, that “THERE ARE FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.”

THE END.

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